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THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

VOL. IV.

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THE WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

A NEW EDITION, CONTAINING PIECES HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED, AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

WITH NOTES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES BY

J. W. M. GIBBS.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

BIOGRAPHIES: CRITICISMS: LATER COLLECTED ESSAYS.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

GOLDSMITH's Biographies as here given include many passages omitted by previous editors.

The Criticisms have been augmented by the addition of those on Saxe's 'Art of War,' Rabener's 'Satirical Letters,' 'An Armenian in Ireland,' and a few others. The fresh reading with the originals has also yielded several paragraphs, &c., omitted in other reprints.

The Later Collected Essays in like manner comprise several pieces now first included in Goldsmith's Works. The most important of these are 'A Poetical Scale,' 'The History of Our Own Language,' and 'Phanor,' a fairy tale, all from the *Literary Magazine* of 1758, and constituting some of the earliest of Goldsmith's writings.

It has been found necessary to extend this edition from the four volumes originally announced to five. The collection of Goldsmith's Prefaces and the extracts from the 'Animated Nature' will come, with 'Goody Two-Shoes' and other pieces, in the fifth, instead of in the fourth volume as previously intended.

LONDON, *March*, 1885.

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MEMOIRS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

[Goldsmith's mention of this work in the letter to his brother Henry (Letter XII., vol. i., p. 450) puts its date at about 1759. Griffiths, of the *Monthly Review*, bought it, and advertised it, with a translation of Voltaire's 'Henriade' (Purdon's), in the *Public Advertiser* of Feb. 7, 1759, as for publication "speedily;" and he again announced the 'Henriade' on April 22, 1759; but no publication seems to have resulted from either announcement. Instead, Prior supposed, for no earlier editions can be found, Griffiths published Purdon's 'Henriade,' without the 'Memoirs,' in his *Grand Magazine* (September, 1759, and following numbers), and the 'Memoirs,' without the 'Henriade,' in the *Lady's Magazine* of 1761. Nevertheless, we have found that at least one of the translated extracts from Voltaire given in these 'Memoirs,' appeared in 1760 in the *Public Ledger*, the paper in which Goldsmith was then writing his Chinese Letters. See our note at p. 28. Prior, in 1837, was the first to reprint the 'Memoirs' from the *Lady's Magazine*, and his text we reproduce here.

Percy did not include this work in his edition because, as he said in a note to the letter to the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, the author himself had, in that letter, characterized it as "a catchpenny" performance. The Memoir, however, is now ranked with the best of Goldsmith's compilation works; and it is beyond this valued for its account of Voltaire in England—perhaps the best account known up to the recent (1882) articles by J. C. C. in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It seems likely that the work was tendered to Griffiths in settlement of the debt and differences disclosed in Letter XI. and its notes: see vol. i., pp. 445-7. Goldsmith published translations of two letters and two short essays by Voltaire in his 'Bee,' 1759. These, though omitted hitherto from the 'Works' of Goldsmith, will be found in our edition of the 'Bee,' in vol. ii.—Ed.]

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MEMOIRS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE,[1]

&c. &c.

That life which has been wholly employed in the study, is properly seen only in the author's writings; there is no variety to entertain, nor adventure to interest us in the calm anecdotes of such an existence. Cold criticism is all the reader must expect, instead of instructive history.

Voltaire, however, may be justly exempted from the number of those obscure philosophers whose days have been passed between the fire-side and the easy chair.[2] It is a doubt whether he appears more remarkable for the busy incidents of his life, or the fine productions of his retirement. If we regard the variety of his adventures, we shall be surprised how he had time to study; and if we look into his voluminous and spirited productions, we shall be apt to conclude that his whole employment was speculation. The truth is, no man can more truly be said to have lived. There is hardly a period of his existence which is not crowded with incidents that characterize

[1] The original announcement in the *Public Advertiser* ran as follows:—"Speedily will be published Memoirs of the Life of Monsieur de Voltaire; with Critical Observations on the Writings of that celebrated Poet, and a new translation of the Henriade. Printed for R. Griffiths, in Paternoster Row."—Ed.

[2] An expression often used by Goldsmith. See the 'Vicar' (chap. i.), Goldsmith's Letters, vol. i., pp. 432, 436, &c.—Ed.

either the philosopher or the man of the world. No poet was ever more universally known than he: none more praised or more censured; possessed of more sincere friends or inveterate enemies.

François Marie Arouet de Voltaire was born at Châtenay, near Paris, the 20th of February, 1694. His family was but mean, as his father was the maker of his own fortune. François Arouet was at first an usurer: in which employment, by the most extreme parsimony, he saved as much as entitled him to follow the business of a public notary. Frugality in the lower orders of mankind may be considered as a substitute to ambition:[1] this old man was a miser with no other view; and when his circumstances permitted, he purchased a place under the government of *greffier du châtelet;* which is equivalent to an under secretary with us. In this office he acquired a fortune of about £500 a-year, and had interest sufficient to get his family ennobled, by having the title of De added to the name of Voltaire.

Being therefore in easy circumstances, he was resolved to give his son the best education in his power, and accordingly, at the usual age, put him under the care of the celebrated Porée, who at that time professed rhetoric and philosophy in one of the colleges of Paris. Young Voltaire quickly discovered a capacity equal to any task, but at the same time an utter aversion to all that wore the appearance of study—enamoured with poetry and eloquence, yet showing his love by feeble efforts to imitate, rather than by a fondness of reading the models proposed to his admiration. This dislike of learning the polite arts by precept, the manner in which they are generally taught, made him appear to his fellow-students as if endued but with a very ordinary capacity; nor did any of the assistant-masters view him in a light more advantageous. Porée, however, who was himself a man of genius, perceived in his pupil the sparks of latent fire, and saw with regret—for he loved the boy—that Voltaire was born a poet. To prevent his pursuing an employment that gene-

[1] Compare with the remarks upon misers, &c., in the 'Bee,' vol. ii., pp. 355, 381, also at p. 449, vol. i., and elsewhere.—Ed.

rally points to misfortune, and which, at the greatest and best, is attended with painful pre-eminence, Porée [1] thought proper to change the course of his pupil's studies. He deprived him of his favourite poets, Virgil and Sophocles, and put into his hands Euclid, Tully, and the System of Des Cartes, at that time much in fashion in France. But Voltaire seemed wound up to no other pursuit than that of poetry; he neglected severer studies, and was ridiculed for his backwardness in the sciences, by the whole university. The greatest genius can make no figure in philosophy without application; and application a young poet is ever averse to. The punishments of the academy, and the exhortations of his masters were insufficient to influence him: anything that wore the face of industry he carefully avoided, and wherever pleasure presented, he was foremost in the pursuit In conducting a boy of so refractory a disposition, other masters would have redoubled their punishments or discontinued their care; but Porée, who perceived that all his attempts to thwart nature were to no effect, was at last resolved to indulge the genius of his pupil in his favourite pursuits, and to give that imagination a full liberty of dilating, which all his endeavours could not repress. "I perceive," said he, "that the youth will be miserable, in spite of all my efforts: he must be what nature has made him, a poet; let us then, since we cannot make him happy, endeavour to make him great."

And now the course of Voltaire's studies was changed once more; all the enchanting prospects of poetic ground, and all the invaluable treasures of antiquity, were opened before their youthful admirer. Few equalled, scarcely any excelled Porée in the proper methods of forming a poet. He exhibited to his pupil not only the finest models, but directed his efforts in imitating them; showed him that the true method of copying the ancients was to draw after nature, and instructed him from the copious volume of mankind; of which a long acquaintance with the world had made him a perfect master. The whole college now began to turn their eyes with wonder upon a boy they had before considered in the most despicable light; and

[1] Father Poré, of the Jesuit College of Louis-le-Grand.—Ed.

Voltaire seemed to glory in his conscious superiority. There were four prizes generally distributed in the year, to the most deserving in the Belles Lettres: he had obtained three, and missed the fourth; however, he was resolved to have all or none. Accordingly, rejecting the three which were offered him, he continued another year at college, until he should obtain the four; which he did with uncommon applause.

When he had passed the usual time at college, his father was resolved to remove him home; by which means he might at once have an opportunity of seeing the world, and finishing his education. The world was too dangerous a scene for a youth of passions as strong as his imagination; in love with pleasure, and as yet seeing human nature only on the pleasing side. But his father, either not considering or regardless of these precautions, gave him an apartment in his own house, and indulged him, though but a boy of fifteen, in a degree of liberty which others are not allowed till a more advanced age. The truth is, the old man mistook his son's knowledge for prudence, and imagined that a lad so very wise in conversation would be equally so in action. In this he was deceived: Voltaire was a youth of exquisite sensibility, and men of such dispositions generally feel pleasure with a double relish; he had a constitution though not strong, yet delicately pliant, and such a disposition as inclined him to society. His visage, which was thin, might, at first view, have passed for indifferent; but when he spoke it caught ineffable graces, and his soul seemed beaming through his eyes. His stature was about middle size, and his person, upon the whole, not at all disagreeable. Thus furnished, our young poet launched out into all the excesses of refined debauchery. There are in every great city a set of battered beaus, who, too old for pleasure themselves, introduce every young fellow of spirit into what they call polite company. A kept mistress, an actress, or an opera dancer, generally compose the society. These are all perfectly skilled in the arts of coquetting, teach the young beginner how to make love, set his features, adjust his bow, and—pick his pocket. Into such company as this Voltaire was quickly introduced; and they failed not,

according to custom, to flatter him into a high opinion of his parts, and to praise his wit, though incapable of relishing its delicacy. Imagine a youth pleased with himself and everything about him, taking the lead in all conversation, giving a loose to every folly that happened to occur, uttering things which, when spoken, seemed to please, but which, upon reflection, appeared false or trivial:—such was the gay, thoughtless, good-natured Voltaire, in a circle of close, designing beings, who approved his sallies from flattery and not from their feelings; who despised his efforts to please, or enjoyed his folly with tacit malignity. His father saw with concern the company into which he was fallen: he knew by experience that to be a wit was the surest means of banishing friends and fortune, and saw that his son, by striving after the character of an amusing member of society, was giving up all pretensions of being an useful one. Admonition he thought might be serviceable, and accordingly he remonstrated very freely upon Voltaire's behaviour. No youth could receive advice with a better grace than he, or make more faithful promises of amendment. But he was now fallen in love with Mademoiselle G——n, the actress, and lost upon her bosom every domestic concern.

Mademoiselle G——n was extremely pretty, and though but low in stature, finely shaped. Possessed of a vivacity often more pleasing than true wit, she talked and looked tenderness, and sometimes enlivened conversation with a *double entendre;* which coming from pretty lips, is generally attended with the desired success. These were qualifications sufficient to captivate a person unacquainted with the world. Voltaire became enamoured, and took every opportunity of indulging the capricious, though expensive desires of a woman, since noted for ruining the fortunes of several of her admirers. Wherever pleasure was to be sold, our young poet and his mistress were first to raise the auction. Extravagance, however, soon brings on want, and this threatened a separation. Mademoiselle G——n had no other passion than that general one which women entertain for the opposite sex; any other man equally good-natured, open, and simple, would have been equally agreeable with Voltaire; she therefore felt no pain

in the thoughts of separation. But it was quite otherwise with her youthful admirer; he entertained romantic ideas of the sex, considered woman as generally described in books, and looked upon beauty as the transparent covering of virtue. The apprehension, therefore, of being obliged to part gave him no small uneasiness. The more this apprehension increased, the more diligent he was in contriving means to satisfy her rapacity. He had already extorted money from his father by various pretences; but this resource now began to fail him. His mistress had frequently assured him that it was polite to deceive the old man; that comedy every day afforded instances of this laudable disobedience; and often intimated, that money must be supplied or love discontinued. What was to be done in such a dilemma? To subdue his passion was a task he was as yet quite unacquainted with; he was resolved, therefore, to add one falsehood more to his former account. In pursuance of this resolution, he gravely assured his father, that the Cardinal Polignac, who was employed by the court of France to adjust the plan of pacification at Utrecht, had consented to take him in his retinue; and as it was proper to appear genteelly on such an occasion, our adventurer requested a hundred pounds for his equipment, promising to regulate his future conduct by the strictest prudence. The old man was the more inclined to believe this story, as it was a place he had been soliciting for his son some time before; he therefore advanced the money, and Voltaire, rejoicing in the success of his stratagem, flew to share his joy and his acquisition with his charming deluder.

I am not insensible, that by recounting these trifling particulars of a great man's life, I may be accused of being myself a trifler; but such circumstances as these generally best mark a character. These youthful follies, like the fermentation of liquors, often disturb the mind only in order to its future refinement: a life spent in phlegmatic apathy resembles those liquors which never ferment, and are consequently always muddy.[1] Let this, then, be my

[1] A figure used several times by our author throughout his works, and in itself, we think, almost sufficient to prove the present 'Memoirs'

excuse, if I mention anything that seems derogatory from Voltaire's character, which will be found composed of little vices and great virtues. Besides, it is not here intended either to compose a panegyric or draw up an invective; truth only is my aim: an impartial view of his history may show him guilty of some errors, but it will at last turn the balance greatly in his favour.

But to proceed. In a few days the old man began to testify some uneasiness at seeing his son make no preparations for his intended journey; but lost all patience when he found that the cardinal had set out, and left him behind. He had for some time known his correspondence with Mademoiselle G——n, and conjectured that her apartment would be the most likely place to find him. He accordingly went to her house, and finding the door by accident open, entered without ceremony; when, unfortunately, the first figure that presented was young Voltaire coming down stairs, pale and emaciated, both by his apprehensions and debauchery. The father being resolved upon the severest correction, with his cane in his hand pursued the delinquent up stairs. Voltaire now saw that a drubbing was inevitable, and therefore thought it the best way, if possible, to divert his father's anger by a jest. Accordingly, when he had run up to the third story, drawing his sword, he cried out to his father, who was not yet got up to the second, "Sir, you must excuse me, if I consider our relationship now at an end; for we are at least three removes asunder."[1]

His father, however, in his present disposition, could by no means relish a jest: he desisted from his pursuit, but went directly away, meditating a much severer punishment. Voltaire, who thought the storm was over, went down to laugh away his fright with his mistress; and the young lovers began to be extremely facetious upon the awkward chagrin of the old man. But their mirth was soon interrupted by a file of musqueteers, who came to conduct our poet to the Bastille, for having drawn his

as from his hand. See 'Life of Bolingbroke,' Belles Lettres essays, vol. i., p. 327, 'Enquiry into Polite Learning,' p. 501, vol. iii., &c.—Ed.

[1] In French it runs thus:—"Au troisième degré je ne connais pas de parent!" The pun is lost in English.

sword upon his father. This was an early initiation into misery: to be snatched from the arms of an alluring mistress, and be confined in a gloomy prison, without fire, candle, pen, or ink, was a reverse of fortune which might throw a damp upon men of an ordinary degree of fortitude; but Voltaire bore it with an air that showed the utmost resolution; he entered his prison with the most cheerful serenity, repeating from his favourite poets such passages as were applicable to his circumstances. On such occasions of distress, the poet, perhaps, has the advantage of all others; when forsaken by society, the muse administers her friendly consolation, and softens even the horrors of confinement. A bit of red chalk was all that Voltaire had to serve instead of a pen, and the white walls of his prison supplied the place of paper; yet even with these rude materials he sketched out the first canto of his 'Henriade.' The traces of his pencil are, to this day, preserved in the chamber to which he was confined, with as much veneration as the paintings of Raphael in the galleries of the curious.

When he had remained three weeks in prison, his father, who had taken this severe method only in order to his reformation, was appeased, and the delinquent was again admitted into favour. It is a doubt whether the incident of his imprisonment was more fortunate for him, or beneficial to the public. His intrepid behaviour soon gained him the notice of the great; his confinement turned his mind, which was wholly dissipated on pleasure, from debauchery to ambition, and gave the world one of the greatest poets that any age has produced.

He now prepared in good earnest to follow the Cardinal Polignac to Utrecht; and some recommendatory letters which his father's interest had procured, gave him reason to expect a favourable reception from his excellency. Accordingly, without taking leave of the companions of his debauchery, he set out upon his journey, and arriving at Utrecht, presented his letters of recommendation to the Cardinal. Polignac was one of the deepest scholars and most refined politicians of the age. His 'Anti-Lucretius'[1]

[1] Goldsmith had reviewed John Dobson's English translation of this

is sufficient to establish his character as one of the first in the literary world; and his address at the treaty of Utrecht fully evinces his skill in the business of the cabinet. He was particularly remarkable for reading every man's real character, upon the slightest acquaintance; and, notwithstanding all our young poet's precautions, this penetrating politician quickly perceived his violent attachment to pleasure. Yet he nevertheless had sufficient address to become a favourite, and scarcely a day passed in which the Cardinal did not spend some time in conversation with his gay libertine; for so he was pleased to call him. Madame Dunoyer relates some of the intrigues for which Voltaire was remarkable at Utrecht; but as they contain little more than what every reader may suggest, namely, his making love and his addresses being crowned with success, I shall pass them by, particularly as he himself asserts the falsehood of all that his female biographer has been pleased to say of him.[1]

Upon his return to Paris, he had again an apartment in his father's house: here he united the characters of the man of pleasure and the philosopher; dedicated the morning to study, and the evening to society. His companions now were very different from those he had some time before associated with; he began to have a reputation for genius, and some of the politest of either sex in Paris were pleased to admit him among the number of their intimates.

Our poet had always a desire of thinking differently from other people. He was particularly fond of controversy, and often mistook paradox for refinement. Of this fault he was more guilty in youth than in riper age; for it was about this time that he thought proper to confine himself to his chamber, to draw up a new system of religion, and abolish the old one. He had been employed

work some two years before, viz., in the *Monthly Review* of July, 1757: see the 'Criticisms,' in the present vol.—Ed.

[1] Perhaps, if we could get at Goldsmith's original, we should find some difference here, and may-be elsewhere. The text, as we have said in our introductory note, is that of the *Lady's Magazine*, the only text extant, though the author originally wrote the work for separate publication.—Ed.

thus six or seven days; when his father, surprised at his keeping his chamber so closely, thought proper to enter and enquire the reason. When he perceived how the youth was employed, he was almost unable to suppress his astonishment; but recollecting that it was impossible to convince by reason a vain young man, who neither had patience nor perhaps abilities for a slow and painful investigation, he was resolved to work, if possible, upon his passions. Accordingly, taking his son by the hand, he led him into his own apartment, and there, pointing to a large crucifix, exquisitely painted, which hung at one end of the room, "My son," said he, "you would alter the religion of your country,—behold the fate of a reformer!"[1] This seasonable remonstrance had the desired success; he laid by his controversial pieces, and turned to a subject of which he was much more capable. Fired with a love of antiquity, as he himself informs us, he was resolved to modernize the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, and try how a subject which Aristotle has asserted to be the fittest for tragedy, could do upon the French theatre. They had hitherto seen not more than one or two tragedies on their stage without a love plot, and upon that all the other incidents generally turned. It was, therefore, a hardy undertaking in so very young a man, to introduce Grecian severity, and show his countrymen that an instructive and interesting performance, without that effeminating passion, could be adapted even to the stage of a people who made love one of their most serious employments. This play was acted in the beginning of the year 1718: the public received it with the utmost indulgence; it was played several nights without intermission, and still continues to be performed with the highest applause. The author, however, has always been so modest, as to attribute its success to the greatness of the subject and the excellence of the performers, rather than to the merit of the poet. The critics were divided in their judgment of this piece; some regarded it as too declamatory, and endeavoured to show, which indeed was no difficult task,

[1] In the chapter on France of his 'Present State of Polite Learning,' Goldsmith tells this same story as of "the late poet Saint Foix" and his father. See our vol. iii. p. 496.—Ed.

how much the Grecian tragedy was superior ; others, considering it as the first fruits of a young aspiring genius, were pleased with the harmony and correctness of the versification and the classic propriety which ran through the whole. Among this number was Madame du Châtelet, a lady equally famous for wit and learning ; perhaps still more known by her connection with our poet, and for the variety of beautiful poems which he has addressed to her. Her apartments might have justly been styled the tribunal of criticism ; for they were every day frequented by all whose wit or learning gave them any eminence in the literary world. She took the poet under her protection ; and those critics whom her wit could not bring over to his interests, became proselytes to her beauty. In short, Voltaire owed his first rise to her ; and she perhaps owes to him immortality. However, though the majority of critics were for him, there were still some refractory. Père Folard, and M. de la Motte of the French Academy, were of the number ; the one remarkable for his learning, the other for the fineness of his genius and skill in criticism. They were the reputed authors of several anonymous strictures which were published against the Œdipus of Voltaire ; nor did they seem very studious to decline the imputation, though formerly professing themselves among the number of his friends. Men of the first rank in literature often, like the old trees in a forest, keep off those beams of favour from the younger shoots, which are, perhaps, of their own production. De la Motte, either envying the success of our poet, or choosing to enjoy the public favour without a rival, was resolved to show the indifference of Voltaire's performance, rather by example than criticism ; and accordingly wrote a tragedy upon the very same subject. From the endeavours of a man of established reputation like him, much was expected ; particularly as he had the errors of Voltaire before him to avoid, and his excellencies, which he might improve. The town waited with impatience to compare these efforts of contending genius ; and their curiosity was at last gratified. La Motte's performance appeared, with a large party to support it ; and it accordingly met the fate of all plays which are supported by party : it languished four nights,

and then sunk into oblivion. This was a conquest Voltaire's most sanguine hopes could not have suggested: however, such was his ambition, that he was not merely contented with victory, but was resolved to triumph; not satisfied with enjoying the fruits of conquest, but bent upon proclaiming himself conqueror. This, indeed, was a fault of which he was always culpable: no person ever gained the victory in literary contentions so often as he has done; but while he pursued his advantages too far, he turned his opponents into enemies, and when they could no longer lessen his reputation as a wit, they often strove to blacken his character as a man. He found the majority now wholly on his side; he saw that none praised the tragedy of La Motte, but such as were attached by private connections to his person: in order, then, to insure his success, he was determined to show that his rival was his inferior, not only in poetry, but in criticism also; for a skill in which he had, till now, been especially remarkable. La Motte had written an essay against the rules of the drama, in which he endeavoured to show, that its laws had been established, not from nature but caprice, from fashion and not from feelings. This Voltaire undertook to answer; which, as it is both a fine piece of criticism, and an instance of the delicacy with which this great man treated his opponent, I shall beg leave to translate:—

"I shall not presume to speak of the tragedies of either Père Folard, or M. de la Motte: my censure or my praise would appear equally suspicious. I am still farther from bestowing anything like panegyric upon my own, being convinced that rules alone never made a genius. Conscious I am, that all the fine reasoning and delicate remark that have been exhausted of late years upon this subject, are not equal to one single scene dictated by a fine imagination. There is more to be learned from reading one of the tragedies of Corneille or Racine, than from all the precepts of the Abbé d'Aubignac. All the books composed by connoisseurs upon the art of painting, convey not half the instructions of a single head, which has come from the pencil of Angelo or Raphael.

"The principles of all arts which depend upon the imagination, are easy and simple, equally founded in nature and in reason. The best and worst poets have composed upon the same; they have both used similar materials, and the difference only lies in their application. The same thing happens in music; and even in painting. Poussin is directed by the very rules which conduct the most wretched dauber. It is as needless, therefore, in a poet to attempt to prejudice the public in favour of his performance by introductory criticism, as it would be in a painter of

musician to lay down rules to prove that the spectators or the audience must be pleased with their respective performances.

"However, as M. de la Motte has thought proper to establish rules different from those which have conducted our great masters in the art of poetry, it is but just to defend the laws of antiquity; not indeed because they are ancient, but because they are natural and useful, and also as they are in some danger from so formidable an opponent.

"This gentleman begins with proscribing the unities of action, time, and place. Those are so united with each other, that he who combats one attacks them all. The French were the first among the moderns who revived the laws of the drama: the neighbouring nations were long before they could be brought to submit to a restraint which seemed so severe; but as this restraint proceeded from nature, and reason taught them the justice of the compliance, in time they were brought to submit. At present, even in England, their poets are fond of informing the public in their prefaces, that the time of the action and the representation are equal; and they are even more strict in this particular than us who have been their masters.

"Every country now begins to regard those times as barbarous, when the laws of the stage were either not practised or not known. Shakspeare and Lopez de Vega are admired, but not imitated. All are ready to pay France their acknowledgments for having pointed out this just and natural simplicity. Who would have thought that a Frenchman would be the first again to introduce primeval barbarity?

"Though I had no other answer to make to M. de la Motte, but that Corneille, Racine, Molière, Addison, Congreve, and Maffei have all observed the rules of the drama, this alone might be sufficient to silence my opponent; but M. de la Motte deserves to be opposed with reasons, and not by authorities.

"A tragedy or comedy has been defined the representation of one action. Should it be demanded, why of one only, and not of two or three together, the reasons are obvious. Either because the mind is incapable of attending to two or three objects at once; or because our concern in the events is lessened by being divided; or because we are displeased to see two actions in the same picture. Uniformity is a constituent of beauty, imprinted on our souls by nature; and all the efforts of art excel, in proportion as they imitate the models she draws.

"For these reasons, unity of place is also essential; for one and the same action cannot be transacted in different places at the same time. If the personages whom I behold in the first act are at Athens, how can they be in Persia in the second? Le Brun has not painted Alexander at Arbela and in the Indies on the same canvas. 'But,' says M. de la Motte, 'there is nothing surprising, if a nation which has not studied itself into a fondness for rule, should be pleased at the representation of Coriolanus, condemned at Rome in the first act, received among the Volscians in the third, and besieging Rome in the fourth.' Yet, why should a sensible people be so much against these rules, which are made only for their pleasure? Are there not, in a subject thus conducted, three distinct tragedies; and were it put in verse, would it not resemble rather a history or a romance than a theatrical performance? Take away the unity of place, and you necessarily destroy that of action.

The unity of time is naturally connected with the two former. Let us, then, hold to the three unities, as the great Corneille has laid them down: in these we shall find every other rule of the drama contained, resulting from these, or conspiring to assist them.

"M. de la Motte, however, is pleased to call them principles, first invented by fancy, and supported by fashion: he maintains that they may with propriety be dispensed with in our tragedies, since they are entirely neglected in the opera. This method of reasoning somewhat resembles the absurdity of the politician, who would reform a regular government by the example of an anarchy. Absurdity joined with magnificence characterize the opera. In this the ears and eyes find more entertainment than the mind. A subjection of the words to the music, renders the most ridiculous extravagances excusable. Cities are ransacked in recitative: the palaces of Pluto and of the sun, of gods and devils, of magicians and monsters, rise, form a dance, and disappear in the twinkling of an eye. We tolerate, nay are pleased with these extravagances, because the spectator in such circumstances imagines himself transported into a fairy land; and provided he is entertained with good music, fine dancing, and a few interesting scenes, he is content. It would be as ridiculous to demand unity of action, time, and place in a pleasing opera, as to introduce dancing devils into a regular tragedy.

"Yet, though these regularities may be dispensed with in the opera, the best we have of this kind are those in which the unities are least violated. If I am not mistaken, there are some in which dramatic propriety is inviolably preserved; which serves to prove how necessary, natural, and interesting it is to every spectator. How unjust, therefore, is it to condemn our nation of levity for disapproving in one species of composition, what we approve in another! In tragedy we require perfection; there is in it no music to divert the attention, nor dances to confound: all our pleasure depends upon intellect alone; we there admire the address of the poet, who, in one day and in one place, describes a single action which charms without fatigue, and fills the mind without confusion; where our pleasure rises by just degrees, and terminates with moral propriety. The more difficult this simplicity appears, the more it is cheering; and we find upon examination, that most of our pleasure results from the various uniformity of the representation.

"M. de la Motte is not content with depriving us of theatrical propriety; he would also banish poetry from the stage, and have all our pieces represented in prose. It is a little extraordinary, that an ingenious writer, possessed of an imagination truly poetic, who has seldom written prose, except to vindicate or explain his own poetry, should write against verse, with the same contempt with which he has written against Homer; whom, nevertheless, he has thought proper to translate. Neither Virgil, Tasso, Boileau, Racine, or Pope, ever wrote against poetry, nor Lully against music, nor Newton against astronomy. There are sometimes men found, who fancy themselves superior to their profession—the surest symptoms of their being actually below it; but this is the first time we have seen any attempting to asperse those talents to which they owe all their reputation. There are already too many who, having no acquaintance with the charms of poetry, affect to despise it. Paris abounds with men, otherwise of good understandings, who are

naturally destitute of organs capable of relishing harmony; to such music is but noise, and poetry but ingenious trifling. Should these be informed that a person of merit, and who has composed five or six volumes of poetry, is of their opinion, would they not be apt to regard all other poets as fools, and him as the only one of all his brethren who had found the use of his reason? Let me, then, for the honour of our profession, endeavour to answer him; even let me add, for the honour of a country which owes part of its reputation among strangers to a perfection in this very art which he affects to despise.

"It is advanced by this gentleman, that rhyme is a modern invention, and had its rise in times of ignorance and barbarity: yet, notwithstanding this, all nations, except the ancient Greeks and Romans, have rhymed, and continue the custom to this day. The return of similar sounds is so natural to mankind, that we find rhymes obtain even in the most savage regions, as well as in Italy, Spain, France, and England. Montaigne presents us with an American ode, composed in this manner; and in one of the papers of the *Spectator*, written by Mr. Addison, we are presented with the translation of a Lapland ode originally composed in rhyme.[1]

"The Greek,—'quibus dedit ore rotundo musa loqui,'—placed in an indulgent climate, and favoured by nature with finer organs than other nations, formed a language which, by the length or shortness of its syllables, expressed the calm or the impetuous dictates of the mind. From this happy variety in the construction of their language, resulted such music in their prose, as well as verse, as no nation but the ancient Italians could ever succeed in imitating.

"It is not, however, rhyme alone, but measure also, which this ingenious gentleman condemns. Before the time of Herodotus, history was written only in verse; this custom the Greeks borrowed from the ancient Egyptians, a people politic, learned, and wise. It was founded in nature; for the end of history being to preserve an account of the actions of a few great personages, which might serve as examples to posterity, as men had not yet attained the art of swelling the transactions of some obscure convent, or insignificant village, into several folios, nothing was transmitted but what was worth remembering; nothing but what was remarkable was generally treasured up in the memory as a guide to action. Verse, therefore, was proper to assist in this particular; accordingly, the first legislators, founders of religion, and historians, were poets by profession. On such occasions, however, poetry must necessarily have wanted either harmony or precision. Virgil at last appeared, who united these two excellences which seemed so incompatible. Boileau and Racine had the same success; a person who has read all the three, who knows that they are translated into almost all the European languages, but idly employs his talents in endeavouring to render them contemptible; such censure often reverts upon the accuser.

"I rank Boileau and Racine in the same class with Virgil, in regard to versification; for had the author of the Æneid been born a French-

[1] See the *Spectator*, No. 366. The paper is by Steele, and the Lapland ode included in it is said to have been contributed by Ambrose Philips. —Ed.

man, it is probable he would have written like them; and had they lived in ancient Rome, they would have moulded the Latin language into the same harmonious cadence with the celebrated Mantuan. When, therefore, M. de la Motte censures versification as ridiculous, mechanical, trifling, he not only accuses our poets, but all those of antiquity. Virgil and Horace have been as assiduous as we, in the mechanism of their verses. A happy arrangement of dactyl and spondee was as difficult as our rhyme and metre. Their labour must certainly have been great; since the Æneid, after the corrections of eleven years, was still thought far short of requisite perfection.

"But this ingenious author still asserts, that turning any scene of tragedy into prose diminishes neither its force nor its beauty. To prove this assertion, he transposes the first scene of Mithridates, and has thus rendered it intolerable to even the meanest capacity. 'But still,' continues he, 'our neighbours have rejected rhyme in their tragedies.' This must be granted; but then they are written in verse, which though without rhyme is, from the nature of their languages, harmonious. Should we attempt to cast off a yoke which was worn by Corneille and Racine, we might, perhaps, be subjected to do it from an inability to imitate rather than a desire to reform. The Italians and the English can dispense with rhyme, since their poetry has several liberties which we want: every language has its particular genius—inflections peculiarly its own; a construction of periods different from all others, and a particular use of the auxiliary verbs: perspicuity and elegance is the genius of ours; we admit of no transpositions in our poetry, but the words must flow in the exact order of our ideas. Hence, therefore, proceeds the unavoidable necessity of rhymes, to make a distinction between our prose and our poetry. He compares our poets, our Corneilles, Racines, and Boileaus, to a juggler who is employed in throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle; adding, that all such puerilities have no other merit but that of difficulty surmounted.

"I must confess that bad verses pretty much fall under this censure. They differ from bad prose only by the addition of rhyme; and this advantage alone neither gives merit to the poet, nor pleasure to the reader. What charms us is the harmony which results from this merit. Whoever encounters a difficulty, merely for the sake of overcoming it, without expecting any other advantage, is little better than a fool; but he who brings pleasure from objects which seem incapable of affording any, is certainly meritorious. It is a laborious task to form a fine statue, to paint a striking picture, to compose pleasing music, or good verses. Wherefore, the names of those great men who have surmounted the respective difficulties will last, perhaps, longer than the kingdoms which gave them birth.

"I could continue this dispute to greater length, but it would probably be regarded as proceeding from personal resentment; and my intentions might be branded with a malignity from which I am as remote as from the sentiments of my ingenious adversary. It gives me much greater pleasure to profit by many judicious reflections spread through his book, than to controvert his opinions. Let it be sufficient, then, that I have endeavoured to defend an art I have ever loved; an art which he should have defended also."

This criticism, which conceals a fine satire upon the author it professes to answer, was not published till the year 1730,[1] though written, and communicated to M. Voltaire's friends, long before. M. de la Motte himself pretended to approve it, yet inwardly felt all the resentment of disappointed ambition, and (as if from the time Voltaire had defended poetry, he was no longer to have quarter from his brothers of the profession) he was ever after persecuted by party, and marked as an object of envy and reproach. Père Folard soon after wrote a tragedy upon the same subject, but it was more short-lived than even the former attempt of La Motte; serving only to advance the reputation of the first Œdipus, and to increase the number of the friends and the enemies of M. Voltaire.

There is, perhaps, no situation more uneasy than that of being foremost in the republic of letters. If a man who writes to please the public cannot at the same time stoop to flattery, he is certainly made unhappy for life. There are a hundred writers of inferior merit continually expecting his approbation: these must be all applauded, or made enemies; the public must be deceived by ill-placed praise, or dunces provoked into unremitting persecution. This under-tribe in the literary commonwealth perfectly understand the force of combinations, are liberal in their mutual commendations, and actually enjoy all the pleasures of fame without being so much as known to the public: while the man of eminence is regarded as an outcast of their society, a fit object at which to level all their invective, and every advance he makes towards reputation only lifts his head nearer to the storm; till at last he finds, that, instead of fame, he has been all his life only earning reproach, till he finds himself possessed of professing friends and sincere enemies.

Fontenelle and Voltaire were men of unequal merit; yet how different has been the fate of either! Fontenelle was as passionately fond of adulation as Voltaire was ever averse to flattery. The one kindly told every blockhead that he had wit: the other honestly advised him to dis-

[1] When it appeared in the preface to the new edition of the 'Œdipe.' —Ed.

continue a profession in which he was by no means likely to succeed: the one has received all his fame while living; the other must not expect unmixed applause till dead: the one was prudent, insincere, and happy; the other generous, open, and regarded with detestation.[1]

But, though Voltaire was now fairly listed into an open war with all the dunces of society, yet he still had friends of another denomination, who by their power protected him, and by their company made him forget that he had enemies. Madame Du Châtelet was of this number. At her house he generally spent the mornings, among the learned of Paris, who composed the levée of this learned lady. The sciences then seemed to triumph when patronized by beauty. Madame Châtelet had many personal charms; and though a hard student, her complexion never called in assistant red to heighten its colour. She dictated to an admiring circle every morning from Plato, Newton, Clarke, and Leibnitz; and was thought as great an adept in philosophy as the deepest doctor of the Sorbonne. Voltaire soon perceived his deficiency in the sciences; and, as he knew that an excellence in them was the only way to secure his mistress, he set about attaining them with the most intense application. As he increased in learning, his intimacy increased in proportion; and at last, an intercourse which began in friendship turned into a passion of a much more masterly nature. His visits

[1] Goldsmith retained his high opinion of Voltaire, as is shown by the defence of him contained in Letter XLIII. of the *Citizen of the World*, the *Public Ledger* text in 1760, and the 'Citizen' text in 1762, and again in the rebuke to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1773. Sir Joshua had drawn Beattie with his 'Essay on Truth' under his arm and Truth by his side driving out Infidelity, Sophism, and Falsehood—the three last having severally the likenesses of Gibbon, Voltaire, and Hume (so it was thought, though the artist only confessed to the figure of Voltaire). Goldsmith said to Reynolds upon this picture:—"It very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character, Sir Joshua, to condescend to be a mean flatterer, or to wish to degrade so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Dr. Beattie; for Dr. Beattie and his book together will, in the space of ten years, not be known ever to have been in existence, but your allegorical picture and the fame of Voltaire will live for ever to your disgrace as a flatterer." *Vide* Northcote, vol. i., p. 300, and (with some differences) other Lives of Reynolds; also Sir W. Forbes's Life of Beattie, 1806, vol. i., pp. 274, 290, 331, &c.—Ed.

became more frequent, his behaviour more submissive, and the philosopher was lost in the gallant. Madame Du Châtelet, whose soul knew no other passion but that of science, at first regarded the change in his behaviour with indifference, but soon perceived the real motive, and was not entirely displeased at the discovery. There is a principle of vanity in the sex, which gives them pleasure at the acquisition of a new lover, though they have no intention to accept him. She therefore gave him an opportunity of declaring his regard, and of professing a passion which his actions had before sufficiently indicated. Her answer, however, was very different from what he had expected: she informed him, with an apathy truly stoical, that she neither disliked his addresses, nor entirely approved of them. She had no objection to a lover, provided he was pleased to be content with what she could give. Minds could unite and form a happy intercourse, without indulging any coarser appetites; and she concluded by recommending to him the Banquet of Plato, as containing her system of love—a system which she was determined to act up to; and she found none more fit than M. Voltaire to be the object of so pure a flame.

Our poet now perceived that books had spoiled her for a mistress, and that she was resolved to sacrifice the substance to the shadow. Yet, as she was in some measure beautiful, as she seemed happy in his conversation, and could still be a charming friend, he was resolved to accept of the terms she offered; to be contented with the spare diet which she could afford, and look for more substantial entertainment from others. An opportunity soon offered of this kind.

The Marchioness de Pire, a young widow of exquisite beauty, had taken a fancy to our poet; and, as she was possessed of a large jointure, had some intentions of marrying him. She found means to have Voltaire informed of her inclinations, and took care to have her nobility and fortune placed in the most advantageous point of view. Voltaire, who loved the sex, but hated matrimony, seemed to be happy in her proposal, and begged an interview, in which our lovers seemed mutually pleased with each other. As all his intentions were to please the lady and himself

without the previous ceremony, he declined all conversation upon matrimony, but talked of disinterested passion, unconfined rapture, and all the cant of an insidious designer. The Marchioness, who was as virtuous as beautiful, quickly perceived the tendency of his discourse, and thought proper to break off a conversation which took a turn not at all to her inclinations. At parting, she gave him hopes, and enjoined him secrecy. He accordingly promised the strictest honour, and with a heart elated with vanity, he went to communicate his happiness to all his friends. As he unsuspectingly made every person that professed the least regard for him a confidant, among the rest he happened to tell his success to a gentleman who was actually his rival. The consequence of this indiscreet confidence was, that the Marchioness was informed of the whole, and proscribed our repentant lover for ever from her presence. In such a disappointment, the muse was his consolation; he worked the adventure into a comedy, which he dedicated to his unforgiving mistress. The dedication, which it is impossible to translate with elegance equal to the original, runs in plain prose thus:—"Thou who hast beauty without pride, and vivacity without indiscretion; whom heaven has formed with every gift it could bestow; a mind seriously solid, or rapturously gay; accept this picture of the indiscretion of a lover, who lost a mistress by boasting of her favours. Had the heroine of this piece been possessed of thy beauty, who could blame the lover for mentioning so charming a mistress, either through excess of vanity, or excess of love?"

But one adventure more of this nature. The Platonic passion between Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet was now become a subject of conversation all over Paris. His inconstancy was well known, and it was thought something strange that his attachment to one mistress should have so long a continuance. M. Piron, a man of infinite humour, was resolved to try the sincerity of his passion; not by presenting him with a real, but an imaginary mistress. With this intent he composed a panegyric on Voltaire in the highest strain of flattery, and presented it to him, as coming from a lady in one of the provinces, who was enraptured with his poetry, and had almost conceived a

passion for his person. Voltaire read the poem, found it inimitable, and fancied a thousand beauties in a lady of so fine discernment. In short, he was actually fallen in love with a creature of his own imagination, and entreated his dear ugly friend—for so he familiarly used to call Piron —to procure him an interview with a lady of so much merit. Piron promised in a few days to gratify his request, and in the meantime came every morning to tell Voltaire that the young lady was upon her journey, and would arrive very shortly; adding many pathetic exclamations on her beauty, and the delicacy of her behaviour. Our poet was at last wound up to the height of expectation; which, when Piron saw, he informed him that the lady was actually arrived, that the chief motive of her journey was to see a man so justly celebrated as M. Voltaire, and that she entreated the honour of his company that very evening. Our poet in raptures prepared himself for the interview, which he expected with the utmost impatience.

The hour at last came, and Voltaire eagerly flew to satisfy at once his love and his curiosity. Upon being introduced into the apartment of his fancied angel, he was at first a little disconcerted to find Madame Du Châtelet of the party; but guess his confusion, when he beheld his ugly friend dressed up in a lappet-head[1] and petticoat, approach to salute him. In short, he was informed that Piron himself was the fair one who wrote the panegyric, and who consequently expected the proper return of gratitude. "Well," said Voltaire, turning his disappointment to a jest, "if Piron had a grain less wit, I could never have forgiven him." This adventure has since served as the ground-work of a comedy called 'La Métromanie,'[2] infinitely the best modern performance upon the French theatre.

[1] Lappet-head—a woman's head-dress, of which a feature was that it lapped over, as in the case of the covering of the "ancient prude" described by Cowper (from Hogarth's picture of 'Morning'), who sailed,—

"With lappet-head and mincing airs,
Duly at chink of bell to morning prayers."

—Cowper's 'Truth,' ll. 139-40.—Ed.

[2] Goldsmith likewise speaks of this comedy and of Alexis Piron, its author, in chap. vii. of his 'Polite Learning in Europe;' where, reviewing the French writers of that age, he also again notices Voltaire.—Ed.

Some disappointments of this kind served to turn our poet from a passion which only tended to obstruct his advancement in more exalted pursuits. His mind, which at that time was pretty well balanced between pleasure and philosophy, quickly began to incline to the latter. He now thirsted after a more comprehensive knowledge of mankind, than either books or his own country could possibly bestow.

England, about this time, was coming into repute throughout Europe, as the land of philosophers. Newton, Locke, and others, began to attract the attention of the curious, and drew hither a concourse of learned men from every part of Europe. Not our learning alone, but our politics also began to be regarded with admiration: a government in which subordination and liberty were blended in such just proportions, was now generally studied as the finest model of civil society. This was an inducement sufficient to make Voltaire pay a visit to this land of philosophers and of liberty.

Accordingly, in the year 1726,[1] he came over to England. A previous acquaintance with Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, and the lord Bolingbroke, was sufficient to introduce him among the polite, and his fame as a poet got him the acquaintance of the learned, in a country where foreigners generally find but a cool reception. He only wanted introduction: his own merit was enough to procure the rest. As a companion no man ever exceeded him when he pleased to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and had got over a hesitating manner which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty; every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness. The person who writes this Memoir, who had the honour and the pleasure of being his acquaintance, remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both

[1] In May of that year, according to Mr. John Morley's 'Voltaire,' 1872.—Ed.

sexes at Paris,[1] when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, who was of the party, and who being unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation happened to turn upon one of his favourite topics. Fontenelle continued his triumph till about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost elegance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess, that, whether from national partiality, or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so much charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute.

Upon his arrival in England, his first care was to learn

[1] The truth of this statement is disputed by many on the ground that Voltaire was away from Paris from 1750 to the year of his death, 1778, while Goldsmith's continental wanderings, when, if at all, he must have seen the French philosopher, were in 1755-6. Mr. Forster suggests that our author's interview with Voltaire occurred at Les Delices, Geneva, where Voltaire took up his abode in 1755, just the year of Goldsmith's wanderings thereabout and in France. But supposing the interview to have been at Geneva, is it likely Fontenelle, Diderot, and the "select company of wits of both sexes" (of Paris evidently), would have been there too? Mr. Morley says that in 1778 Voltaire "returned to the great city [Paris], which he had not seen for nearly thirty years"; and this is the general view. Yet Prior's words "remain in the capital," in the note which we quote at p. 46, seem to indicate that at the time Voltaire was negotiating a return to France, he, on leaving Berlin, actually stayed a short time in Paris. If he did so stay, the occurrence would accord with the time of Goldsmith's visit to Paris in 1755. The matter is still further complicated by the fact that in the essay 'On Abuse of our Enemies,' in the present volume, the writer (supposed to be Goldsmith), says that he saw Voltaire in Switzerland, thus: "I remember to have heard Mr. Voltaire observe, in a large company at his house at Monrion, that at the battle of Dettingen," &c.—Ed.

so much of the language as might enable him to mix in conversation and study more thoroughly the genius of the people. Foreigners are unanimous in allowing the English language to be the most difficult to learn of any in Europe. Some have spent years in the study to no purpose; but such was the application, and such the memory of our poet, that in six weeks he was able to speak it with tolerable propriety. In short, his conduct in this particular was such as may serve for a model to future travellers. The French who before visited this island were never at the trouble of attaining our language, but contented with barely describing the buildings and palaces of the kingdom, and transcribing a character of the people from former travellers, who were themselves unacquainted with our national peculiarities. Accordingly, we find few of their books in which the English are not characterized as morose, melancholy, excessive lovers of pudding, and haters of mankind. This stupid account has been continued down from Scaliger to Muralt, while the virtues and vices which were peculiar to the country were wholly unknown. Voltaire quickly perceived that pride seemed to be our characteristic quality; a source from whence we derived our excellences as well as our defects. He perceived that the only way to understand the English was to learn their language, adopt their manners, and even to applaud their oddities. With this view, when sufficiently initiated into our language, he joined in companies of every rank; lords, poets, and artizans were successively visited, and he attained at the same time a proficiency in our language, laws, and government, and thorough insight into our national character. Before him, our reputation for learning had for some time been established in Europe; but, then, we were regarded as entirely destitute of taste, and our men of wit known not even by name among the literati. He was the first foreigner who saw the amazing irregular beauties of Shakespeare, gave Milton the character he deserved, spoke of every English poet with some degree of applause, and opened a new page of beauty to the eyes of his astonished countrymen. It is to him we owe that our language has taken place of the Italian among the polite, and that even ladies are

taught to admire Milton, Pope, and Otway. The greatest part of our poet's time, during a residence of two years in England, was spent at Wandsworth, the seat of his Excellency Sir Everard Falkener.[1] With this gentleman he had contracted an intimacy at Paris; and as Sir Everard had insisted upon his company before he left France, he now could not refuse. Here he spent his time in that tranquillity and learned ease which are so grateful to men of speculation; had leisure to examine the difference between our government and that of which he was born a subject; and to improve by our example his natural passion for liberty.

He was resolved, however, to give some lasting testimony of that love which he had for freedom, and which has ever made one of the strongest features in his character. The elder Brutus, condemning his own son in its cause, seemed a fine subject for this purpose, and naturally suited to the British theatre. The first act of this play he accordingly wrote in English, and communicated it to his friends for their approbation. It was somewhat surprising to find a stranger, who had resided in the country but one year, attempt so arduous an undertaking; but still more so to find him skilled in the beauties and force of our language. The reader may be pleased to see how he wrote in English: he makes Brutus, in the second scene of the first act, thus vindicate the cause of freedom:

"*Brutus.*—Allege not ties; his (Tarquin's) crimes have broke them all. The gods themselves, whom he has offended, have declared against him. Which of our rights has he not trod upon? True, we have sworn to be his subjects, but we have not sworn to be his slaves. You say you've seen our senate in humble suppliance pay him here their vows. Even here himself has sworn to be our father, and make the people happy in his guidance. Broke from his oaths, we are let loose from ours; since he has transgressed our laws, his the rebellion, Rome is free from guilt." [2]

[1] At this time "M. Fakener, Marchand Anglais," as Voltaire named him in his dedication to him of 'Zaïre' (Paris, 1733). He was afterwards ambassador at Constantinople.—Ed.

[2] "*Brutus.*—N'alleguez point ces nœuds que le crime a rompus,
Ces dieux qu'il outragea, ces droits qu'il a perdus.
Nous avons fait, Arons, en lui rendant hommage,
Serment d'obéissance, et non point d'esclavage;
Et puisqu'il vous souvient d'avoir vu dans ces lieux,

This tragedy he afterwards completed in French; and at Paris it met with the fate he had foreseen. No piece was ever translated into a greater number of foreign languages, more liked by strangers, or more decried at home. He dedicated it to Lord Bolingbroke;[1] and as the dedication contains a fine parallel between the English and French theatres, I shall beg leave to translate some part of it here:[2]—

"As it was too venturous an innovation, my lord, to attempt to write a tragedy in French without rhyme, and take such liberties as are allowed in England and Italy, I was at least determined to transplant those beauties from the English stage which I thought not incompatible with French regularity. Certain it is the English theatre is extremely defective. I have heard yourself say there was scarcely a perfect tragedy in the language, but to compensate this, you have several scenes which are admirable. Almost all your tragic writers have been likewise deficient in that regularity and simplicity of plot, that propriety of diction, that elegance of style, and those hidden strokes of art, for which we are remarkable since the times of Corneille. However, your most irregular pieces have a peculiar merit; they excel in action, while ours are frequently tedious declamations, and at best, conversation rather than a picture of passion. Our excessive delicacy often puts us upon making an uninteresting recital of what should rather be represented to the eyes of the spectator. Our poets are afraid to hazard any thing new before an audience composed of such as turn all that is not the fashion into ridicule.

"The inconvenience of our theatre also is another cause that our representations frequently appear dry and unentertaining. The spectators being allowed to sit on the stage, destroy almost all propriety of action. For this reason, those decorations which are so much recommended by the ancients can be but very rarely introduced. Thus it happens that the actors can never pass from one apartment into another without being

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Le sénat à ses pieds faisant pour lui des vœux,
Songez qu'en ce lieu même, à cet autel auguste,
Devant ces mêmes dieux, il jura d'être juste,
De son peuple et de lui tel était le lien:
Il nous rend nos serments lorsqu'il trahit le sien;
Et dès qu'aux lois de Rome il ose être infidèle,
Rome n'est plus sujette, et lui seul est rebelle."

—*Voltaire's Works, Panthéon Littéraire edition*, 1837.— Ed.

[1] In the 'Discours sur La Tragedie,' which prefaced the first edition of 'Brutus,' 1730.—Ed.

[2] We believe it has not been hitherto noticed, that the whole of this piece of translation appeared in the *Public Ledger* of Nov. 12, 1760, a date prior to the supposed first publication of these 'Memoirs' in the *Lady's Magazine:* see *ante*, p. 2. In 1760-61 Goldsmith's Chinese Letters were in course of publication in the *Ledger*.—Ed.

seen by the audience, and all theatrical illusion must consequently be destroyed.

"How could we, for instance, introduce the ghost of Pompey, or the genius of Brutus, into the midst of a parcel of young fellows crowded upon the theatre, and who only stand there to laugh at all that is transacted? How could we, as the late Mr. Addison has done, have the body of Marcus borne in upon the stage before his father? If he should hazard a representation of this nature, the whole pit would rise against the poet, and the ladies themselves would be apt to hide their faces.

"With what pleasure have I seen at London your tragedy of Julius Cæsar, which, though a hundred and fifty years old, still continues the delight of the people! I do not here attempt to defend the barbarous irregularity with which it abounds. What surprises me is, that there are not more in a work written in an age of ignorance, by a man who understood not Latin, and who had no other master but a happy genius. The piece is faulty; but, amidst such a number still, with what rapture do we see Brutus, with his dagger stained with the blood of Cæsar, haranguing the people!

"The French would never suffer a chorus composed of plebeians and artizans to appear upon the theatre; nor would they permit the body of Cæsar to be exposed, or the people excited from the rostrum. Custom, the queen of this world, changes at pleasure the taste of nations, and turns the sources of joy often into objects of disgust.

"The Greeks have exhibited objects upon their stage that would be equally disgusting to a French audience. Hippolitus, bruised by his fall, comes to count his wounds, and to pour forth the most lamentable cries. Philoctetes appears with his wound open, and the black gore streaming from it. Œdipus, covered with the blood which flowed from the sockets of his eyes, complains both of gods and men. In a word, many of the Greek tragedies abound with exaggeration.

"I am not ignorant that both the Greeks and the English have frequently erred, in producing what is shocking instead of what should be terrible, the disgusting and the incredible for what should have been tragic and marvellous. The art of writing was in its infancy at Athens in the time of Æschylus, and at London in the time of Shakespeare. However, both the one and the other, with all their faults, frequently abound with a fine pathetic, and strike us with beauties beyond the reach of art to imitate. Those Frenchmen who, only acquainted with translations or common report, pretend to censure either, somewhat resemble the blind man who should assert that the rose is destitute of beauty because he perceives the thorns by the touch.

"But, though sometimes the two nations of which I am speaking transcend the bounds of propriety, and present us with objects of affright instead of terror, we, on the other hand, as scrupulous as they are rash, stop short of beauty for fear of being carried beyond it; and seldom arrive at the pathetic for fear of transgressing its bounds.

"I am by no means for having the theatre become a place of carnage, as we often find in Shakespeare [1] and his successors, who, destitute of his

[1] In the review of Murphy's version of Voltaire's 'L'Orphelin de la Chine' (see 'Criticisms,' in the present volume), Goldsmith treats more

genius, have only imitated his faults; but still I insist, that there are numberless incidents which may at present appear shocking to a French spectator, which, if set off with elegance of diction and propriety of representation, would be capable of giving a pleasure beyond what we can at present conceive."[1]

This gives us a tolerably just representation of the state in which Voltaire found the French theatre. His Œdipus was written in this dry manner, where most of the terrible incidents were delivered in cold recitation and not represented before the spectator. But, by observing our tragedies, like a skilful artist, he joined their fire to French correctness, and formed a manner peculiarly his own.

In studies of this nature he spent his time at Wandsworth, still employed either improving himself in our language, or borrowing its beauties to transplant into his own. His leisure hours were generally spent in the company of our poets, Congreve, Pope, Young, &c., or among such of our nobility as were remarkable either for arts or arms, as Peterborough, Oxford, and Walpole. He was frequently heard to say, that Peterborough had taught him the art of despising riches, Walpole the art of acquiring them, but Harley alone the secret of being contented.

The first time he visited Mr. Congreve, he met with a reception very different from what he had expected. The English dramatist, grown rich by means of his profession, affected to despise it, and assured Voltaire, that he chose rather to be regarded as a gentleman than a poet. This was a meanness which somewhat disgusted the French-

fully than in these 'Memoirs' of the French philosopher's views of Shakspere and the English drama.—Ed.

[1] W. R. Chetwood, "twenty years prompter to His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane," in his 'History of the Stage,' 1749, p. 46, says:—"This noted author [Voltaire], about twenty years past resided in London. His acquaintance with the Laureat [Cibber no doubt is meant, though he was not Laureate till 1730] brought him frequently to the theatre, where (he confess'd) he improved in the English orthography more in a week, than he should otherwise have done by labour'd study in a month. I furnish'd him every evening with the play of the night, which he took with him into the orchestre (his accustomed seat). . . . In time he wore off the prejudice he first conceiv'd at the catastrophe of our English tragedy, . . . till the 'Zara' of this author, which he plann'd from Shakespear's 'Othello.' . . . His attempt answer'd his wish, for 'Zaïre' in Paris had [1772] about fifty successive crowded audiences."—Ed.

man, particularly as he himself owed all his reputation to his excellence in poetry; he therefore informed Mr. Congreve, that his fame as a writer was the only inducement he had to see him, and though he could condescend to desire the acquaintance of a man of wit and learning, he was above soliciting the company of any private gentleman whatsoever.[1] The reflection of another upon this occasion was, that he certainly is below the profession who presumes to think himself above it.

M. Voltaire has often told his friends, that he never observed in himself such a succession of opposite passions as he experienced upon his first interview with Mr. Pope. When he first entered the room, and perceived our poor melancholy English poet, naturally deformed, and wasted as he was with sickness and study, he could not help regarding him with the utmost compassion. But, when Pope began to speak, and to reason upon moral obligations, and dress the most delicate sentiments in the most charming diction, Voltaire's pity began to be changed into admiration and at last even into envy. It is not uncommon with him to assert, that no man ever pleased him so much in serious conversation, nor any whose sentiments mended so much upon recollection.

There is a story commonly told of his being in company with Dr. Young and some others, when the conversation happened to turn upon Milton's Paradise Lost. He displayed, as the story goes, all his critical skill in condemning the allegorical personages which Milton has introduced into his poem, and this with the utmost vivacity and unbounded freedom of speech. Upon which Young, regarding him with a fixed eye, spoke the following epigram:

> "So very witty, wicked, and so thin;
> Fit emblem sure of Milton, Death, and Sin."

[1] "Congreve had one defect, which was, his entertaining too mean an idea of his first profession (that of a writer), though it was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me, in our first conversation, that I should visit him on no other foot than that of a gentleman, who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity."—Voltaire's 'Letters concerning the English Nation,' London, 1733, p. 189.—Ed.

However, I only mention this to show what trifles are generally ascribed to men when once grown famous. The wretchedness of the epigram will readily convince those who have any pretensions to taste, that Dr. Young could never have been the author: probably some blockhead made the verses first, and the story after.[1]

Among the number of those who either patronized him, or enrolled themselves in the list of his friends, was the Duchess of Marlborough. She found infinite pleasure in the agreeable vivacity of his conversation; but mistook his levity for want of principle. Such a man seemed to her the properest person to digest the memoirs of her life; which, even so early as this, she had an inclination of publishing. She proposed the task accordingly to him, and he readily undertook to oblige her. But when she showed him her materials, and began to dictate the use she would have them turned to, Voltaire appeared no longer the good-natured, complying creature, which she took him for. He found some characters were to be blackened without just grounds, some of her actions to be vindicated that deserved censure, and a mistress to be exposed to whom she owed infinite obligations. Our poet accordingly remonstrated with her grace, and seemed to intimate the inconsistency of such a conduct with gratitude and justice; he gravely assured her that the publication of secrets which were communicated under the seal of friendship, would give the world no high opinion of

[1] The epigram, however, is given in several other ways, as:—

"Thou 'rt so ingenious, profligate, and thin,
That thou thyself art Milton's Death and Sin."

and:—

"You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin."

But the epigram does not appear in Young's Works; and when, in 1730, Young dedicated his 'Sea Piece' to "Mr. Voltaire," the meeting and wit combat (they occurred at Bubb Doddington's seat, Eastbury, Dorset) were alluded to in the following somewhat different strain:—

"'Tell me,' says't thou, 'who courts my smile,
What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?'—
'No stranger, Sir, though born in foreign climes;
On Dorset downs, when Milton's page
With Sin and Death provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?'"—ED.

her morals. He was thus continuing his discourse, when the Duchess, quite in a passion, snatched the papers out of his hands: "I thought," said she, "the man had sense; but I find him at bottom either a fool or a philosopher."

He was but two years in England, yet it is somewhat strange to think, how much he either wrote, published, or studied during so short a residence. He gave amongst his friends a criticism he had written in English upon Milton, which he concludes in this manner: "It requires reach of thought to discover the defects of Milton; his excellences lie obvious to every capacity; he atones for a few faults by a thousand beauties; and, like Satan, the hero of his own poem, even when fallen he wears the appearance of majesty."

But the performance upon which he founds his most lasting share of fame, was published in this country. The French language had hitherto been deemed unsusceptible of the true epic dignity. Several unsuccessful attempts by Ronsard, Chapelaine, and others, had made critics despair of ever seeing an heroic poem in the language; and some writers had laid it down as actually impossible. Voltaire, who seemed to be born to encounter difficulty, undertook the task, and that at an age when pleasure is apt to silence the voice of ambition. This poem, the 'Henriade,' was first published under the title of the 'League.' He began it in the Bastille, enlarged and corrected it for several years afterwards, and had some thoughts of publishing it in France. Upon showing the manuscript to Fontenelle, his friend, he was by him advised to retrench several passages which seemed to be written with too warm a spirit of liberty, under such a government as theirs; but Voltaire, who considered those very passages as the greatest beauties of his work, was resolved the poem should make its first appearance in a country in love with liberty, and ready to praise every performance written in its defence. With this view he brought the work over with him to England, and offered it in the usual manner to a bookseller, in order to be published. The bookseller, as some pretend, either unacquainted with its value or willing to impose upon a stranger, offered him but a trifle for the manuscript, and would print only such a number as he thought proper. These were terms

with which the author chose not to comply ; and, considering the number and the rank of his friends, he was resolved to publish it by subscription. A subscription was opened accordingly, and quickly filled with persons of the first rank and eminence, not only of Great Britain, but of Europe in general. A condition of the proposals was, that the subscribers should have their books a month before it was published in the ordinary manner in London.

In this situation were things, when an unforeseen accident called our poet out of the kingdom, being sent for by M. D'Argenson, prime minister of France, in order to become the king's historiographer. Voltaire was therefore obliged to return with reluctance home, leaving to his bookseller the care of satisfying the subscribers. Voltaire however affirms, that the bookseller, considering that there was no great difference between reading a book a month sooner or later, was resolved to indulge the curiosity of the public first, and gratify the subscribers after ; as by this means the profits accruing from the sale, which were to be his own, would be greatly increased. The reader may judge for himself whether this is not the true reason why the subscribers to the 'Henriade' had not the work till a month after it was first published in London ; and not against the author but his bookseller should their censure be levelled. It cannot be conceived what a number of enemies this raised Voltaire ; for all imputed to him that meanness of which those who are of his acquaintance know him to be utterly incapable. A neglect, indeed, he was guilty of, in leaving no friend to see justice done to the public. This may be said of our poet's character in general, that he has frequently been guilty of indiscretions, but never of meanness. A mind employed in the contemplation of great virtues is sometimes guilty of trifling absurdities—

"—— quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."—Hor.

An honest man may sometimes unite with such as will render his actions suspected ; but then it is the fault of good minds to be too credulous, and instead of condemning such a man of falsehood, we should pity his goodnature.

The poem was dedicated to Queen Caroline, for which she made the author a present of her picture, valued at two hundred guineas.[1] The dedication breathes a spirit which at once characterizes the poet, the philosopher, and the man of virtue; and some prefer it even to any part of the succeeding performance. It must be confessed the Henriade has its faults: its incidents in general do not sufficiently interest or surprise; it seldom rises to the sublime, though it never falls into flatness. The moral reflections return too frequently, and retard that speed which is one of the greatest beauties of narration. However, with all its faults, the French regard it as the first epic poem in their language, and though (national partiality laid aside) it sinks infinitely below Milton, yet it will be sufficient to gain the author immortality.[2]

Upon his return home, he found his fame greatly increased, the prime minister of France himself being proud of ranking among the number of his friends. Scarcely a country of Europe from which the learned did not send him their acknowledgments, for the pleasure and instruction they had received from his last performance. The king of France used frequently to entreat the pleasure of his company; for he found in him one who had learned from the English to treat monarchs with an honest freedom, and who disdained those mean submissions which at once render kings proud and miserable. Had our poet been inclined to make a large fortune, had he been that avaricious wretch which his enemies have often represented him, he had now an opportunity of gratifying his most sanguine expectations. But he was born free, and had imbibed the privileges of a man and a philosopher. Ambition could not bribe him to forfeit his birthright, and he disdained becoming great at the expense of his liberty. The king would frequently desire his company; but Voltaire came only when he thought

[1] The writer of 'Voltaire in England,' in the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1882, found this to be incorrect. The queen of George II., instead of giving Voltaire her picture, gave him five hundred pounds. The first edition of the 'Henriade,' "Londres, 1728," 4to, has the dedication "to the Queen" in English. It bears no publisher's name.—Ed.

[2] Purdon's translation of the 'Henriade,' to accompany which these 'Memoirs' were written, as mentioned in our introductory note, is said to have been revised by Goldsmith. See the Poems, vol. ii. p. 91.—Ed.

proper. Sometimes he would beg of his majesty to excuse his attendance, as he had made an appointment elsewhere; sometimes he would return for answer, that he was detained by Madame du Châtelet, and could not possibly come. These excuses the king generally received with the utmost good humour, and never upon Voltaire's appearance resented his former refusal. The truth is, the king loved a companion who had wit enough to amuse him, and good sense enough not to turn his familiarity into abuse.

But, about this time, there was a still greater honour done to our poet's merit than he had ever yet received, though kings and princes had already conspired to raise his reputation. The house of Brandenburgh had been for some ages acquiring strength and power in Germany. At this time Frederick William[1] sat upon the throne of Prussia, a monarch born to be the father and yet the terror of his subjects. All his family, his children as well as his domestics, feared, and sometimes felt the weight of his displeasure. He was arbitrary in all his commands; and though his desires were frequently bent upon trifles, none in all his court were found who were hardy enough to remonstrate or had courage to lend him advice when he most wanted it. There was however found, at last, one resolved to offer his remonstrances, though the consequence threatened unremitting displeasure. The Prince Royal, his son, took this liberty, and sometimes showed the king, with the utmost deference, the dangers attending an excess of avarice, and the whimsical absurdity of employing soldiers only for show. This conduct was immediately construed into disobedience; and this brought on such severity of treatment, that the prince was resolved to leave the kingdom and fly for protection to England. It is not the business of this memoir to mention the accidents by which his intentions were frustrated, nor the miseries he essayed in seeing his dearest friends, who were partners of his design, sacrificed on the scaffold; be it sufficient to say, that he was now put

[1] The text has "Frederick II.," which is obviously an error, either of the original or the reprint. Frederick William was the king who "sat upon the throne of Prussia" at this time. It was the then "Prince Royal," Voltaire's friend, who became Frederick II., or more commonly now Frederick the Great.—Ed.

into close confinement, in which he felt many years of severe captivity. The school of misery is the school of wisdom. Instead of nursing up his mind in indolence, or indulging sorrow, he refined his understanding by books, at first his only companions, and when indulged in greater liberties, the learned, of whom he was fond, had leave to visit him. Thus did this youth of genius spend his time among philosophers and men of virtue, and learn from them the hardest of all arts—the art of being a king. The 'Henriade' of Voltaire reached our philosophic prince in his retreat. He read it, was charmed with the poem, and wished for the acquaintance of the poet. He had himself already written some metaphysical essays in answer to Horrebow. He had also diverted himself at intervals by translating some of the Latin poets, or composing somewhat of his own; but he wanted a friend whose judgment might be relied on—one to whom he could communicate his productions, and who had a capacity to amend them. He had already several learned men with him in his retreat, but they were rather philosophers than poets: he wanted a companion who could unite both the characters, who had solidity to instruct when he designed to be serious and vivacity to unbend his mind when fatigued with study. Voltaire seemed to him adapted to both those purposes; he therefore resolved to give him an invitation to Prussia.

But the distinctions paid our poet by majesty, and the endearments he received from friendship, only served, by increasing envy, to increase the number of his enemies. Some years before this, an ecclesiastic, the Abbé des Fontaines, one who had some little reputation for poetry, was accused of a heinous crime, and expelled his convent upon that suspicion. Poor and infamous, he knew not where to apply for succour; from his own order he received only reproaches, and the public paid his merits but small regard. Voltaire saw him an object of compassion; he imagined it doubly his duty to relieve him, since he was in distress, and a poet. He therefore procured his indigent brother all the conveniences of life, made use of his interest to clear his reputation, and at last effectually re-established a character which he imagined had been unjustly injured. There are some obligations too great for gratitude. That is a

debt the poor pay as an equivalent for favours; but when those become so great that no gratitude can equal, the mind becomes bankrupt, and pays with envy instead of acknowledgments.[1] Such was the case of the Abbé des Fontaines; and a man whom small obligations might have eternally bound, became an enemy by being too much obliged. I shall not pretend to say, that Des Fontaines was the only person in fault upon this occasion. Voltaire might have required a deference which transcended the bounds of friendship. Des Fontaines could only regard him as an equal, and our poet wanted to be treated as a superior.

Their friendship, as was naturally to be expected, was soon converted into hatred. They mutually taxed each other with pride and ingratitude, and at last pleaded before the bar of the public; where each was more solicitous of injuring his opponent than of defending himself. Des Fontaines wrote a pamphlet, entitled the 'Voltairomania,' containing all the little levities of Voltaire's youth, some true, others taken up on groundless report; he added also the faults of his father and his family to increase the sum, and exhausted all that malice could suggest upon the occasion. But Des Fontaines did not maintain the unequal combat alone. Rousseau, a man of true genius, whose Odes are perhaps as beautiful as those of Horace, entered into the confederacy, and Ramsay served to complete the triumvirate.

In the republic of letters, he who arrogates superiority is sure to be disappointed: in vain he has the voice of the people, that is lost in idle murmurs; but the press is against him, and that speaks in characters far more lasting. Voltaire found himself attacked in the part he held most dear—his moral character. He appears to have been sensibly wounded by his antagonists; for there is scarcely a subsequent publication of his which does not make mention of the falsehood, or the ingratitude of his enemies. The fame he had acquired by the tragedy of Alzira, served to increase their fury, and they only waited an opportunity

[1] Similar remarks will be found in our author's essay 'On the Difference between Love and Gratitude,' 'Citizen of the World,' Letter LXVI., p. 247, vol. iii.—Ed.

to renew the assault. That opportunity was soon given. In the year 1736, he published a little poem, intituled 'La Défense du Mondain,' or an apology for luxury. In this he endeavours to prove, that luxuries are rather serviceable than detrimental to an opulent people.[1] This his enemies eagerly caught up. Des Fontaines had interest with one of his brethren, who had an influence on Cardinal Fleury. The piece was represented to this weak minister as a libel containing many shocking impieties, and the author as deserving the severest punishment. Voltaire had scarcely time to make his defence: he was banished France, and thus at last compelled to yield to the vindictive persecution of Des Fontaines, his inveterate enemy. The Prince of Prussia, upon hearing of our poet's situation, repeated his offers of friendship, and invited him into his kingdom. Voltaire, however, declined the invitation, and chose to reside at the château of Madame du Châtelet, at Cirey, where he employed his time in instructing her in the polite arts. It was here, and for her use, that he drew up that system of Universal History,[2] which, whatever may be its fidelity, is certainly a fine specimen of the solidity of his judgment, and his intimate acquaintance with human nature.

The banishment of M. Voltaire at this time was but short. His friends were active in defending his innocence, and laid his case before the king in such convincing lights, that he was pleased to recal him from exile and restore him to favour. His good fortune, however, was not of long continuance, and only previous to a new disaster. Among the number of favourites at that time at court was Madame de Pompadour, a lady of as much beauty as ever graced a court, but of as indifferent morals as ever disgraced her sex. She had art enough to gain an entire ascendant over the king, and ambition to convert her power to self-

[1] This appears to be Goldsmith's argument in his 'The Sciences Useful in a Populous State, Prejudicial in a Barbarous one,' 'Citizen of the World,' Letter LXXXII.—Ed.

[2] In the *Monthly Review* of August, 1757 (see 'Criticisms'), Goldsmith reviewed seven volumes of Voltaire's 'Universal History'—the same volumes which Walpole and Gray praised; *vide* Gray's Letters (to Wharton, July 10, 1764), and Walpole to Strafford, July 4, 1757. The latter is quoted in a note to our reprint of the criticism.—Ed.

interest. While she and her relations sold places and disposed of employments, the nation became almost bankrupt. Wretches raised without merit from obscurity place all their ambition in wealth and magnificence. Such were her relations, sacrificing every public consideration to money, and even without a blush avowing their rapacity. I have before mentioned that Voltaire had been constituted historiographer to the king. This post had been usually considered as the reward of flattery, and not of truth, and was generally bestowed accordingly. Our poet, however, who despised his predecessors for being no better than first flatterers of state, was resolved to show his integrity, though at the expense of his happiness. He intimated with the utmost humility to his majesty, that he feared he could not give posterity those favourable ideas of Louis XV. which he had done of his predecessor; that a mind filled with love could leave no room for that paternal affection which a king owed his people; and he concluded by praising Madame de Pompadour's beauty, but at the same time insinuating her artifice. This was enough to banish him from court; a disgrace which gave him not the least concern, as he ever preferred the tranquillity of retirement to the glare of pageantry; or perhaps it might be his peculiar temper to dislike all acquaintance with those who presumed to be his superiors.

Among his friends in Paris, he led the life of a man and a philosopher, and professed himself the protector of indigent merit. Every youth whose genius led to poetry found in him an encourager; if poor a supporter, and if rich a friend. He despised the court, and all the honours it could bestow: he laughed at Racine, who was slave enough to die at the frown of a tyrant; vindicated the cause of liberty in a land of slaves; and, by his single example, gave a new mode of thinking to the wits of Paris. However, though he despised the company of courtiers, they did not think proper to overlook him: some sought his conversation with the utmost assiduity, and others pretended to regard him as a dangerous member of the state.

It has been already observed, that Madame de Pompadour was by no means in his esteem. This dislike he was imprudent enough to publish in a short satire, in which the

king is represented as losing the complaints of the kingdom in her society, and preferring the allurements of a mistress to the voice of virtue and fame. Nothing spreads sooner than scandal or satire; this little performance was quickly read at court, and the king was soon apprized of its author. The monarch, weak, indolent, and voluptuous, could not brook any attempt to control his pleasures. He testified the severest displeasure against the poet, but did not think proper to banish him in direct terms, as he had been long the favourite of the public. It was resolved to send him a private hint, that it would be satisfactory if he would quit the kingdom. Cardinal Fleury accordingly acquainted Voltaire with the king's pleasure, and our poet, contrary to his expectations, refused to go, unless his banishment was made public. This was a refusal that quite disconcerted his enemies; however, they were determined to accomplish that by force, which he had refused to solicitation. An unexpected accident effected what all their intrigues could not do. In 1749, his friend and pupil, Madame Du Châtelet, died. For her conversation, he had formerly withstood all the invitations of the King of Prussia; in her conversation he found a solace against all the calumnies of the envious, and the insults of the powerful. When she was gone, those ties which held him to his country were broken, and he considered himself, in every sense of the word, a citizen of the world.[1] He determined to accept the invitation, and went to acquaint the Cardinal Fleury with his intentions. The cardinal gave him permission to quit France; and Voltaire prepared, in the year 1750,[2] to set out for Prussia, to grace the court of its philosophic monarch.

Frederick the Second, who had only been prince of Prussia when the correspondence between him and Voltaire commenced, had been for some time raised to the throne. There was much expected from him by his subjects while a prince; but, when he came to be invested with regal power, he outdid all their expectations. He had been forced to marry,

[1] Here, perhaps, we have Goldsmith's earliest use of the term which afterwards afforded him a title for his Chinese Letters. For its other occurrences in his works see vol. iii., pp. 1, 531.—Ed.

[2] "I set out for Potsdam in June, 1750," says Voltaire.—Ed.

against his inclinations, a princess of merit and beauty; however, while his father lived, he refused either to cohabit with her, or even to see her. It was generally supposed, that he who had behaved in such a manner while under paternal constraint, would aggravate the lady's misfortunes when he came to the throne. But it was quite otherwise; the day he was crowned she also shared his honours, and though he had not seen her for some years, his treatment of her was now changed into the most assiduous complaisance. Those who had been his favourites in imprisonment expected to enjoy their monarch's bounty without rivals; however, in this they were disappointed. He knew that the desires of a courtier are an abyss that can never be filled up; and therefore, instead of lucrative rewards, he recompensed their adherence to his person by honours. In short, he proved himself in evary respect the father of his people: he reformed the laws, encouraged commerce, and invited into his dominions the arts and sciences. These he endeavoured to promote both from interest and inclination: his mornings were dedicated to study, part of the day to the review of his troops, and his evenings to society. In those hours of vacant hilarity he always threw aside the king. The persons who made at this time the most shining figure at this court, either for wit or learning, were the Marquis D'Argens, Maupertuis, the Baron Polnitz, and Wolfius.

The Marquis D'Argens was graceful in person, regularly featured, and had an extreme vivacity in his eye. I mention these trifling particulars only because gallantry constituted the leading part of his character, and for this he was happily formed by nature. He always endeavoured to unite in himself the man of pleasure and the philosopher, and only by this means called in the assistance of sentiment to refine his enjoyments; in other words, all his philosophy consisted in epicurism. He was formed for society, spoke infinitely better than he wrote, and wrote infinitely better than he lived. A man of pleasure often leads the most miserable life that can be conceived. Such was his case; he considered every abatement in his enjoyments as insupportable; passed his day between rapture and disappointment, between the extremes of agony and bliss;

and often felt a pang as poignant for want of appetite, as the wretch who wants a meal. In these intervals of spleen he usually kept his bed, and only rose to some varied mode of enjoyment.[1]

The King was delighted with this Frenchman's wit, and pleased with his conversation; but was too wise to give him any other place at court than that of superintendent of the pleasures. He was empowered to invite singers and dancers from abroad, to be master of the ceremonies on all Court entertainments, and on those occasions to give laws to the King himself; who never chose to be distinguished from the rest of his subjects, when in pursuit of pleasure.

Maupertuis[2] was a man of a very different disposition. He had led in youth a life of academic severity, and practised and praised temperance. He was possessed of some genius, but more industry; had read and digested a great deal, and was one of that cast of characters, which are content that there should be subordination in the literary world. He was perfectly acquainted with mathematics, and had read some poetry: from the one his writings have borrowed grace, from the other solidity. However, they all want that characteristic of true genius, originality; and while the reader can observe in them nothing to be censured, they have little that can be the subject of praise. What Maupertuis wanted in wit, he made up by prudence. This is a happy succedaneum to genius, and few who are possessed of the one in a very great degree, are found to enjoy the other. No levities ever carried him beyond the bounds of decency; no speech of his ever betrayed the least dislike of the King's conduct, or his measures; hence he was regarded at first as a harmless good-natured man, and this by degrees grew into esteem; so that he had the good sense to make himself at last the principal favourite.

Baron Polnitz was formed in the school of adversity. He had been in his youth the sport of fortune; he travelled Europe without money, and all the friends he made were

[1] D'Argens is again criticized to this effect in the 'Polite Learning,' chap. vii. (vol. iii. p. 495).—Ed.

[2] Goldsmith published an obituary notice of Maupertuis in No. I. of the *Bee*, Oct. 6, 1759; which see at p. 321 of our vol. ii.—Ed.

owing to his address. The reader will readily conceive, that he was now and then obliged to act the *chevalier d'industrie*. It must be owned, his integrity in those juvenile adventures has more than once been called in question. But, as a companion, with the exception of Voltaire, perhaps none of his cotemporaries could exceed him. Though in his writings he appears a servile encomiast, in conversation he always mixed something of the misanthropist, which gave an air of shrewdness to his observations, and a strain of singularity to his manner. He had learned to read mankind, not by precept but experience; and as the needy generally see the worst side of those they converse with, he regarded human nature in the most disadvantageous points of view.

Wolfe had long been a professor in the university of Halle, in Saxony; but, indulging a metaphysical turn of thinking, he happened to differ from the modes of speculation at that time established in the schools, for which he was expelled the university. Distress alone was a sufficient recommendation to the King of Prussia's protection; he came over to the Court of Berlin, and was graciously received. Whatever opinion his Prussian Majesty might have had of this professor in his youth, he soon altered his sentiments, and regarded him rather as a learned visionary than a man of wisdom. The truth is, his performances are little more than trifling refinements on the opinions of Leibnitz; who being very erroneous himself, cannot be expected to have bequeathed precision to his followers.

From the joint efforts of these men, and of some others, too tedious to mention, the King was resolved to establish a society for the promotion of science and the belles lettres. The studies of the academy were divided into four different departments, each, however, serving to illustrate or advance the other. The first for metaphysics; the second for mathematics and experimental philosophy; the third for the languages and belles lettres; and the fourth, for the study and propagation of religion. Maupertuis was chosen president, and the King himself became a member, and gave in his papers in turn.

Such was a picture of the Court of Berlin at the time

Voltaire accepted his Majesty's invitation. When the King was apprised of his arrival in his dominions, he went to meet him, attended only by one domestic, some miles out of town, and gave him the most cordial reception. He found Voltaire even more than his hopes or his works had described him. An easy fluency of animated observation generally composed his conversation: he had for some time thrown aside the man of wit, for the more substantial character of the man of wisdom; he had refined by study all that paradox of which he was once so fond; he assumed neither the character of a misanthrope, like Polnitz, nor of an undistinguishing admirer of the human species, like D'Argens. The King perceived he was possessed of more historical learning than Maupertuis, and more sprightly sallies of imagination than himself, even in his gayest moments. But, while I thus describe Voltaire's superiority, his faults must not be concealed. He was perfectly conscious of his own excellence, and demanded a deference from his brother poets which they did not choose to indulge. This at first raised some jealousies, and the King perceived them; but such was his address, so nicely did he divide his favours and his marks of esteem among these rival wits, that each thought himself the favourite, and all contributed to render the Court of Berlin the most polite in Europe.

But, whatever favours the King bestowed on others, Voltaire enjoyed the strongest marks of his friendship and esteem. To him he communicated his writings, desired his advice with regard to his future designs, and made him a partner in the secrets of his government. He was offered the most honourable and lucrative employments; but these he refused, alleging that it was not riches but friendship that he sought from his connections with kings, and that he came not to impoverish the Court, but to improve it. When he had rested some days after the fatigues of his journey, he thought it his duty to write to his old friend, Cardinal Fleury, and at the same time sent him a performance ascribed to the King of Prussia, intitled 'Anti-Machiavel.'[1] The letter and the book the Cardinal

[1] This is sometimes classed with Voltaire's works. It was written by

received with the most extreme satisfaction, and returned Voltaire his acknowledgments in a well-written epistle, in which he informed him of the pleasure he found in his present; adding, that if the author of this fine performance was not a king, at least he deserved to be one; and that if such a man had been born in the humblest station, his merits would have raised him to the greatest. This letter Voltaire communicated to Frederick, and it was, perhaps, one cause of the alliance which soon succeeded between the Courts of France and Prussia. The greatest events often rise from the slightest causes. * * * * *[1]

Frederick II., but, in 1740, it was edited and issued anonymously for that then just enthroned monarch by Voltaire.—ED.

[1] With Voltaire's residence at the court of Berlin, this memoir breaks off. A dispute with Maupertuis was followed by Voltaire's disgrace. He endeavoured to negotiate a return to Paris, but his "Pucelle d'Orléans" had excited so much displeasure, that he was not allowed to remain in the capital. He now settled near Geneva, but taking soon after a part in the political contentions then prevailing in that republic, and having become involved in disputes with many of the principal people, he thought it best to leave the place. He therefore purchased the estate of Fernay, in the Pays de Gex; where he resided the remainder of his life, with his niece, Madame Denis. In February, 1778, he visited Paris; where he died, on the 30th of May, at the advanced age of eighty-five.—PRIOR.

THE LIFE

OF

RICHARD NASH, ESQ.,

LATE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES AT BATH,

EXTRACTED PRINCIPALLY

FROM

HIS ORIGINAL PAPERS.

—— Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis. HOR.

['The Life of Richard Nash' was first published in October, 1762, nearly two years after Nash's death. Goldsmith's visit to Bath in the summer of 1762 has of course a connection with the work; but whether the author had much, or any, of his materials before going to Bath, or acquired the materials during his visit, are moot points. Indeed, of the matter for the 'Life' acquired from Scott and Morgan, and of Nash's own papers themselves, very little is known, save what Goldsmith tells in his "Advertisement" at p. 50, and in his notes at pp. 55, &c. The second edition appeared in December, 1762. It had several additions and corrections, and is the edition we here reproduce *entire*. Most of the few reprints there have been since Goldsmith's own two editions are imperfect, Prior's, in the 'Works,' 1837, being exceedingly so. In the latter whole pages are absent and unaccounted for. Though both the author's editions of 1762 were anonymous, the work seems from the first to have been attributed to Goldsmith. An early criticism pronounced it an imitation of Johnson's 'Life of Savage;' and perhaps it was this imputation which caused Dr. Johnson—Mr. Johnson then, and but newly Goldsmith's friend—to send to Newbery's, to actually, *buy* an early copy—*vide* the Newbery MSS. Percy did not include the 'Life of Nash' in his edition of Goldsmith's works, thinking that Goldsmith merely "revised and corrected" it for Newbery. Mitford took the same view. But most other editors think it fairly out of, and above, the merely compilation works of the author. The general verdict is that it is the best of Goldsmith's biographies. Mr. Forster traces some of the happiness of the performance to a sort of fellow-feeling with the Beau which he (Mr. Forster) assumes as being entertained by Goldsmith. Concerning the author's general faithfulness to facts in this work (a faithfulness sometimes doubted) a note will be found at p. 67. In addition it may be stated that Chalmers, in his 'Biographical Dictionary,' relied almost exclusively upon Goldsmith's narrative for his life of Nash, and handsomely acknowledged the obligation. Indeed, most of the biographies of Nash may be traced to Goldsmith's work. The author's receipt for the payment for this biography may be seen at p. 479 of our vol. i. The fourteen guineas there mentioned as "in full for the copy of the Life of Mr. Nash" have appeared to some editors as a rather small sum for an 8vo. volume of some two hundred and fifty pages. Or, as Mr. Forster has put it, the 'Life' was "a clever book for fourteen guineas." But it may have been that more or less of the expenses of Goldsmith's trip to Bath entered into the account. For the date and circumstances of this trip to Bath see vol. i., p. 407. It having been stated that the minute book of the Corporation of Bath disclosed the fact that the Corporation paid Goldsmith £15 for this 'Life of Nash,' Mr. Peach examined the city books, with the result that "no such statement can be found," *vide* Peach's 'Historic Houses in Bath,' &c., 1883, p. 43.—Ed.]

[DEDICATION.[1]]

TO

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,

THE MAYOR,

RECORDER,

ALDERMEN,

AND

COMMON COUNCIL

OF THE

CITY OF BATH;

THIS VOLUME

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

[1] This dedication first appeared in the second edition. Both editions had for frontispiece a fine portrait of Nash, in his white hat and laced coat, engraved by A. Walker, from the "original painting by Mr. [William] Hoare, [R.A.], and presented to the Corporation of the City of Bath."—Ed.

ADVERTISEMENT.[1]

We have the permission of George Scott, Esq. (who kindly undertook to settle the affairs of Mr. Nash, for the benefit of his family and creditors), to assure the Public, that all the papers found in the custody of Mr. Nash, which anyways respected his life, and were thought interesting to the Public, were communicated to the editor of this volume; so that the reader will at least have the satisfaction of perusing an account that is genuine, and not the work of imagination, as biographical writings too frequently are.

[1] This is the author's advertisement. It appeared first in the second edition.—Ed.

PREFACE.

The following Memoir is neither calculated to inflame the reader's passions with descriptions of gallantry, nor to gratify his malevolence with details of scandal. The amours of coxcombs and the pursuits of debauchees are as destitute of novelty to attract us as they are of variety to entertain; they still present us but the same picture, a picture we have seen a thousand times repeated. The life of Mr. Nash is incapable of supplying any entertainment of this nature to a prurient curiosity. Though it was passed in the very midst of debauchery, he practised but few of those vices he was often obliged to assent to. Though he lived where gallantry was the capital pursuit, he was never known to favour it by his example, and what authority he had was set to oppose it. Instead, therefore, of a romantic history, filled with warm pictures and fanciful adventures, the reader of the following account must rest satisfied with a genuine and candid recital, compiled from the papers he left behind, and others equally authentic; a recital neither written with a spirit of satire nor panegyric, and with scarce any other art than that of arranging the materials in their natural order.

But though little art has been used, it is hoped that some entertainment may be collected from the life of a person so much talked of, and yet so little known as Mr. Nash. The history of a man who for more than fifty years presided over the pleasures of a polite kingdom, and whose life, though without any thing to surprise, was ever marked with singularity, deserves the attention of the present age; the pains he took in pursuing pleasure, and the solemnity he assumed in adjusting trifles, may one day claim the smile of posterity. At least such a history is

well calculated to supply a vacant hour with innocent amusement, however it may fail to open the heart, or improve the understanding.

Yet his life, how trifling soever it may appear to the inattentive, was not without its real advantages to the public. He was the first who diffused a desire of society, and an easiness of address among a whole people, who were formerly censured by foreigners for a reservedness of behaviour and an awkward timidity in their first approaches. He first taught a familiar intercourse among strangers at Bath and Tunbridge, which still subsists among them. That ease and open access first acquired there, our gentry brought back to the metropolis, and thus the whole kingdom by degrees became more refined by lessons originally derived from him.

Had it been my design to have made this history more pleasing at the expense of truth, it had been easily performed, but I chose to describe the man as he was, not such as imagination could have helped in completing his picture: he will be found to have been a weak man, governing weaker subjects, and may be considered as resembling a monarch of Cappodocia, whom Cicero somewhere calls, "the little king of a little people."

But while I have been careful in describing the monarch, his dominions have claimed no small share of my attention. I have given an exact account of the rise, regulation, and nature of the amusements of the city of Bath; how far Mr. Nash contributed to establish and refine them, and what pleasure a stranger may expect there upon his arrival. Such anecdotes as are at once true and worth preserving are produced in their order, and some stories are added, which, though commonly known, more necessarily belong to this history than to the places from whence they have been extracted. But it is needless to point out the pains that have been taken, or the entertainment that may be expected from the perusal of this performance. It is but an indifferent way to gain the reader's esteem, to be my own panegyrist; nor is this preface so much designed to lead him to beauties, as to demand pardon for defects.

THE LIFE

OF

RICHARD NASH, ESQ.

History owes its excellence more to the writer's manner than to the materials of which it is composed. The intrigues of courts, or the devastation of armies, are regarded by the remote spectator with as little attention as the squabbles of a village, or the fate of a malefactor, that falls under his own observation. The great and the little, as they have the same senses, and the same affections, generally present the same picture to the hand of the draughtsman; and whether the hero or the clown be the subject of the memoir, it is only man that appears with all his native minuteness about him; for nothing very great was ever yet formed from the little materials of humanity.

Thus none can properly be said to write history, but he who understands the human heart, and its whole train of affections and follies. Those affections and follies are properly the materials he has to work upon. The relations of great events may surprise indeed; they may be calculated to instruct those very few who govern the million beneath, but the generality of mankind find the most real improvement from relations which are levelled to the general surface of life—which tell—not how men learned to conquer, but how they endeavoured to live—not how they gained the shout of the admiring crowd, but how they acquired the esteem of their friends and acquaintance.

Every man's own life would perhaps furnish the most pleasing materials for history, if he only had candour enough to be sincere, and skill enough to select such parts as once making him more prudent, might serve to render his readers more cautious. There are few who do not prefer a page of Montaigne or Colley Cibber, who candidly tell us what they thought of the world and the world thought of them, to the more stately memoirs and transactions of Europe, where we see kings pretending to immortality, that are now almost forgotten, and statesmen planning frivolous negociations, that scarce outlive the signing.

It were to be wished that ministers and kings were left to write their own histories: they are truly useful to few but themselves; but for men who are contented with more humble stations, I fancy such truths only are serviceable as may conduct them safely through life. That knowledge which we can turn to our real benefit should be most eagerly pursued. Treasures which we cannot use but little increase the happiness, or even the pride, of the possessor.

I profess to write the history of a man placed in the middle ranks of life; of one, whose vices and virtues were open to the eye of the most undiscerning spectator; who was placed in public view without power to repress censure or command adulation; who had too much merit not to become remarkable, yet too much folly to arrive at greatness. I attempt the character of one who was just such a man as probably you or I may be, but with this difference, that he never performed an action which the world did not know, or ever formed a wish which he did not take pains to divulge. In short, I have chosen to write the life of the noted Mr. Nash, as it will be the delineation of a mind without disguise, of a man ever assiduous without industry, and pleasing to his superiors without any superiority of genius or understanding.

Yet, if there be any who think the subject of too little importance to command attention, and had rather gaze at the actions of the great, than be directed in guiding their own, I have one undeniable claim to their attention. Mr. Nash was himself a King. In this particular, perhaps no

biographer has been so happy as I. They who are for a delineation of men and manners may find some satisfaction that way, and those who delight in adventures of kings and queens, may perhaps find their hopes satisfied in another.

It is a matter of very little importance who were the parents, or what was the education of a man who owed so little of his advancement to either. He seldom boasted of family or learning, and his father's name and circumstances were so little known, that Dr. Cheyne used frequently to say that Nash had no father. The Duchess of Marlborough one day rallying him in public company upon the obscurity of his birth, compared him to Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father: "No, Madam," replied Nash, "I seldom mention my father in company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

However, though such anecdotes be immaterial, to go on in the usual course of history, it may be proper to observe, that Richard Nash, Esq., the subject of this memoir, was born in the town of Swansea, in Glamorganshire, on the 18th of October, in the year 1674.[1] His father was a gentleman, whose principal income arose from a partnership in a glass-house; his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, who was killed by Oliver Cromwell, for defending Pembroke castle against the rebels. He was educated under Mr. Maddocks at Carmarthen School, and from thence sent to Jesus College, in Oxford, in order to prepare him for the study of the law. His father had strained his little income to give his son such an education; but from the boy's natural vivacity, he hoped a recompense from his future preferment. In college, however, he soon showed

[1] This account of his parentage is confirmed by the following memorandum, written by Mr. Nash himself in a book belonging to Mr. Charles Morgan, at the Coffee House in Bath; whence it was transcribed by George Scott, Esq., to whom we are indebted for this and many other anecdotes respecting the life of Mr. Nash:—"My father was a Welch gentleman, my mother niece to Col. Poyer, who was murdered by Oliver for defending Pembroke. I was born Oct. 18, 1674, in Swansey, Glamorganshire."—GOLDSMITH. [This note did not appear in the first edition. The book at Morgan's Coffee House is again mentioned by Goldsmith in a note further on.—ED.]

that though much might be expected from his genius, nothing could be hoped from his industry. A mind strongly turned to pleasure always is first seen at the university: there the youth first finds himself freed from the restraint of tutors, and being treated by his friends in some measure as a man, assumes the passions and desires of riper age, and discovers in the boy, what are likely to be the affections of his maturity.

The first method Mr. Nash took to distinguish himself at college was not by application to study, but by his assiduity in intrigue. In the neighbourhood of every university there are girls who with some beauty, some coquetry, and little fortune, lie upon the watch for every raw amorous youth, more inclined to make love than to study. Our hero was quickly caught, and went through all the mazes and adventures of a college intrigue, before he was seventeen: he offered marriage, the offer was accepted, but the whole affair coming to the knowledge of his tutors, his happiness, or perhaps his future misery, was prevented, and he was sent home from college, with necessary advice to him, and proper instructions to his father.[1]

When a man knows his power over the fair sex, he generally commences their admirer for the rest of life. That triumph which he obtains over one only makes him the slave of another, and thus he proceeds conquering and conquered, to the closing of the scene. The army seemed the most likely profession in which to display this incli-

[1] Since the publication of the first edition of this book, notice has been taken in some of the newspapers of Mr. Nash's leaving the University without discharging a small debt which he owed to the college where he was placed, and which stands on their books to this day. This is a circumstance which we were informed of before the publication of our former edition; but as our business was to write the life of Mr. Nash, and not to settle his accounts, it seemed to us too immaterial to deserve any particular notice: besides, had we paid any regard to this, we ought also to have taken some notice of another anecdote communicated to us, which was that when he was sent from college he left behind him a pair of boots, two plays, a tobacco box, and a fiddle, which had engaged more of his attention than either the public or private lectures. But as this, as well as the other, could afford neither entertainment nor edification, they were purposely omitted.—GOLDSMITH. [This note appeared first in the second edition.—ED.]

nation for gallantry; he therefore purchased a pair of colours, commenced a professed admirer of the sex, and dressed to the very edge of his finances. But the life of a soldier is more pleasing to the spectator at a distance than to the person who makes the experiment. Mr. Nash soon found that a red coat alone would never succeed, that the company of the fair sex is not to be procured without expense, and that his scanty commission could never procure him the proper reimbursements. He found, too, that the profession of arms required attendance and duty, and often encroached upon those hours he could have wished to dedicate to softer purposes. In short, he soon became disgusted with the life of a soldier, quitted the army, entered his name as a student in the Temple books, and here went to the very summit of second-rate luxury. Though very poor he was very fine; he spread the little gold he had in the most ostentatious manner, and though the gilding was but thin, he laid it on as far as it would go. They who know the town cannot be unacquainted with such a character as I describe; one, who though he may have dined in private upon a banquet served cold from a cook's shop, shall dress at six for the side box; one of those whose wants are only known to their laundress and tradesmen, and their fine clothes to half the nobility; who spend more in chair hire than housekeeping, and prefer a bow from a lord to a dinner from a commoner.

In this manner Mr. Nash spent some years about town, till at last his genteel appearance, his constant civility, and still more, his assiduity, gained him the acquaintance of several persons qualified to lead the fashion both by birth and fortune. To gain the friendship of the young nobility little more is requisite than much submission and very fine clothes: dress has a mechanical influence upon the mind, and we naturally are awed into respect and esteem at the elegance of those whom even our reason would teach us to contemn. He seemed early sensible of human weakness in this respect: he brought a person genteelly dressed to every assembly; he always made one of those who are called very good company, and assurance gave him an air of elegance and ease.

When King William was called to the throne, Mr. Nash was a member of the Middle Temple. It had been long customary for the Inns of Court to entertain our monarchs upon their accession to the crown, or some such remarkable occasion, with a revel and pageant. In the earlier periods of our history, poets were the conductors of these entertainments: plays were exhibited, and complimentary verses were then written; but by degrees the pageant alone was continued, Sir John Davis being the last poet that wrote verses upon such an occasion, in the reign of James I.

This ceremony, which has been at length totally discontinued, was last exhibited in honour of King William, and Mr. Nash was chosen to conduct the whole with proper decorum. He was then but a very young man; but we see at how early an age he was thought proper to guide the amusements of his country, and be the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of his time; we see how early he gave proofs of that spirit of regularity, for which he afterwards became famous, and showed an attention to those little circumstances, of which, though the observance be trifling, the neglect has often interrupted men of the greatest abilities in the progress of their fortunes.

In conducting this entertainment, Nash had an opportunity of exhibiting all his abilities, and King William was so well satisfied with his performance, that he made him an offer of knighthood. This, however, he thought proper to refuse; which in a person of his disposition seems strange. "Please your Majesty," replied he, when the offer was made him, "if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least able to support my title." Yet we do not find that the King took the hint of increasing his fortune; perhaps he could not; he had at that time numbers to oblige, and he never cared to give money without important services.

But though Nash acquired no riches by his late office, yet he gained many friends, or what is more easily obtained, many acquaintance, who often answer the end as well. In the populous city where he resided, to be known was almost synonymous with being in the road to fortune. How many little Things do we see, without merit, or without friends,

push themselves forward into public notice, and by self-advertizing, attract the attention of the day! The wise despise them, but the public are not all wise. Thus they succeed; rise upon the wing of folly or of fashion, and by their success give a new sanction to effrontery.

But beside his assurance, Mr. Nash had in reality some merit and some virtues. He was, if not a brilliant, at least an easy companion. He never forgot good manners, even in the highest warmth of familiarity, and, as I hinted before, never went in a dirty shirt to disgrace the table of his patron or his friend. These qualifications might make the furniture of his head; but for his heart, that seemed an assemblage of the virtues which display an honest benevolent mind, with the vices which spring from too much good nature. He had pity for every creature's distress, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefits. He had generosity for the wretched in the highest degree, at a time when his creditors complained of his justice. He often spoke falsehoods; but never had any of his harmless tales tinctured with malice.

An instance of his humanity is told us in The Spectator,[1] though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his accompts to the Masters of the Temple, among other articles, he charged "For making one man happy, £10." Being questioned about the meaning of so strange an item, he frankly declared, that happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family of children, that £10 would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, that if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The Masters, struck with such an uncommon instance of good nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.

Another instance of his unaccountable generosity, and I shall proceed. In some transactions with one of his friends, Mr. Nash was brought in debtor twenty pounds. His friend frequently asked for the money, and was as often denied. He found at last that assiduity was likely to have no effect,

[1] In a paper, on 'Beneficence,' by Steele, in No. 248 of the *Spectator*. —Ed.

and therefore contrived an honourable method of getting back his money without dissolving the friendship that subsisted between them. One day, returning from Nash's chamber with the usual assurance of being paid to-morrow, he went to one of their mutual acquaintance, and related the frequent disappointments he had received, and the little hopes he had of being ever paid. "My design," continues he, "is that you should go, and try to borrow twenty pounds from Nash, and bring me the money. I am apt to think he will lend to you, though he will not pay me. Perhaps we may extort from his generosity what I have failed to receive from his justice." His friend obeyed, and going to Mr. Nash, assured him, that unless relieved by his friendship, he should certainly be undone; he wanted to borrow twenty pounds, and had tried all his acquaintance without success. Mr. Nash, who had but some minutes before refused to pay a just debt, was in raptures at thus giving an instance of his friendship, and instantly lent what was required. Immediately upon the receipt, the pretended borrower goes to the real creditor, and gives him the money, who met Mr. Nash the day after. Our hero upon seeing him, immediately began his usual excuses, that the billiard-room had stripped him; that he was never so damnably out of cash; but that in a few days——. "My dear Sir, be under no uneasiness," replied the other, "I would not interrupt your tranquillity for the world; you lent twenty pounds yesterday to our friend of the back stairs, and he lent it to me; give him your receipt, and you shall have mine." "Perdition seize thee!" cried Nash, "thou hast been too many for me. You demanded a debt, he asked a favour: to pay thee would not increase our friendship, but to lend him was procuring a new friend, by conferring a new obligation."

Whether men, at the time I am now talking of, had more wit than at present, I will not take upon me to determine; but certain it is, they took more pains to show what they had. In that age, a fellow of high humour would drink no wine but what was strained through his mistress's smock;[1] he would eat a pair of her shoes tossed up in a

[1] Major Richardson Pack in his 'Miscellanies' (second edition), 1719, p. 185, tells of this practice as of "a piece of gallantry," among many

fricasee; he would swallow tallow candles instead of toasted cheese, and even run naked about town, as it was then said, to divert the ladies. In short, that was the age of such kind of wit as is the most distant of all others from wisdom.

Mr. Nash, as he sometimes played tricks with others, upon certain occasions received very severe retaliations. Being at York, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the Minster in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean passing by unfortunately knew him. "What!" cried the divine, "Mr. Nash in masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," says Nash, pointing to his companions.

Some time after this, he won a wager of still greater consequence, by riding naked through a village upon a cow. This was then thought a harmless frolic; at present it would be looked upon with detestation.

He was once invited by some gentlemen of the navy on board a man-of-war, that had sailing orders for the Mediterranean. This was soon after the affair of the revels, and being ignorant of any design against him, he took his bottle with freedom. But he soon found, to use the expression then in fashion, that he was absolutely "bitten." The ship sailed away before he was aware of his situation, and he was obliged to make the voyage in the company where he had spent the night.

Many lives are often passed without a single adventure, and I do not know of any in the life of our hero that can be called such, except what we are now relating. During this voyage, he was in an engagement, in which his particular friend was killed by his side, and he himself wounded in the leg. For the anecdote of his being wounded, we are solely to trust to his own veracity; but most of his acquaintance were not much inclined to believe him, when he boasted on those occasions. Telling one day of the

others, which "Mr. Wycherley was once telling me they had in those days." Sir James Prior's modesty impelled him to print "chemise" instead of Goldsmith's (and Pack's) good English word "smock."—Ed.

wound he had received for his country, in one of the public rooms at Bath (Wiltshire's, if I don't forget), a lady of distinction that sat by, said it was all false. "I protest, Madam," replied he, "it is true; and if I cannot be believed, your ladyship may, if you please, receive farther information, and feel the ball in my leg."

Mr. Nash was now fairly for life entered into a new course of gaiety and dissipation, and steady in nothing but in pursuit of variety. He was thirty years old, without fortune, or useful talents to acquire one. He had hitherto only led a life of expedients; he thanked chance alone for his support; and having been long precariously supported, he became, at length; totally a stranger to prudence or precaution. Not to disguise any part of his character, he was now, by profession, a gamester, and went on from day to day, feeling the vicissitudes of rapture and anguish, in proportion to the fluctuations of fortune.

At this time London was the only theatre in England for pleasure or intrigue. A spirit of gaming had been introduced in the licentious age of Charles II., and had by this time thriven surprisingly. Yet all its devastations were confined to London alone. To this great mart of every folly, sharpers from every country daily arrived for the winter; but were obliged to leave the kingdom at the approach of summer, in order to open a new campaign at Aix, Spa, or the Hague. Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, and other places of the same kind here, were then frequented only by such as really went for relief: the pleasures they afforded were merely rural; the company splenetic, rustic, and vulgar. In this situation of things, people of fashion had no agreeable summer retreat from the town, and usually spent that season amidst a solitude of country squires, parsons' wives, and visiting tenants, or farmers; they wanted some place where they might have each other's company, and win each other's money, as they had done during the winter in town.

To a person who does not thus calmly trace things to their source, nothing will appear more strange, than how the healthy could ever consent to follow the sick to those places of spleen, and live with those whose disorders are ever apt to excite a gloom in the spectator. The truth is,

the gaming table was properly the salutary font to which such numbers flocked. Gaming will ever be the pleasure of the rich, while men continue to be men; while they fancy more happiness in being possessed of what they want, than they experience pleasure in the fruition of what they have. The wealthy only stake those riches which give no real content, for an expectation of riches in which they hope for satisfaction. By this calculation, they cannot lose happiness, as they begin with none; and they hope to gain it, by being possessed of something they have not had already.

Probably upon this principle, and by the arrival of Queen Anne there, for her health, about the year 1703,[1] the city of Bath became in some measure frequented by people of distinction. The company was numerous enough to form a country-dance upon the bowling-green; they were amused with a fiddle and hautboy, and diverted with the romantic walks round the city. They usually sauntered in fine weather in the grove, between two rows of sycamore trees. Several learned physicians, Dr. Jordan and others, had even then praised the salubrity of the wells, and the amusements were put under the direction of a master of the ceremonies.

Captain Webster was the predecessor of Mr. Nash. This I take to be the same gentleman whom Mr. Lucas describes in his history of the lives of the gamesters,[2] by which it appears, that Bath, even before the arrival of Mr. Nash, was found a proper retreat for men of that profession. This

[1] Queen Anne visited Bath in 1702, "and was received with every mark of honour and distinction. One hundred young men of the city, uniformly clad and armed, and two hundred of its female inhabitants, dressed after the manner of Amazons, met the queen and her train on the borders of Somersetshire, and accompanied them (by a road cut for the occasion from the summit of Lansdown) to the western gate of the city. A prodigious inconvenience, however, was occasioned by this distinguished favour, to those who visited the city for the sake of its salutary waters; for such a tribe of idlers crowded to it in the retinue of the queen, and in consequence of the novelty of her visit, that the articles of life experienced a rise of one hundred per cent., and one guinea per night was paid by many for a bed."—R. Warner, 'Hist. of Bath,' 1801, p. 209.—Ed.

[2] 'Lives of the Gamesters,' by Theophilus Lucas, London, 12mo, 1714.—Ed.

gentleman, in the year 1704, carried the balls to the town-hall, each man paying half-a-guinea each ball.

Still, however, the amusements of this place were neither elegant, nor conducted with delicacy. General society among people of rank or fortune was by no means established. The nobility still preserved a tincture of Gothic haughtiness, and refused to keep company with the gentry at any of the public entertainments of the place. Smoking in the rooms was permitted; gentlemen and ladies appeared in a disrespectful manner at public entertainments in aprons and boots. With an eagerness common to those whose pleasures come but seldom, they generally continued them too long; and thus they were rendered disgusting by too free an enjoyment. If the company liked each other, they danced till morning; if any person lost at cards, he insisted on continuing the game till luck should turn. The lodgings for visitants were paltry, though expensive; the dining-rooms, and other chambers, were floored with boards, coloured brown with soot and small-beer, to hide the dirt; the walls were covered with unpainted wainscot; the furniture corresponded with the meanness of the architecture; a few oak chairs, a small looking-glass, with a fender and tongs, composed the magnificence of these temporary habitations. The city was in itself mean and contemptible; no elegant buildings, no open streets, nor uniform squares. The pump-house was without any director; the chairmen permitted no gentlemen or ladies to walk home by night without insulting them; and to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians [1] of his age conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of the waters. It was from a resentment of some affronts he had received there, that he took this resolution; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which he said, "he would cast a toad into the spring."

In this situation of things it was, that Mr. Nash first came into that city, and hearing the threat of this physician, he humorously assured the people, that if they would give him leave, he would charm away the poison of the doctor's toad, as they usually charmed the venom of the tarantula,

[1] Dr. Radcliffe, some think. The toad story is also told of that physician in relation to a mineral spring at Astrop, Northamptonshire.—Ed.

by music. He therefore was immediately empowered to set up the force of a band of music, against the poison of the doctor's reptile. The company very sensibly increased; Nash triumphed, and the sovereignty of the city was decreed to him by every rank of people.

We are now to behold this gentleman as arrived at a new dignity, for which nature seemed to have formed him: we are to see him directing pleasures, which none had better learned to share; placed over rebellious and refractory subjects, that were to be ruled only by the force of his address, and governing such as had been long accustomed to govern others. We see a kingdom beginning with him, and sending off Tunbridge as one of its colonies.

But to talk more simply, when we talk at best of trifles. None could possibly conceive a person more fit to fill this employment than Nash. He had some wit, as I have said once or twice before; but it was of that sort which is rather happy than permanent. Once a week he might say a good thing: this the little ones about him took care to divulge; or if they happened to forget the joke, he usually remembered to repeat it himself. In a long intercourse with the world he had acquired an impenetrable assurance; and the freedom with which he was received by the great, furnished him with vivacity which could be commanded at any time, and which some mistook for wit. His former intercourse among people of fashion in town had let him into most of the characters of the nobility; and he was acquainted with many of their private intrigues. He understood rank and precedence with the utmost exactness; was fond of show and finery himself, and generally set a pattern of it to others. These were his favourite talents, and he was the favourite of such as had no other.

But to balance these which some may consider as foibles, he was charitable himself, and generally shamed his betters into a similitude of sentiment, if they were not naturally so before. He was fond of advising those young men, who, by youth and too much money, are taught to look upon extravagance as a virtue. He was an enemy to rudeness in others, though in the latter part of his life he did not much seem to encourage a dislike of it by his own example. None talked with more humanity of the foibles of others, when

absent, than he, nor kept those secrets with which he was entrusted more inviolably. But above all (if moralists will allow it among the number of his virtues), though he gamed high, he always played very fairly. These were his qualifications. Some of the nobility regarded him as an inoffensive, useful companion, the size of whose understanding was, in general, level with their own; but their little imitators admired him as a person of fine sense, and great good breeding. Thus people became fond of ranking him in the number of their acquaintance, told over his jests, and Beau Nash at length became the fashionable companion.

His first care when made Master of the Ceremonies, or King of Bath, as it is called, was to promote a music subscription, of one guinea each, for a band, which was to consist of six performers, who were to receive a guinea a week each for their trouble. He allowed also two guineas a week for lighting and sweeping the rooms; for which he accounted to the subscribers by receipt.

The pump-house was immediately put under the care of an officer, by the name of the Pumper; for which he paid the corporation an annual rent. A row of new houses was begun on the south side of the gravel-walks, before which a handsome pavement was then made for the company to walk on. Not less than seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds was raised this year and in the beginning of 1706, by subscription, and laid out in repairing the roads near the city. The streets began to be better paved, cleaned, and lighted; the licences of the chairmen were repressed, and by an act of parliament procured on this occasion, the invalids, who came to drink or bathe, were exempted from all manner of toll, as often as they should go out of the city for recreation.

The houses and streets now began to improve, and ornaments were lavished upon them even to profusion. But in the midst of this splendour the company still were obliged to assemble in a booth to drink tea and chocolate, or to game. Mr. Nash undertook to remedy this inconvenience. By his direction, one Thomas Harrison erected a handsome Assembly-house for these purposes. A better band of music was also procured, and the former subscription of

one guinea was raised to two. Harrison had three guineas a week for the room and candles, and the music two guineas a man. The money Mr. Nash received and accounted for with the utmost exactness and punctuality. To this house were also added gardens for people of rank and fashion to walk in; and the beauty of the suburbs continued to increase, notwithstanding the opposition that was made by the corporation; who at that time looked upon every useful improvement, particularly without the walls, as dangerous to the inhabitants within.

His dominion was now extensive and secure, and he determined to support it with the strictest attention. But in order to proceed in every thing like a King, he was resolved to give his subjects a law, and the following Rules were accordingly put up in the pump-room.

Rules to be observed at Bath.

1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming and another at going away, are all that are expected or desired, by ladies of quality and fashion,—except impertinents.

2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, shew breeding and respect.

4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs;—except captious by nature.

5. That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen.—N.B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. That gentlemen crowding before the ladies at the ball, shew ill manners; and that none do so for the future,—except such as respect nobody but themselves.

7. That no gentleman or lady takes it ill that another dances before them;—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball; as being past or not come to perfection.

9. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them. —N.B. This does not extend to the *Have-at-alls*.

10. That all whisperers of lies and scandal, be taken for their authors.

11. That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shun'd by all company,—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

N.B. Several men of no character, old women and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers.[1]

[1] These Rules appear verbatim in Warner's 'History of Bath,' where they are also said to have been the composition of Nash. We may here

These Laws were written by Mr. Nash himself, and by the manner in which they are drawn up, he undoubtedly designed them for wit. The reader, however, it is feared, will think them dull. Poor Nash was not born a writer; for whatever humour he might have in conversation, he used to call a pen his torpedo: whenever he grasped it, it numbed all his faculties.

But were we to give laws to a nursery, we should make them childish laws; his statutes, though stupid, were addressed to fine gentlemen and ladies, and were probably received with sympathetic approbation. It is certain they were in general religiously observed by his subjects, and executed by him with impartiality; neither rank nor fortune shielded the refractory from his resentment.

The balls, by his directions, were to begin at six and to end at eleven. Nor would he suffer them to continue a moment longer, lest invalids might commit irregularities, to counteract the benefit of the waters. Every thing was to be performed in proper order. Each ball was to open with a minuet, danced by two persons of the highest distinction present. When the minuet concluded, the lady was to return to her seat, and Mr. Nash was to bring the gentleman a new partner. This ceremony was to be observed by every succeeding couple; every gentleman being obliged to dance with two ladies till the minuets were over, which generally continued two hours. At eight the country-dances were to begin; ladies of quality, according to their rank, standing up first. About nine o'clock a short interval was allowed for rest, and for the gentlemen to help their partners to tea. That over, the company were to pursue their amusements till the clock struck eleven. Then the master of the ceremonies entering the ball-room, ordered the music to desist, by lifting up his finger. The dances discontinued, and some time allowed for becoming cool, the ladies were handed to their chairs.

Even the royal family themselves had not influence enough to make him deviate from any of these rules. The

mention that most of the other particulars relative to Bath and Nash's connection therewith appearing in this biography are similarly vouched by that history, or by Wood's 'Description of Bath,' or Britton, or other authorities.—Ed.

princess Amelia once applying to him for one dance more, after he had given the signal to withdraw, he assured her royal highness, that the established rules of Bath resembled the laws of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration, without an utter subversion of all his authority.

He was not less strict with regard to the dresses in which ladies and gentlemen were to appear. He had the strongest aversion to a white apron, and absolutely excluded all who ventured to appear at the assembly dressed in that manner. I have known him on a ball night strip even the Duchess of Q———,[1] and throw her apron at one of the hinder benches among the ladies' women; observing, that none but abigails appeared in white aprons. This from another would be insult; in him it was considered as a just reprimand, and the good-natured Duchess acquiesced in his censure, [2] and with great good sense and good humour, begged his *Majesty's* pardon.[2]

But he found more difficulty in attacking the gentlemen's irregularities; and for some time strove, but in vain, to prohibit the use of swords. Disputes arising from love of [3] play were sometimes attended with fatal effects. To use his own expression, he was resolved to hinder people from doing "what they had no mind to;" but for some time without effect. However, there happened about that time a duel between two gamesters, whose names were Taylor and Clarke, which helped to promote his peaceable intentions. They fought by torch-light in the grove; Taylor was run through the body, but lived seven years after, at which time his wound breaking out afresh, it caused his death. Clarke from that time pretended to be a Quaker, but the orthodox brethren never cordially received him

[1] Both Goldsmith's editions have dashes only. Prior has inserted "Queensbury," and no doubt Catharine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, is meant. She was a famous beauty and patroness of the wits of her time: *vide* Prior's 'The Female Phaeton,' commencing, "Thus Kitty, beautiful and young," Pope's and Swift's letters, &c. Britton writes that the apron which Nash threw into the back benches was "of point lace, worth five hundred guineas."—Ed.

[2-2] Not in the first edition, which probably accounts for the other editors having also omitted it.—Ed.

[3] In both the first and second editions we read "love or play," but no doubt "or" is a misprint for "of."—Ed.

among their number; and he died at London, about eighteen years after, in poverty and contrition. From that time it was thought necessary to forbid the wearing of swords at Bath, as they often tore the ladies' clothes, and frighted them, by sometimes appearing upon trifling occasions. Whenever, therefore, Nash heard of a challenge given or accepted, he instantly had both parties arrested. The gentlemen's boots also made a very desperate stand against him; the country 'squires were by no means submissive to his usurpations, and probably his authority alone would never have carried him through, had he not reinforced it with ridicule. He wrote a song upon the occasion, which, for the honour of his poetical talents, the world shall see.

Frontinella's Invitation to the Assembly.

Come, one and all, to *Hoyden* Hall,
For there's the assembly this night;
None but prude fools,
Mind manners and rules;
We *Hoydens* do decency slight.

Come, Trollops and Slatterns,
Cockt hats and white aprons,
This best our modesty suits;
For why should not we,
In dress be as free,
As *Hogs-Norton* 'squires in boots.

The keenness, severity, and particularly the good rhymes of this little *morceau*, which was at that time highly relished by many of the nobility at Bath, gained him a temporary triumph. But to push his victories, he got up a puppet-show, in which Punch came in booted and spurred, in the character of a country 'squire. He was introduced as courting his mistress, and having obtained her consent to comply with his wishes, upon going to bed, he is desired to pull off his boots. "My boots!" replies Punch, "why, madam, you may as well bid me pull off my legs. I never go without boots; I never ride, I never dance, without them, and this piece of politeness is quite the thing at Bath. We always dance at our town in boots, and the ladies often move minuets in riding-hoods." Thus he goes

on, till his mistress, grown impatient, kicks him off the stage.

From that time few ventured to be seen at the assemblies in Bath in a riding-dress; and whenever any gentleman, through ignorance or haste, appeared in the rooms in boots, Nash would make up to him, and bowing in an arch manner, would tell him, that he had "forgot his horse." Thus he was at last completely victorious.

"Dolisque coacti
Quos neque Tydides nec Larissæus Achilles
Non anni domûere decem."

He began therefore to reign without a rival, and like other kings had his mistresses, flatterers, enemies, and calumniators. The amusements of the place, however, wore a very different aspect from what they did formerly. Regularity repressed pride, and that lessened, people of fortune became fit for society. Let the morose and grave censure an attention to forms and ceremonies, and rail at those whose only business it is to regulate them; but, though ceremony is very different from politeness, no country was ever yet polite that was not first ceremonious. The natural gradation of breeding begins in savage disgust, proceeds to indifference, improves into attention, by degrees refines into ceremonious observance; and the trouble of being ceremonious at length produces politeness, elegance, and ease. There is, therefore, some merit in mending society, even in one of the inferior steps of this gradation; and no man was more happy in this respect than Mr. Nash. In every nation there are enough who have no other business or care but that of buying pleasure; and he taught them who bid at such an auction, the art of procuring what they sought without diminishing the pleasure of others.

The city of Bath, by such assiduity, soon became the theatre of summer amusements for all people of fashion; and the manner of spending the day there must amuse any, but such as disease or spleen had made uneasy to themselves. The following is a faint picture of the pleasures that scene affords. Upon a stranger's arrival at Bath he is welcomed by a peal of the Abbey bells, and in the next

place, by the voice and music of the city waits. For these civilities, the ringers have generally a present made them of half-a-guinea, and the waits of half-a-crown, or more, in proportion to the person's fortune, generosity, or ostentation. These customs, though disagreeable, are however generally liked, or they would not continue. The greatest incommodity attending them is the disturbance the bells must give the sick. But the pleasure of knowing the name of every family that comes to town recompenses the inconvenience. Invalids are fond of news, and upon the first sound of the bells, every body sends out to enquire for whom they ring.[1]

After the family is thus welcomed to Bath, it is the custom for the master of it to go to the public places, and subscribe two guineas at the assembly-houses towards the balls and music in the pump-house, for which he is entitled to three tickets every ball night. His next subscription is a crown, half-a-guinea, or a guinea, according to his rank and quality, for the liberty of walking in the private walks belonging to Simpson's assembly-house; a crown or half-a-guinea is also given to the booksellers, for which the gentleman is to have what books he pleases to read

[1] "No city, dear mother, this city excels
In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells.
I thought, like a fool, that they only would ring
For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a king;
But I found, 'twas for *me*, that the good-natur'd people
Rung so hard, that I thought they would pull down the steeple;
So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey.
Yet some think it strange they should make such a riot,
In a place where sick folk would be glad to be quiet:

* * * * *

If a broker, or statesman, a gamester, or peer,
A nat'raliz'd Jew, or a bishop comes here;
Or an eminent trader in cheese should retire,
Just to think of the bus'ness the state may require,
With horns and with trumpets, with fiddles and drums,
They'll strive to divert him as soon as he comes:
'Tis amazing they find such a number of ways
Of employing his thoughts all the time that he stays!"

ANSTEY, *New Bath Guide*, Letter V.

This popular satire and picture of Bath purports to have been drawn in 1766, four years after Goldsmith wrote.—ED.

at his lodgings. And at the coffee-house another subscription is taken for pen, ink, and paper, for such letters as the subscriber shall write at it during his stay. The ladies, too, may subscribe to the booksellers, and to a house by the pump-room, for the advantage of reading the news, and for enjoying each other's conversation.

Things being thus adjusted, the amusements of the day are generally begun by bathing, which is no unpleasing method of passing away an hour or so.

The baths are five in number. On the south-west side of the Abbey church is the King's Bath; which is an oblong square, the walls are full of niches, and at every corner are steps to descend into it. This bath is said to contain 427 tons and 50 gallons of water; and on its rising out of the ground over the springs, it is sometimes too hot to be endured by those who bathe therein. Adjoining to the King's Bath there is another, called the Queen's Bath; this is of a more temperate warmth, as borrowing its water from the other.

In the south-west part of the city are three other baths, viz.: the Hot Bath, which is not much inferior in heat to the King's Bath, and contains 53 tons 2 hogsheads and 11 gallons of water; the Cross Bath, which contains 52 tons 3 hogsheads and 11 gallons; and the Leper's Bath, which is not so much frequented as the rest. The King's Bath (according to the best observations) will fill in about nine hours and a half; the Hot Bath in about eleven hours and a half; and the Cross Bath in about the same time.[1]

The hours for bathing are commonly between six and nine in the morning, and the baths are every morning supplied with fresh water; for when the people have done bathing, the sluices in each bath are pulled up, and the water is carried off by drains into the river Avon.

In the morning the lady is brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the bath; and, being in the water, the woman who attends presents her with a little floating dish like a basin; into which the lady puts a handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. She then tra-

[1] These particulars are nearly the same in Warner, and no doubt in regard to them both Goldsmith and the later writer are mostly quoting from some guide-book of the time.—Ed.

verses the bath; if a novice, with a guide, if otherwise, by herself; and having amused herself thus while she thinks proper, calls for her chair, and returns to her lodgings.

The amusement of bathing is immediately succeeded by a general assembly of people at the pump-house; some for pleasure, and some to drink the hot waters. Three glasses, at three different times, is the usual portion for every drinker; and the intervals between every glass are enlivened by the harmony of a small band of music, as well as by the conversation of the gay, the witty, or the forward.[1]

From the pump-house the ladies, from time to time, withdraw to a female coffee-house, and from thence return to their lodgings to breakfast. The gentlemen withdraw to their coffee-houses, to read the papers, or converse on the news of the day, with a freedom and ease not to be found in the metropolis.

People of fashion make public breakfasts at the assembly-houses, to which they invite their acquaintances, and

[1] "In Tabitha's chamber I heard such a clatter,
I could not conceive what the deuce was the matter;
And, wou'd you believe it, I went up and found her,
In a blanket with two lusty fellows around her,
Who both seem'd a going to carry her off in
A little black box just the size of a coffin!

* * * * *

'And pray,' says I, 'Tabitha, what is your drift,
To be cover'd in flannel instead of a shift?'"

ANSTEY, Letter VI.,

where the bathing is further described:—

"How the ladies did giggle and set up their clacks,
All the while an old woman was rubbing their backs!

* * * * *

'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall."

Dr. Johnson was very severe upon the practice. Says Ozias Humphry, R.A., *vide* 'Johnsoniana,' at the end of Bohn's edition of Boswell, v. ix., p. 259:—"When Mr. Johnson understood that I had lived some time at Bath, he asked me many questions that led to a general description of it. He seemed very well pleased; but remarked that men and women bathing together, as they do at Bath, is an instance of barbarity that he believed could not be paralleled in any part of the world." Humphry wrote under the date 1764.—ED.

they sometimes order private concerts; or, when so disposed, attend lectures on the arts and sciences, which are frequently taught there in a pretty superficial manner, so as not to tease the understanding, while they afford the imagination some amusement. The private concerts are performed in the ball-rooms; the tickets a crown each.

Concert breakfasts at the assembly-house sometimes make also a part of the morning's amusement here, the expenses of which are defrayed by a subscription among the men. Persons of rank and fortune who can perform are admitted into the orchestra, and find a pleasure in joining with the performers.

Thus we have the tedious morning fairly over. When noon approaches, and church (if any please to go there) is done, some of the company appear upon the parade, and other public walks, where they continue to chat and amuse each other, till they have formed parties for the play, cards, or dancing for the evening. Another part of the company divert themselves with reading in the booksellers' shops, or are generally seen tasting[1] the air and exercise, some on horseback, some in coaches. Some walk in the meadows round the town, winding along the side of the river Avon and the neighbouring canal; while others are seen scaling some of those romantic precipices that overhang the city.

When the hour of dinner draws nigh, and the company are returned from their different recreations, the provisions are generally served with the utmost elegance and plenty. Their mutton, butter, fish, and fowl, are all allowed to be excellent, and their cookery still exceeds their meat.

After dinner is over, and evening prayers ended, the company meet a second time at the pump-house. From this they retire to the walks, and from thence go to drink tea at the assembly-houses, and the rest of the evenings are concluded either with balls, plays, or visits. A theatre was erected in the year 1705, by subscription, by people of the highest rank, who permitted their arms to be engraven on the inside of the house, as a public testimony of their liberality towards it. Every Tuesday and Friday evening is concluded with a public ball, the contributions to which

[1] The first edition has "taking the air," &c.—Ed.

are so numerous, that the price of each ticket is trifling. Thus Bath yields a continued rotation of diversions, and people of all ways of thinking, even from the libertine to the methodist, have it in their power to complete the day with employments suited to their inclinations.

In this manner every amusement soon improved under Mr. Nash's administration. The magistrates of the city found that he was necessary and useful, and took every opportunity of paying the same respect to his fictitious royalty, that is generally extorted by real power. The same satisfaction a young lady finds upon being singled out at her first appearance, or an applauded poet on the success of his first tragedy, influenced him. All admired him as an extraordinary character; and some who knew no better, as a very fine gentleman. He was perfectly happy in their little applause, and affected at length something particular in his dress, behaviour, and conversation.

His equipage was sumptuous, and he usually travelled to Tunbridge in a post chariot and six greys, with outriders, footmen, French-horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat; and, to apologize for this singularity, said, he did it purely to secure it from being stolen: his dress was tawdry, though not perfectly genteel; he might be considered as a beau of several generations, and in his appearance he, in some measure, mixed the fashions of the last age with those of the present. He perfectly understood elegant expense, and generally passed his time in the very best company, if persons of the first distinction deserve that title.

But I hear the reader now demand, what finances were to support all this finery, or where the treasures that gave him such frequent opportunities of displaying his benevolence, or his vanity? To answer this, we must now enter upon another part of his character,—his talents as a gamester; for by gaming alone, at that period of which I speak, he kept up so very genteel an appearance. When he first figured at Bath, there were few laws against this destructive amusement. The gaming-table was the constant resource of despair and indigence, and frequent ruin of opulent fortunes. Wherever people of fashion came, needy adventurers were generally found in waiting. With such

Bath swarmed; and among this class Mr. Nash was certainly to be numbered in the beginning, only with this difference, that he wanted the corrupt heart, too commonly attending a life of expedients; for he was generous, humane, and honourable, even though by profession a gamester.

A thousand instances might be given of his integrity, even in this infamous profession, where his generosity often impelled him to act in contradiction to his interest. Whenever he found a novice in the hands of a sharper, he generally forewarned him of the danger; whenever he found any inclined to play, yet ignorant of the game, he would offer his services, and play for them. I remember an instance to this effect, though too nearly concerned in the affair to publish the gentleman's name of whom it is related. In the year 1725, there came to Bath a giddy youth, who had just resigned his fellowship at Oxford. He brought his whole fortune with him there; it was but a trifle; however, he was resolved to venture it all. Good fortune seemed kinder than could be expected. Without the smallest skill in play, he won a sum sufficient to make any unambitious man happy. His desire of gain increasing with his gains, in the October following he was *at all*, and added four thousand pounds to his former capital. Mr. Nash, one night, after losing a considerable sum to this undeserving son of fortune, invited him to supper. "Sir," cried this honest, though veteran gamester, "perhaps you may imagine I have invited you, in order to have my revenge at home; but, Sir, I scorn so inhospitable an action. I desired the favour of your company to give you some advice, which you will pardon me, Sir, you seem to stand in need of. You are now high in spirits, and drawn away by a torrent of success; but there will come a time, when you will repent having left the calm of a college life for the turbulent profession of a gamester. Ill runs will come, as sure as day and night succeed each other. Be therefore advised, remain content with your present gains; for be persuaded, that had you the bank of England, with your present ignorance of gaming, it would vanish like a fairy dream. You are a stranger to me; but to convince you of the part I take in your welfare, I'll give you fifty

guineas, to forfeit twenty, every time you lose two hundred at one sitting." The young gentleman refused his offer, and was at last undone!

The late Duke of B.[1] being chagrined at losing a considerable sum, pressed Mr. Nash to tie him up for the future from playing deep. Accordingly, the beau gave his Grace a hundred guineas to forfeit ten thousand, whenever he lost a sum to the same amount at play, in one sitting. The Duke loved play to distraction, and soon after, at hazard, lost eight thousand guineas, and was going to throw for three thousand more; when Nash, catching hold of the dicebox, entreated his Grace to reflect upon the penalty if he lost; the Duke for that time desisted; but so strong was the furor of play upon him, that soon after, losing a considerable sum at Newmarket, he was contented to pay the penalty.[2]

When the late Earl of T———d was a youth, he was passionately fond of play, and never better pleased than with having Mr. Nash for his antagonist. Nash saw with concern his lordship's foible, and undertook to cure him, though by a very disagreeable remedy. Conscious of his own superior skill, he determined to engage him in single play for a very considerable sum. His lordship, in proportion as he lost his game, lost his temper too; and as he approached the gulph, seemed still more eager for ruin. He lost his estate; some writings were put into the winner's possession; his very equipage was deposited as a last stake, and he lost that also. But, when our generous gamester had found his lordship sufficiently punished for his temerity, he returned all; only stipulating, that he should be paid five thousand pounds whenever he should think proper to make the demand. However, he never made any such demand during his lordship's life; but

[1] Supposed to be Charles Powlett, third Duke of Bolton. His second wife was Miss Lavinia Fenton, the actress, who was the original Polly, in Gay's 'Beggar's Opera,' produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1728. The duke died in 1754.—Ed.

[2] The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1732, p. 627, has a paragraph thus:—"Feb. 9, 1732. A certain Duke paid £5,000 to Beau Nash, and agreed to allow him £400 per annum during life, in lieu of £10,000 he was to pay, in case the said nobleman should lose at hazard above £2,000 at one sitting; which he did in October last at Newmarket."—Ed.

some time after his decease, Mr. Nash's affairs being in the wane, he demanded the money of his lordship's heirs, who honourably paid it without any hesitation.

But whatever skill Nash might have acquired by long practice in play, he was never formed by nature for a successful gamester. He was constitutionally passionate and generous. To acquire a perfection in that art, a man must be naturally phlegmatic, reserved, and cool; every passion must learn to obey control: but he frequently was unable to restrain the violence of his, and was often betrayed by this means into unbecoming rudeness, or childish impertinence; was sometimes a minion of fortune, and as often deprest by adversity. While others made considerable fortunes at the gaming-table, he was ever in the power of chance; nor did even the intimacy with which he was received by the great, place him in a state of independence.

The considerable inconveniences that were found to result from a permission of gaming, at length attracted the attention of the legislature, and in the twelfth year of his late majesty [1] the most prevalent games at that time were declared fraudulent and unlawful. Every age has had its peculiar modes of gaming. The games of Gleek, Primero, In-and-In, and several others now exploded, employed our sharping ancestors; to these succeeded the Ace of Hearts, Pharaoh, Basset, and Hazard, all games of chance like the former. But though in these the chances seemed equal to the novice, in general those who kept the bank were considerable winners. The act, therefore, passed upon this occasion, declared all such games and lotteries illicit, and directed, that all who should set up such games should forfeit two hundred pounds, to be levied by distress on the offender's goods; one third to go to the informer, the residue to the poor.[2] The act further declared, that every person who played in any place, except in the royal palace where his majesty resided, should forfeit fifty pounds, and should be condemned to pay treble costs in case of an appeal.

This law was scarcely made, before it was eluded by the invention of divers fraudulent and deceitful games; and a

[1] George II.: the twelfth year of his reign was 1739.—Ed.
[2] 12 Geo. II., ch. 28.—Ed.

particular game, called Passage, was daily practised, and contributed to the ruin of thousands. To prevent this, the ensuing year it was enacted, that this and every other game invented, or to be invented with one die, or more, or any other instrument of the same nature, with numbers thereon, should be subject to a similar penalty; and at the same time, the persons playing with such instruments should be punished as above.

This amendment of the law soon gave birth to new evasions; the game of Rolly-Polly, Marlborough's Battles, but particularly the E O, were set up; and, strange to observe! several of those very noblemen who had given their voices to suppress gaming were the most ready to encourage it. This game was at first set up at Tunbridge. It was invented by one C——k,[1] and carried on between him and one Mr. A——e, the proprietor of the Assembly-room at that place; and was reckoned extremely profitable to the bank, as it gained two and a half per cent. on all that was lost or won.

As all gaming was suppressed but this, Nash was now utterly destitute of any resource that he could expect from his superior skill and long experience in the art. The money to be gained in private gaming is at best but trifling, and the opportunity precarious. The minds of the generality of mankind shrink with their circumstances; and Nash, upon the immediate prospect of poverty, was now mean enough (I will call it no worse) to enter into a base confederacy with those low creatures to evade the law, and to share the plunder. The occasion was as follows. The profits of the table were, as I observed, divided between C——k, the inventor, and A——e, the room-keeper. The first year's profits were extraordinary, and A——e, the room-keeper, now began to wish himself sole proprietor. The combinations of the worthless are ever of short duration. The next year, therefore, A——e turned C——k out of his room, and set up the game for himself. The gentlemen and ladies who frequented the wells, unmindful of the immense profit gained by these reptiles, still continued to game as before; and A——e

[1] So in editions first and second. Prior printed the name "Cook."—Ed.

was triumphing in the success of his politics, when he was informed, that C——k and his friends had hired the crier to cry the game down. The consequences of this would have been fatal to A——e's interest; for by this means frauds might have been discovered, which would deter even the most ardent lovers of play. Immediately, therefore, while the crier was yet upon the walks, he applied to Mr. Nash to stop these proceedings, and at the same time offered him a fourth share of the bank, which Mr. Nash was mean enough to accept. This is the greatest blot in his life; and this, it is hoped, will find pardon.

The day after, the inventor offered an half of the bank; but this Mr. Nash thought proper to refuse, being pre-engaged to A——e. Upon which, being disappointed, he applied to one Mr. J——e, and under his protection another table was set up, and the company seemed to be divided equally between them. I cannot reflect without surprise at the folly of the gentlemen and ladies, to suffer themselves to be thus parcelled out between a pack of sharpers, and permit themselves to be defrauded, without even the show of opposition. The company thus divided, Mr. Nash once more availed himself of their parties, and prevailed upon them to unite their banks, and to divide the gains into three shares, of which he reserved one to himself.

Nash had hitherto enjoyed a fluctuating fortune; and had he taken the advantage of the present opportunity, he might have been for the future not only above want, but even in circumstances of opulence. Had he cautiously employed himself in computing the benefits of the table, and exacting his stipulated share, he might have soon grown rich; but he entirely left the management of it to the people of the rooms; he took them (as he says in one of his memorials upon this occasion [1]) to be honest, and never enquired what was won or lost; and it is probable they were seldom assiduous in informing him. I find a secret pleasure in thus displaying the insecurity of friendships among the base. They pretended to pay him regularly at first; but he soon discovered, as he says, that

[1] At p. 85.—Ed.

at Tunbridge he had suffered to the amount of two thousand guineas.

In the mean time, as the E O table thus succeeded at Tunbridge, Mr. Nash was resolved to introduce it at Bath, and previously asked the opinion of several lawyers, who declared it no way illegal. In consequence of this, he wrote to Mrs. A——e, who kept one of the great rooms at Bath, acquainting her with the profits attending such a scheme, and proposing to have a fourth share with her, and Mr. W——, the proprietor of the other room, for his authority, and protection. To this Mr. W—— and she returned him for answer, that they would grant him a fifth share; which he consented to accept. Accordingly, he made a journey to London, and bespoke two tables, one for each room, at the rate of fifteen pounds each table.

The tables were no sooner set up at Bath, than they were frequented by a greater concourse of gamesters than those at Tunbridge. Men of that infamous profession, from every part of the kingdom, and even other parts of Europe, flocked here to feed on the ruins of each other's fortune. This afforded another opportunity for Mr. Nash to become rich; but, as at Tunbridge, he thought the people here also would take care of him, and therefore he employed none to look after his interest. The first year they paid him what he thought just; the next, the woman of the room dying, her son paid him, and showed his books. Some time after the people of the rooms offered him one hundred pounds a year each for his share, which he refused; every succeeding year they continued to pay him less and less, 'till at length he found, as he pretends, that he had thus lost not less than twenty thousand pounds.

Thus they proceeded, deceiving the public and each other, until the legislature thought proper to suppress these seminaries of vice. It was enacted, that after the 24th of June, 1745, none should be permitted to keep a house, room or place, for playing, upon pain of such forfeitures as were declared in former acts instituted for that purpose.

The legislature likewise amended a law, made in the reign of queen Anne, for recovering money lost at play, on the oath of the winner. By this act, no person was rendered incapable of being a witness; and every person pre-

sent at a gaming-table might be summoned by the magistrate who took cognizance of the affair. No privilege of parliament was allowed to those convicted of having gaming-tables in their houses. Those who lost ten pounds at one time were liable to be indicted within six months after the offence was committed; and being convicted, were to be fined five times the value of the sum won or lost, for the use of the poor. Any offender, before conviction, discovering another, so as to be convicted, was to be discharged from the penalties incurred by his own offences.

By this wise and just act, all Nash's future hopes of succeeding by the tables were blown up. He had now only the justice and generosity of his confederates to trust to; but that he soon found to be a vain expectation; for, if we can depend on his own memorials, what at one time they confessed they would at another deny; and though upon some occasions they seemed at variance with each other, yet when they were to oppose him, whom they considered as a common enemy, they generally united with confidence and success. He now therefore had nothing but a law-suit to confide in for redress; and this is ever the last expedient to retrieve a desperate fortune. He accordingly threw his suit into Chancery, and by this means the public became acquainted with what he had long endeavoured to conceal. They now found that he was himself concerned in the gaming-tables; of which he only seemed the conductor; and that he had shared part of the spoil, though he complained of having been defrauded of a just share.

The success of his suit was what might have been naturally expected; he had but at best a bad cause, and as the oaths of the defendants were alone sufficient to cast him in Chancery, it was not surprising that he was nonsuited. But the consequence of this affair was much more fatal than he had imagined: it lessened him in the esteem of the public; it drew several enemies against him, and in some measure diminished the authority of any defence he could make. From that time (about the year 1745), I find this poor, good-natured, but misguided man involved in continual disputes, every day calumniated with some new slander, and continually endeavouring to obviate its effects.

Upon these occasions his usual method was, by printed bills handed about among his acquaintance, to inform the public of his most private transactions with some of those creatures, with whom he had formerly associated; but these apologies served rather to blacken his antagonists than to vindicate him. They were in general extremely ill written, confused, obscure, and sometimes unintelligible. By these however it appeared, that W——[1] was originally obliged to him for the resort of company to his room; that lady H——, who had all the company before W——'s[1] room was built, offered Mr. Nash a hundred pounds for his protection; which he refused, having previously promised to support Mrs. W——. It appears by these apologies, that the persons concerned in the rooms made large fortunes, while Nash[2] still continued in pristine indigence; and that his nephew, for whom he had at first secured one of the rooms, was left in as great distress as he.

His enemies were not upon this occasion contented with aspersing him, as a confederate with sharpers; they even asserted, that he spent and embezzled the subscriptions of gentlemen and ladies, which were given for useful or charitable purposes. But to such aspersions he answered by declaring, to use his own expression, before God and man, that he never diverted one shilling of the said subscriptions to his own use; nor was he ever thought to have done it till new enemies started up against him. Perhaps the reader may be curious to see one of these memorials, written by himself; and I will indulge his curiosity, merely to show a specimen of the style and manner of a man, whose whole life was past in a round of gaiety and conversation, whose jests were a thousand times repeated, and whose company was courted by every son and daughter of fashion. The following is particularly levelled against

[1] Prior prints the name Willshire, but both Goldsmith's editions have "W——." "Wiltshire," also appears in other passages attached by Goldsmith to, apparently, the same room—as at p. 89. Warner (p. 349) says that the second Assembly Room [Harrison's, established 1708, was the first], the room built by Thayer in 1728, "the large room on the Walks, now [1800] used as a warehouse for cabinet goods," was successively called Lindsay's and Wiltshire's Room.—Ed.

[2] First and second editions have "he."—Ed.

those, who, in the latter part of his life, took every opportunity to traduce his character.

"A MONITOR.

"*For the Lord hateth lying and deceitful lips.*—PSAL.

"The curse denounced in my motto, is sufficient to intimidate any person, who is not quite abandoned in their evil ways, and who have any fear of God before their eyes; everlasting burnings are a terrible reward for their misdoings; and nothing but the most hardened sinners will oppose the judgments of heaven, being without end. This reflection must be shocking to such, as are conscious to themselves, of having erred from the sacred dictates of the Psalmist, and who following the blind impulse of passion, daily forging lies and deceit, to annoy their neighbour. But there are joys in heaven which they can never arrive at, whose whole study is to destroy the peace and harmony, and good order of society, in this place."

This carries little of the air of a bagatelle, it rather seems a sermon in miniature, so different are some men in the closet and in conversation. The following I have taken from a heap of other memorials, all tending to set his combination with the afore-mentioned partners in a proper light.

E O was first set up in A——e room, the profits divided between one C——k (the inventor of the game) and A——e.

The next year A——e finding the game so advantageous, turned C——k out of his room, and set the game up himself; but C——k and his friends hired the crier to cry the game down; upon which A——e came running to me to stop it, after he had cried it once, which I immediately did, and turned the crier off the walks.

Then A——e asked me to go a fourth with him in the bank, which I consented to; C——k next day took me into his room which he had hired, and proffered me to go half with him, which I refused, being engaged before to A——e.

J——e then set up the same game, and complained that he had not half play at his room; upon which I made them agree to join their banks, and divide equally the gain and loss, and I to go the like share in the bank.

I taking them to be honest, never enquired what was won or lost; and thought they paid me honestly, 'till it was discovered, that they had defrauded me of 2000 guineas.

I then arrested A——e, who told me I must go into Chancery, and that I should begin with the people of Bath, who had cheated me of ten times as much; and told my attorney that J——e had cheated

me of 500, and wrote me word that I probably had it not under his hand, which never was used in play.

Upon my arresting A——e, I received a letter not to prosecute J——e, for he would be a very good witness: I writ a discharge to J——e for 125*l.* in full, though he never paid me a farthing, upon his telling me, if his debts were paid he was not worth a shilling.

Every article of this I can prove from A——e's own mouth, as a reason that he allowed the bank keepers but 10 per cent., because I went 20; and his suborning * * * * to alter his information.

"RICHARD NASH."[1]

This gentleman's simplicity, in trusting persons whom he had no previous reasons to place confidence in, seems to be one of those lights into his character, which, while they impeach his understanding, do honour to his benevolence. The low and timid are ever suspicious; but a heart impressed with honourable sentiments expects from others sympathetic sincerity.

But now that we have viewed his conduct as a gamester, and seen him on that side of his character, which is by far the most unfavourable, seen him declining from his former favour and esteem, the just consequence of his quitting, though but ever so little, the paths of honour; let me turn to those brighter parts of his character which gained the affection of his friends, the esteem of the corporation which he assisted, and may possibly attract the attention of posterity. By his successes we shall find, that figuring in life proceeds less from the possession of great talents, than from the proper application of moderate ones. Some great minds are only fitted to put forth their powers in the storm; and the occasion is often wanting during a whole life for a great exertion: but trifling opportunities of shining are almost every hour offered to the little sedulous mind; and a person thus employed, is not only more pleasing but more useful in a state of tranquil society.

Though gaming first introduced him into polite company, this alone could hardly have carried him forward, without the assistance of a genteel address, much vivacity, some humour, and some wit. But, once admitted into the circle of the beau monde, he then laid claim to all the

[1] All this, from "Perhaps the reader," is omitted by Prior, though it appears in both Goldsmith's editions.—ED.

privileges by which it is distinguished. Among others, in the early part of his life, he entered himself professedly into the service of the fair sex; he set up for a man of gallantry and intrigue; and, if we can credit the boasts of his old age, he often succeeded. In fact, the business of love somewhat resembles the business of physic; no matter for qualifications, he that makes vigorous pretensions to either is surest of success. Nature had by no means formed Mr. Nash for a *beau garçon;* his person was clumsy, too large and awkward, and his features harsh, strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet even with those disadvantages, he made love, became an universal admirer of the sex, and was universally admired. He was possessed, at least, of some requisites of a lover. He had assiduity, flattery, fine clothes, and as much wit as the ladies he addressed. Wit, flattery, and fine clothes, he used to say, were enough to debauch a nunnery. But my fair readers of the present day are exempt from this scandal; and it is no matter now, what he said of their grandmothers.

As Nestor was a man of three ages, so Nash sometimes humorously called himself a beau of three generations. He had seen flaxen bobs succeeded by majors, which in their turn gave way to negligents, which were at last totally routed by bags and ramilies. The manner in which gentlemen managed their amours, in these different ages of fashion, were not more different than their perriwigs. The lover in the reign of king Charles was solemn, majestic and formal. He visited his mistress in state; languished for the favour, kneeled when he toasted his goddess, walked with solemnity, performed the most trifling things with decorum, and even took snuff with a flourish. The beau of the latter part of queen Anne's reign was disgusted with so much formality; he was pert, smart and lively; his billets-doux were written in a quite different style from that of his antiquated predecessor; he was ever laughing at his own ridiculous situation; till at last, he persuaded the lady to become as ridiculous as himself. The beau of the third age, in which Mr. Nash died, was still more extraordinary than either; his whole secret in intrigue consisted in perfect indifference. The

only way to make love now, I have heard Mr. Nash say, was to take no manner of notice of the lady; which method was found the surest way to secure her affections.[1]

However these things be, this gentleman's successes in amour were in reality very much confined in the second and third age of intrigue; his character was too public for a lady to consign her reputation to his keeping. But in the beginning of life, it is said, he knew the secret history of the times, and contributed himself to swell the page of scandal. Were I upon the present occasion to hold the pen of a novelist, I could recount some amours, in which he was successful. I could fill a volume with little anecdotes, which contain neither pleasure nor instruction; with histories of professing lovers, and poor believing girls deceived by such professions. But such adventures are easily written, and as easily achieved. The plan even of fictitious novel is quite exhausted; but truth, which I have followed here, and ever design to follow, presents in the affair of love scarce any variety. The manner in which one reputation is lost, exactly resembles that by which another is taken away. The gentleman begins at timid distance, grows more bold, becomes rude, till the lady is married or undone: such is the substance of every modern novel; nor will I gratify the pruriency of folly at the expense of every other pleasure my narration may afford.

Mr. Nash did not long continue a universal gallant; but in the earlier years of his reign, entirely gave up his endeavours to deceive the sex, in order to become the honest protector of their innocence, the guardian of their reputation, and a friend to their virtue. This was a character he bore for many years, and supported it with integrity, assiduity, and success. It was his constant practice to do every thing in his power to prevent the fatal consequences

[1] Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs expresses a similar opinion, 'Citizen of the World,' Letter LIV. Mr. Forster had a theory that the character of Beau Tibbs was to some extent built upon the character here given of Beau Nash. But to suppose this we must assume that Goldsmith had the latter in his mind two years before, viz., in 1760, the date of Beau Tibbs in the Chinese Letters of the *Public Ledger*, when Nash was still living, and when, of course, Goldsmith had not access to the "papers," &c., on which this 'Life' is no doubt mainly founded.—Ed.

of rash and inconsiderate love; and there are many persons now alive, who owe their present happiness to his having interrupted the progress of an amour that threatened to become unhappy, or even criminal, by privately making their guardians or parents acquainted with what he could discover.[1] And his manner of disconcerting these schemes was such as generally secured him from the rage and resentment of the disappointed. One night when I was in Wiltshire's room, Nash came up to a lady and her daughter, who were people of no inconsiderable fortune, and bluntly told the mother, *she had better be at home;* this was at that time thought an audacious piece of impertinence, and the lady turned away piqued and disconcerted. Nash however pursued her, and repeated the words again; when the old lady wisely conceiving there might be some hidden meaning couched under this seeming insolence, retired, and coming to her lodgings, found a coach and six at the door, which a sharper had provided to carry off her eldest daughter.[2]

I shall beg leave to give some other instances of Mr. Nash's good sense[3] and good-nature on these occasions, as I have had the accounts from himself. At the conclusion of the treaty of peace at Utrecht, Colonel M. was one of the thoughtless, agreeable, gay creatures, that drew the attention of the company at Bath. He danced and talked with great vivacity; and when he gamed among the ladies, he showed that his attention was employed rather upon their hearts than their fortunes. His own fortune however was a trifle, when compared to the elegance of his expense; and his imprudence at last was so great, that it obliged him to sell an

1 "Long reigned the great NASH, this omnipotent lord,
Respected by youth, and by parents ador'd;
For him not enough at a ball to preside,
The unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide;
Oft tell her a tale, how the credulous maid,
By man, by perfidious man, is betray'd;
Taught charity's hand to relieve the distrest,
While tears have his tender compassion exprest."

ANSTEY, Letter XI.—ED.

2 This story is not in the first edition; and Prior also omits it. It will be noticed that Goldsmith here writes "Wiltshire's room," without the dashes.—ED.

3 "Good-sense" is not in the first edition.—ED.

annuity, arising from his commission, to keep up his splendour a little longer.

However thoughtless he might be, he had the happiness of gaining the affections of Miss L. whose father designed her a very large fortune. This lady was courted by a nobleman of distinction; but she refused his addresses, resolved upon gratifying rather her inclinations than her avarice. The intrigue went on successfully between her and the colonel, and they both would certainly have been married and been undone, had not Mr. Nash apprised her father of their intentions. The old gentleman recalled his daughter from Bath, and offered Mr. Nash a very considerable present for the care he had taken, which he refused.

In the mean time Colonel M. had an intimation how his intrigue came to be discovered; and by taxing Mr. Nash, found that his suspicions were not without foundation. A challenge was the immediate consequence, which the king of Bath, conscious of having only done his duty, thought proper to decline. As none are permitted to wear swords at Bath, the colonel found no opportunity of gratifying his resentment, and waited with impatience to find Mr. Nash in town, to require proper satisfaction.

During this interval, however, he found his creditors become too importunate for him to remain longer at Bath; and his finances and credit being quite exhausted, he took the desperate resolution of going over to the Dutch army in Flanders, where he enlisted himself a volunteer. Here he underwent all the fatigues of a private sentinel, with the additional misery of receiving no pay, and his friends in England gave out that he was shot at the battle of ———.

In the mean time, the nobleman pressed his passion with ardour; but during the progress of his amour, the young lady's father died, and left her heiress to a fortune of fifteen hundred a year. She thought herself now disengaged from her former passion. An absence of two years had in some measure abated her love for the colonel; and the assiduity, the merit, and real regard of the gentleman who still continued to solicit her, were almost too powerful for her constancy. Mr. Nash, in the mean time, took every opportunity of enquiring after Colonel M., and found that he had for some time been returned to England, but had changed

his name, in order to avoid the fury of his creditors, and that he was entered into a company of strolling players, who were at that time exhibiting at Peterborough.

He now therefore thought he owed the colonel, in justice, an opportunity of promoting his fortune, as he had once deprived him of an occasion of satisfying his love. Our Beau therefore invited the lady to be of a party to Peterborough, and offered his own equipage, which was then one of the most elegant in England, to conduct her there. The proposal being accepted, the lady, the nobleman, and Nash arrived in town just as the players were going to begin.

Colonel M., who used every means of remaining *incognito*, and who was too proud to make his distresses known to any of his former acquaintance, was now degraded into the character of Tom in the 'Conscious Lovers.' Miss L. was placed in the foremost row of the spectators, her lord on one side, and the impatient Nash on the other, when the unhappy youth appeared in that despicable situation upon the stage. The moment he came on, his former mistress struck his view; but his amazement was increased when he saw her fainting away in the arms of those who sat behind her. He was incapable of proceeding, and scarce knowing what he did, he flew and caught her in his arms.

"Colonel," cried Nash, when they were in some measure recovered, "you once thought me your enemy, because I endeavoured to prevent you both from ruining each other; you were then wrong, and you have long had my forgiveness. If you love well enough now for matrimony, you fairly have my consent, and d——n him, say I, that attempts to part you." Their nuptials were solemnized soon after, and affluence added a zest to all their future enjoyments. Mr. Nash had the thanks of each, and he afterwards spent several agreeable days in that society which he had contributed to render happy.

I shall beg the reader's patience, while I give another instance, in which he ineffectually offered his assistance and advice. This story is not from himself, but told us partly by Mr. Wood, the architect of Bath,[1] as it fell par-

[1] See Wood's 'Description of Bath,' vol. ii., p. 446. The lady's real name was Fanny Braddock. She was a daughter of General Braddock. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept., 1731, p. 397.—Ed.

ticularly within his own knowledge, and partly from another memoir to which he refers.

Miss Sylvia S—— was descended from one of the best families in the kingdom, and was left a large fortune upon her sister's decease. She had early in life been introduced into the best company, and contracted a passion for elegance and expense. It is usual to make the heroine of a story very witty and very beautiful, and such circumstances are so surely expected, that they are scarce attended to. But whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady. Her superiority in both was allowed by all who either heard or had seen her. She was naturally gay, generous to a fault, good-natured to the highest degree, affable in conversation, and some of her letters and other writings, as well in verse as prose, would have shone amongst those of the most celebrated wits of this, or any other age, had they been published.

But these great qualifications were marked by another which lessened the value of them all. She was imprudent! But let it not be imagined that her reputation or honour suffered by her imprudence: I only mean, she had no knowledge of the use of money; she relieved distress by putting herself into the circumstances of the object whose wants she supplied.

She was arrived at the age of nineteen, when the crowd of her lovers and the continual repetition of new flattery had taught her to think she could never be forsaken, and never poor. Young ladies are apt to expect a certainty of success from a number of lovers; and yet I have seldom seen a girl courted by a hundred lovers that found a husband in any. Before the choice is fixed, she has either lost her reputation or her good sense; and the loss of either is sufficient to consign her to perpetual virginity.

Among the number of this young lady's lovers was the celebrated S——, who, at that time, went by the name of "the good-natured man."[1] This gentleman, with talents

[1] Possibly some of the traits of this character were in Goldsmith's mind when he drew Honeywood, the hero of his comedy 'The Good-Natured Man:' see the last scene of the comedy, in vol. ii., p. 212.—Ed.

that might have done honour to humanity, suffered himself to fall at length into the lowest state of debasement. He followed the dictates of every newest passion; his love, his pity, his generosity, and even his friendships were all in excess; he was unable to make head against any of his sensations or desires, but they were in general worthy wishes and desires, for he was constitutionally virtuous. This gentleman, who at last died in a gaol, was at that time this lady's envied favourite.

It is probable that he, thoughtless creature, had no other prospect from this amour but that of passing the present moments agreeably. He only courted dissipation, but the lady's thoughts were fixed on happiness. At length, however, his debts amounting to a considerable sum, he was arrested and thrown into prison. He endeavoured at first to conceal his situation from his beautiful mistress; but she soon came to a knowledge of his distress, and took the fatal resolution of freeing him from confinement by discharging all the demands of his creditors.

Mr. Nash was at that time in London, and represented to the thoughtless young lady, that such a measure would effectually ruin both; that so warm a concern for the interests of Mr. S—— would in the first place quite impair her fortune in the eyes of our sex, and what was worse, lessen her reputation in those of her own. He added, that thus bringing Mr. S—— from prison would be only a temporary relief; that a mind so generous as his would become bankrupt under the load of gratitude; and instead of improving in friendship or affection, he would only study to avoid a creditor he could never repay; that though small favours produce good-will, great ones destroy friendship. these admonitions, however, were disregarded, and she, too late, found the prudence and truth of her adviser. In short, her fortune was by this means exhausted; and, with all her attractions, she found her acquaintance began to disesteem her in proportion as she became poor.

In this situation she accepted Mr. Nash's invitation of returning to Bath. He promised to introduce her to the best company there, and he was assured that her merit would do the rest. Upon her very first appearance, ladies of the highest distinction courted her friendship and

esteem; but a settled melancholy had taken possession of her mind, and no amusements that they could propose were sufficient to divert it. Yet still, as if from habit, she followed the crowd in its levities, and frequented those places where all persons endeavour to forget themselves in the bustle of ceremony and show.

Her beauty, her simplicity, and her unguarded situation soon drew the attention of a designing wretch, who at that time kept one of the rooms at Bath, and who thought that this lady's merit, properly managed, might turn to good account. This woman's name was dame Lindsey,[1] a creature who, though vicious, was in appearance sanctified, and, though designing, had some wit and humour. She began by the humblest assiduity to ingratiate herself with Miss S——; showed that she could be amusing as a companion, and, by frequent offers of money, proved that she could be useful as a friend. Thus by degrees she gained an entire ascendant over this poor, thoughtless, deserted girl; and in less than a year, namely about 1727, Miss S——, without ever transgressing the laws of virtue, had entirely lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at dame Lindsey's, Sylvia, as she was then familiarly called, was sent for, and was obliged to suffer all those slights which the rich but too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune.

In most, even the greatest, minds, the heart at last becomes level with the meanness of its condition; but in this charming girl, it struggled hard with adversity, and yielded to every encroachment of contempt with sullen reluctance. But though in the course of three years she was in the very eye of public inspection, yet Mr. Wood, the architect, avers, that he could never, by the strictest observations, perceive her to be tainted with any other vice than that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming-table, and at her own hazard playing for the amusement and advantage of others. Her friend, Mr. Nash, therefore, thought proper to induce her to break off all connections with dame Lindsey, and to rent part of Mr. Wood's house, in Queen

[1] See note, p. 84, *ante*.—Ed.

square,[1] where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, regularity, and virtue.

In this situation, her detestation of life still continued. She found that time would infallibly deprive her of part of her attractions, and that continual solicitude would impair the rest. With these reflections she would frequently entertain herself and an old faithful maid in the vales of Bath, whenever the weather would permit them to walk out. She would even sometimes start questions in company, with seeming unconcern, in order to know what act of suicide was easiest, and which was attended with the smallest pain. When tired with exercise, she generally retired to meditation, and she became habituated to early hours of sleep and rest; but when the weather prevented her usual exercise, and her sleep was thus more difficult, she made it a rule to rise from her bed, and walk about her chamber, till she began to find an inclination for repose.

This custom made it necessary for her to order a burning candle to be kept all night in her room; and the maid usually, when she withdrew, locked the chamber door, and pushing the key under it beyond reach, her mistress, by that constant method, lay undisturbed till seven o'clock in the morning, when she arose, unlocked the door, and rang the bell as a signal for the maid to return.

This state of seeming piety, regularity, and prudence continued for some time, till the gay, celebrated, toasted Miss Sylvia was sunk into a housekeeper to the gentleman at whose house she lived. She was unable to keep company, for want of the elegancies of dress, that are the usual passports among the polite; and was too haughty to seem to want them. The fashionable, the amusing, and the polite in society now seldom visited her; and from being once the object of every eye, she was now deserted by all, and preyed upon by the bitter reflections of her own imprudence.

Mr. Wood and part of his family were gone to London. Miss Sylvia was left with the rest as a governess at Bath. She sometimes saw Mr. Nash, and acknowledged the friend-

[1] No. 24, Queen Square, "the centre house on the north side," according to Mr. Peach, in his lately published 'Historic Houses in Bath.'—Ed.

ship of his admonitions, though she refused to accept any other marks of his generosity than that of advice. Upon the close of the day in which Mr. Wood was expected to return from London, she expressed some uneasiness at the disappointment of not seeing him: took particular care to settle the affairs of his family; and then as usual sat down to meditation. She now cast a retrospect over her past misconduct, and her approaching misery. She saw that even affluence gave her no real happiness, and from indigence she thought nothing could be hoped but lingering calamity. She at length conceived the fatal resolution of leaving a life in which she could see no corner for comfort, and terminating a scene of imprudence in suicide.

Thus resolved, she sat down at her dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following lines on one of the panes of the window:

> "O Death! thou pleasing end of human woe!
> Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
> Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
> And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave." [1]

She then went into company with the most cheerful serenity; talked of indifferent subjects till supper, which she ordered to be got ready in a little library belonging to the family. There she spent the remaining hours preceding bed-time, in dandling two of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber, she went into the nursery to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in the cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the consciousness of her meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears, and hugging it in her arms; she then bid her old servant a good night, for the first time she had ever done so, and went to bed as usual.

It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with an alternation of passions, before she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean linen and white garments of every kind, like a bride-maid. Her

[1] These lines, with the substance of the details of the end of this tragic story, are in the before referred to account in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.—Ed.

gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling-clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread. The end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots, at a small distance from one another.

Thus prepared, she sat down again and read; for she left the book open at that place, in the story of Olympia, in the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, where, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined and left to the mercy of an unpitying world. This tragical event gave her fresh spirits to go through her fatal purpose; so, standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle, which was tied round her neck, over a closet door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended. Her weight, however, broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell on the floor with such violence, that her fall awakened a workman that lay in the house about half an hour after two o'clock. Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room, as her usual custom was when she wanted sleep; and the workman imagining it to be only some ordinary accident, again went to sleep. She once more, therefore, had recourse to a stronger girdle made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended till she died. Her old maid continued in the morning to wait as usual for the ringing of the bell, and protracted her patience, hour after hour, till two o'clock in the afternoon; when the workmen at length entering the room through the window, found their unfortunate mistress still hanging and quite cold. The coroner's jury being impanelled, brought in their verdict lunacy, and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave, at the charge of a female companion, with whom she had for many years an inseparable intimacy.[1]

[1] The words after "father's grave" are in both Goldsmith's editions, yet Prior has omitted them. The suicide occurred on Sept. 8, 1731. "She was buried in a decent manner in the Abbey Church, in the grave of her honest, brave old father, a gentleman who had experienced some undeserved hardships in life, but who might be said to be thus far happy, that he lived not to see or hear of so tragical a catastrophe of his beloved daughter."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, as before, where, however, the lunacy and death are attributed to losses at the gaming table simply.—Ed.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS

Thus ended a female wit, a toast, and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken: formed for the delight of society, fallen by imprudence into an object of pity. Hundreds in high life lamented her fate, and wished, when too late, to redress her injuries. They who once had helped to impair her fortune, now regretted that they had assisted in so mean a pursuit. The little effects she had left behind were bought up with the greatest avidity, by those who desired to preserve some token of a companion, that once had given them such delight. The remembrance of every virtue she was possessed of was now improved by pity. Her former follies were few, but the last swelled them to a large amount; and she remains the strongest instance to posterity, that want of prudence alone almost cancels every other virtue.

In all this unfortunate lady's affairs Mr. Nash took a peculiar concern; he directed her when they played, advised her when she deviated from the rules of caution, and performed the last offices of friendship after her decease, by raising the auction of her little effects.

But he was not only the assistant and the friend of the fair sex, but also their defender. He secured their persons from insult, and their reputations from scandal. Nothing offended him more than a young fellow's pretending to receive favours from ladies he probably never saw. Nothing pleased him so much as seeing such a piece of deliberate mischief punished. Mr. Nash and one of his friends, being newly arrived at Tunbridge from Bath, were one day on the walks, and seeing a young fellow of fortune with whom they had some slight acquaintance, joined him. After the usual chat and news of the day was over, Mr. Nash asked him, how long he had been at the Wells, and what company was there? The other replied, he had been at Tunbridge a month; but as for company, he could find as good at a Tyburn ball. Not a soul was to be seen, except a parcel of gamesters and whores, who would grant the last favour for a single stake at the Pharaoh bank. "Look you there," continued he, "that goddess of midnight, so fine at t'other end of the walks, by Jove she was mine this morning for half a guinea. And she there, who brings up the rear with powdered hair and dirty ruffles, she's pretty

enough, but cheap, perfectly cheap: why, my boys, to my own knowledge, you may have her for a crown, and a dish of chocolate into the bargain. Last Wednesday night we were happy." "Hold there, Sir," cried the gentleman; "as for your having the first lady, it is possible it may be true, and I intend to ask her about it, for she is my sister; but as to your lying with the other last Wednesday, I am sure you are a lying rascal . . . she is my wife, and we came here but last night." The buck vainly asked pardon; the gentleman was going to give him proper chastisement, when Mr. Nash interposed in his behalf, and obtained his pardon upon condition that he quitted Tunbridge immediately.

But Mr. Nash not only took care, during his administration, to protect the ladies from the insults of our sex, but to guard them from the slanders of each other. He, in the first place, prevented any animosities that might arise from place and precedence, by being previously acquainted with the rank and quality of almost every family in the British dominions. He endeavoured to render scandal odious, by marking it as the result of envy and folly united. Not even Solon could have enacted a wiser law in such a society as Bath. The gay, the heedless, and the idle, who mostly compose the group of water-drinkers, seldom are at the pains of talking upon universal topics which require comprehensive thought or abstract reasoning. The adventures of the little circle of their own acquaintance, or of some names of quality and fashion, make up their whole conversation. But it is too likely, that when we mention those, we wish to depress them, in order to render ourselves more conspicuous: scandal must therefore have fixed her throne at Bath preferable to any other part of the kingdom. However, though these endeavours could not totally suppress this custom among the fair, yet they gained him the friendship of several ladies of distinction who had smarted pretty severely under the lash of censure. Among this number was the old Duchess of Marlborough, who conceived a particular friendship for him, and which continued during her life. She frequently consulted him in several concerns of a private nature. Her letting leases, building bridges, or forming canals, were

often carried on under his guidance; but she advised with him particularly in purchasing liveries for the footmen; a business to which she thought his genius best adapted. As anything relative to her may please the curiosity of such as delight in the anecdotes and letters of the great, however dull and insipid, I shall beg leave to present them with one or two of her letters, collected at a venture from several others to the same purpose.

"To Mr. NASH, at the Bath.

"Blenheim, Sept. 18, 1724.

"Mr. Jennens will give you an account how little time I have in my power, and that will make my excuse for not thanking you sooner for the favour of your letter, and for the trouble you have given yourself in bespeaking the cloth, which I am sure will be good, since you have undertaken to order it. Pray ask Mrs. Jennens concerning the cascade, which will satisfy all doubts in that matter; she saw it play, which it will do in great beauty, for at least six hours together, and it runs enough to cover all the stones constantly, and is a hundred feet broad, which I am told is a much greater breadth than any cascade is in England; and this will be yet better than it is, when it is quite finished; this water is a great addition to this place, and the lake being thirty acres, out of which the cascade comes, and falls into the canal that goes through the bridge, it makes that look as if it was necessary, which before seemed so otherwise. I am your most humble servant,

"S. MARLBOROUGH."

"To Mr. NASH, at the Bath.

"Marlborough House, May 17, 1735.

"SIR:—I have received the favour of yours of the 10th of May, with that from Mr. Harvey. And by last post I received a letter from Mr. Overton, a sort of a bailiff and a surveyor, whom I have employed a great while upon my estates in Wiltshire. He is a very active and very useful man of his sort. He writes to me, that Mr. Harvey has been with him, and brought him a paper, which I sent you. He says, that finding he was a man that was desirous to serve me, he had assisted him all he could, by informations which he has given; and that he should continue to assist him. I have writ to him that he did mighty well. There is likewise a considerable tenant of my lord Bruce's, his name is Cannons, who has promised me his assistance towards recommending tenants for these farms. And if Mr. Harvey happens to know such a man, he may put him in mind of it. I am sure you do[1] me all the good

[1] So in the second edition. The first has "you will do." The dates of these letters are rather far apart, but they may nevertheless be correct. The two early editions agree in regard to them.—ED.

you can. And I hope you are sure that I shall always be sensible of the obligations I have to you, and ever be your most thankful and obliged humble servant,

"S. MARLBOROUGH.

"Mr. Harvey may conclude to take any prices that were given you in the paper. But as I know that we have been scandalously cheated, if he finds that anything can be let better than it has been let, I do not doubt but he will do it."

The Duchess of Marlborough seems not to be a much better writer than Mr. Nash; but she was worth many hundred thousand pounds, and that might console her. It may give splenetic philosophy, however, some scope for meditation, when it considers what a parcel of stupid trifles the world is ready to admire.

Whatever might have been Mr. Nash's other excellencies, there was one in which few exceeded him; I mean his extensive humanity. None felt pity more strongly, and none made greater efforts to relieve distress. If I were to name any reigning and fashionable virtue in the present age, I think it should be charity. The numberless benefactions privately given, the various public solicitations for charity, and the success they meet with, serve to prove, that though we may fall short of our ancestors in other respects, yet in this instance we greatly excel them. I know not whether it may not be spreading the influence of Mr. Nash too widely to say, that he was one of the principal causes of introducing this noble emulation among the rich; but certain it is, no private man ever relieved the distresses of so many as he did.

Before gaming was suppressed, and in the meridian of his life and fortune, his benefactions were generally found to equal his other expenses. The money he got without pain he gave away without reluctance; and whenever unable to relieve a wretch who sued for assistance, he has been often seen to shed tears. A gentleman of broken fortune, one day standing behind his chair, as he was playing a game of picquet for two hundred pounds, and observing with what indifference he won the money, could not avoid whispering these words to another who stood by; "Heavens! how happy would all that money make me!" Nash, overhearing him, clapped the money into his hand; and cried, "Go and be happy."

About six and thirty years ago, a clergyman brought his family to Bath for the benefit of the waters. His wife laboured under a lingering disorder, which it was thought nothing but the Hot-wells could remove. The expenses of living there soon lessened the poor man's finances; his clothes were sold, piece by piece, to provide a temporary relief for his little family, and his appearance was at last so shabby, that, from the number of holes in his coat and stockings, Nash gave him the name of Doctor Cullender. Our beau, it seems, was rude enough to make a jest of poverty, though he had sensibility enough to relieve it. The poor clergyman combated his distresses with fortitude; and, instead of attempting to solicit relief, endeavoured to conceal them. Upon a living of thirty pounds a-year he endeavoured to maintain his wife and six children; but all his resources at last failed him, and nothing but famine was seen in the wretched family. The poor man's circumstances were at last communicated to Nash; who, with his usual cheerfulness, undertook to relieve him. On a Sunday evening, at a public tea-drinking at Harrison's, he went about to collect a subscription, and began it himself by giving five guineas. By this means two hundred guineas were collected in less than two hours, and the poor family raised from the lowest despondence into affluence and felicity. A bounty so unexpected, had a better influence even upon the woman's constitution than all that either the physicians or the waters of Bath could produce, and she recovered. But his good offices did not rest here. He prevailed upon a nobleman of his acquaintance to present the doctor with a living of £160 a year, which made that happiness he had before produced in some measure permanent.

In the severe winter of the year 1739 his charity was great, useful, and extensive. He frequently, at that season of calamity, entered the houses of the poor, whom he thought too proud to beg, and generously relieved them. The colliers were at this time peculiarly distressed; and in order to excite compassion, a number of them yoked themselves to a waggon loaded with coals, and drew it into Bath, and presented it to Mr. Nash. Their scheme had the proper effect. Mr. Nash procured them a sub-

scription, and gave ten guineas towards it himself. The weavers also shared his bounty at that season. They came begging in a body into Bath, and he provided a plentiful dinner for their entertainment, and gave each a week's subsistence at going away.

There are few public charities to which he was not a subscriber, and many he principally contributed to support. Among others, Mr. Annesley, that strange example of the mutability of fortune, and the inefficacy of our laws, shared his interest and bounty. I have now before me a well-written letter, addressed to Nash, in order to obtain his interest for that unhappy gentleman: it comes from Mr. Henderson, a quaker, who was Mr. Annesley's father's agent. This gentleman warmly espoused the young adventurer's interest, and, I am told, fell with him.[1]

"London, October 23, 1756.

"My Good Friend:—When I had the honour of conversing with thee at Tunbridge, in September last, concerning that most singular striking case of Mr. Annesley, whom I have known since he was about six years old, I being then employed by the late Lord Baron of Altham, his father, as his agent. From what I know of the affairs of that family, I am well assured, that Mr. Annesley is the legitimate son of the late Lord Baron of Altham, and in consequence thereof, is intitled to the honours and estates of Anglesey. Were I not well assured of his right to those honours and estates, I would not give countenance to his claim. . . . . I well remember, that thou then madest me a promise to assist him in soliciting a subscription, that was then begun at Tunbridge; but as that place was not within the limits of thy province, thou couldst not promise to do much there. But thou saidst, that in case he would go to Bath in the season, thou wouldst then and there show how much thou wouldst be his friend.

"And now, my good friend, as the season is come on, and Mr. Annesley now at Bath, I beg leave to remind thee of that promise; and that thou wilt keep in full view the honour, the everlasting honour, that will naturally redound to thee from thy benevolence, and crown all the good actions of thy life. . . . . I say, now in the vale of life, to

[1] The case of the Annesley succession claim brought against Richard, sixth Earl of Anglesey (Irish Exchequer Court, Nov. 11-25, 1743), which resulted in the enstatement of the gentleman here mentioned, James Annesley, as heir. This affair constitutes one of Sir Bernard Burke's 'Romances of the Aristocracy.' Its story was told soon after the events in a book entitled 'The Adventures of an Unfortunate Nobleman.' It is said also to have suggested to Scott the plot of his 'Guy Mannering;' and it was avowedly treated by Charles Reade in his novel and play 'The Wandering Heir.'—Ed.

relieve a distressed young nobleman, to extricate so immense an estate from the hands of oppression; to do this, will fix such a ray of glory on thy memory, as will speak forth thy praise to future ages. . . . . This, with great respect, is the needful, from thy assured Friend,

"WILLIAM HENDERSON.

"Be pleased to give my respects to Mr. Annesley and his spouse." [1]

Nash punctually kept his word with this gentleman. He began the subscription himself with the utmost liberality, and procured such a list of encouragers, as at once did honour to Mr. Annesley's cause, and their own generosity. What a pity it was that this money, which was given for the relief of indigence only, went to feed a set of reptiles, who batten upon our weakness, miseries, and vice!

It may not be known to the generality of my readers, that the last act of the comedy, called 'Esop,' which was added to the French plot of Boursault, by Mr. Vanburgh, was taken from a story told of Mr. Nash upon a similar occasion.[2] He had in the early part of life made proposals of marriage to Miss V——, of D——: his affluence at that time, and the favour which he was in with the nobility, readily induced the young lady's father to favour his addresses. However, upon opening the affair to herself, she candidly told him her affections were placed upon another, and that she could not possibly comply. Though this answer satisfied Mr. Nash, it was by no means sufficient to appease the father; and he peremptorily insisted upon her obedience. Things were carried to the last extremity, when Mr. Nash undertook to settle the affair; and desiring his favoured rival to be sent for, with his own hand presented his mistress to him, together with a fortune equal to what her father intended to give her. Such an uncommon instance of generosity had an instant effect upon the severe parent; he considered such disinterestedness as a just reproach to his own mercenary disposition, and took his daughter once more into favour. I wish, for the dignity of history, that the sequel could be

[1] Both the author's editions have the date of this letter 1756; yet, as the trial took place in 1743, it is more likely that the correct date is 1736.—ED.

[2] Vanburgh's play was produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1697.—ED.

concealed; but the young lady ran away with her footman, before half a year was expired, and her husband died of grief.

In general, the benefactions of a generous man are but ill bestowed. His heart seldom gives him leave to examine the real distress of the object which sues for pity; his good-nature takes the alarm too soon, and he bestows his fortune on only apparent wretchedness. The man naturally frugal, on the other hand, seldom relieves; but when he does, his reason, and not his sensations, generally find out the object. Every instance of his bounty is therefore permanent, and bears witness to his benevolence.

Of all the immense sums which Nash lavished upon real or apparent wretchedness, the effects, after a few years, seemed to disappear. His money was generally given to support immediate want, or to relieve improvident indolence, and therefore it vanished in an hour. Perhaps towards the close of life, were he to look round on the thousand he had relieved, he would find but few made happy, or fixed by his bounty in a state of thriving industry: it was enough for him, that he gave to those that wanted: he never considered that charity to some might impoverish himself without relieving them: he seldom considered the merit or the industry of the petitioner; or he rather fancied, that misery was an excuse for indolence and guilt. It was a usual saying of his, when he went to beg for any person in distress, that they who could stoop to the meanness of solicitation must certainly *want* the favour for which they petitioned.

In this manner, therefore, he gave away immense sums of his own, and still greater which he procured from others. His way was, when any person was proposed to him as an object of charity, to go round with his hat first among the nobility, according to their rank, and so on, till he left scarce a single person unsolicited. They who go thus about to beg for others, generally find a pleasure in the task. They consider, in some measure, every benefaction they procure, as given by themselves, and have at once the pleasure of being liberal, without the self-reproach of being profuse.

But of all the instances of Nash's bounty, none does him

more real honour than the pains he took in establishing an hospital at Bath, in which benefaction, however, Dr. Oliver had a great share. This was one of those well guided charities, dictated by reason, and supported by prudence. By this institution the diseased poor might recover health, when incapable of receiving it in any other part of the kingdom. As the disorders of the poor, who could expect to find relief at Bath, were mostly chronical, the expense of maintaining them there was found more than their parishes thought proper to afford. They therefore chose to support them in a continual state of infirmity, by a small allowance at home, rather than be at the charge of an expensive cure. An hospital therefore at Bath, it was thought, would be an asylum, and a place of refuge to those disabled creatures, and would, at the same time, give the physician [a] more thorough insight into the efficacy of the waters, from the regularity with which such patients would be obliged to take them. These inducements, therefore, influenced Dr. Oliver and Mr. Nash to promote a subscription towards such a benefaction. The design was set on foot so early as the year 1711, but was not completed till the year 1742. This delay, which seems surprising, was in fact owing to the want of a proper fund for carrying the work into execution. What I said above, of charity being the characteristic virtue of the present age, will be more fully evinced by comparing the old and new subscriptions for this hospital. These will show the difference between ancient and modern benevolence. When I run my eye over the list of those who subscribed in the year 1723, I find the subscription in general seldom rise above a guinea each person; so that, at that time, with all their efforts, they were unable to raise four hundred pounds; but in about twenty years after, each particular subscription was greatly increased—ten, twenty, thirty pounds, being the most ordinary sums [then][1] subscribed, and they soon raised above two thousand pounds for the purpose.

Thus, chiefly by the means of Dr. Oliver and Mr. Nash, but not without the assistance of the good Mr. Allen,[2] who

[1] The word "then" is from the first edition.—Ed.

[2] Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, near Bath, the friend of Pope and Fielding, the first of whom put him in the couplet:—

gave them the stone for building and other benefactions, this hospital was erected; and it is at present fitted up for the reception of patients, the cases mostly paralytic or leprous.[1] * * * * *

I am unwilling to leave this subject of his benevolence, because it is a virtue in his character which must stand almost single against a hundred follies; and it deserves the more to be insisted on, because it was large enough to outweigh them all.[2] A man may be a hypocrite safely in every other instance but in charity; there are few who will buy the character of benevolence at the rate for which it must be acquired. In short, the sums he gave away were immense; and in old age, when at last grown too poor to give relief, *he gave*, as the poet has it, *all he had—a tear:*[3] when incapable of relieving the agonies of the wretched, he attempted to relieve his own by a flood of sorrow. The sums he gave and collected for the hospital were great, and his manner of doing it was no less admirable. I am told that he was once[4] collecting money in Wiltshire's room

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

While the other drew him in the character of Squire Allworthy ('Tom Jones'). He lived three years after this publication by Goldsmith. Mr. Peach reminds us (in his interesting 'Historic Houses in Bath,' 1883), that "good Mr. Allen" was "the inventor of the cross-post system," the foundation of our modern postal system. Mr. Peach, by the way, holds that Allen and the architect Wood were the real makers of modern Bath, and he will not admit Nash even to a third place with them in the making. Upon Goldsmith's 'Life of Nash' he is also very severe, saying that it is "a vast apology."—Ed.

[1] In place of the stars the originals have two pages giving the process of admission to the hospital, &c., which, taken as these manifestly are from some guide-book of the time, need not be given here.—Ed.

[2] This character of Nash existed long before Goldsmith came to write the present 'Life.' The *London Magazine* of 1745, p. 345, has the following:—"I cannot quit Mr. N—h without observing to his honour, that he is no less a promoter of public charity than a hero in every diversion. You see him as complaisant and diligent with the basin at the Abbey, to collect alms for the Hospital and charity children as he is busy in getting subscriptions for balls."—Ed.

[3] Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,'—The Epitaph.—Ed.

[4-4] The capital story which follows—good, even if not true—was added in the second edition. Prior omitted it, probably because he printed from the first edition.—Ed.

for that purpose, when a lady entered, who is more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." "Yes, Madam," says he, "that I will with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat. "One, two, three, four, five ——." "Hold, hold!" says the Duchess, "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, Madam," says Nash, and continued telling, "six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Here the Duchess called again, and seemed angry. "Pray compose yourself, Madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here the Duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace, Madam," says Nash; "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, Madam, and upon the front of the building, Madam. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more," says the Duchess. "Charity hides a multitude of sins," replies Nash; "twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." "Nash," says she, "I protest you frighten me out of my wits. L—d, I shall die!" "Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be the better for you," answered Nash, and was about to proceed; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her grace for thirty guineas. The Duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him "Stand, farther, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him." But her grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her. "Come," says she, "I'll be friends with you, though you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there is ten guineas more for your charity. But this I must insist on, that neither my name nor the sum shall be mentioned."

From the hospital erected for the benefit of the poor, it is an easy transition to the monuments erected by him in honour of the great. Upon the recovery of the Prince of Orange, by drinking the Bath waters, Mr. Nash caused a

small obelisk, thirty feet high, to be erected in a grove near the Abbey church, since called Orange Grove. This Prince's arms adorn the west side of the body of the pedestal. The inscription is on the opposite side, in the following words :—

"In memoriam sanitatis Principi Auriaco Aquarum thermalium potu. Favente Deo, ovante Britannia, feliciter restitutæ, M.DCC.XXXIV."
In English thus :—"In memory of the happy restoration of the health of the Prince of Orange, through the favour of God, and to the great joy of Britain, by drinking the Bath waters. 1734."

I find it a general custom at all baths and spas, to erect monuments of this kind to the memory of every prince who has received benefit from the waters. Aix, Spa, and Pisa abound with inscriptions of this nature, apparently doing honour to the prince, but in reality celebrating the efficacy of their springs. It is wrong, therefore, to call such monuments instances of gratitude, though they may wear that appearance.

In the year 1738, the Prince of Wales came to Bath, who presented Mr. Nash with a large gold enamelled snuff-box; and upon his departure Nash, as king of Bath, erected an obelisk in honour of this prince, as he had before done for the Prince of Orange. This handsome memorial in honour of that good-natured prince is erected in Queen-square. It is enclosed with a stone balustrade, and in the middle of every side there are large iron gates. In the centre is the obelisk, seventy feet high, and terminating in a point. The expenses of this were eighty pounds;[1] and Mr. Nash was determined that the inscription should answer the magnificence of the pile. With this view he wrote to Mr. Pope, at London, requesting an inscription. I should have been glad to have given Mr. Nash's letter upon this occasion; the reader, however, must be satisfied with Pope's reply, which is as follows:

"SIR:—I have received yours, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favour of his R.H., and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even

[1] "Eighty pounds" mentioned here as the cost of the obelisk must be a mistake. It is so, however, in both Goldsmith's editions.—ED.

granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can. I am, Sir, your affectionate servant,

"A. Pope."

What Mr. Nash's answer to this billet was I cannot take upon me to ascertain; but it was probably a perseverance in his former request. The following is the copy of Mr. Pope's reply to his second letter:

"Sir:—I had sooner answered yours, but in the hope of procuring a properer hand than mine; and then in consulting with some, whose office about the P—— might make them the best judges, what sort of inscription to set up. Nothing can be plainer than the inclosed; it is nearly[1] the common sense of the thing, and I do not know how to flourish upon it. But this you would do as well, or better yourself, and I dare say may mend the expression. I am truly, dear Sir, your affectionate servant,

"A. Pope.

"I think I need not tell you my name should not be mentioned."[2]

Such a letter as this was what might naturally be expected from Mr. Pope. Notwithstanding the seeming modesty towards the conclusion, the vanity of an applauded writer bursts through every line of it. The difficulty of concealing his hand from the clerks[3] at the post-office, and the solicitude to have his name concealed, were marks of the consciousness of his own importance. It is probable his hand was not so very well known, nor his letters so eagerly opened, by the clerks of the office, as he seems always to think; but in all his letters, as well as those of Swift, there runs a strain of pride, as if the world talked of nothing but themselves. "Alas,"

[1] This, perhaps, should be "merely."—Ed.

[2] These letters of Pope are not included in his correspondence. Warner, however, has them, and also Goldsmith's story about the inscription, in his 'History of Bath,' p. 368.—Ed.

[3] Johnson has charged Pope to a similar effect. Here, however, we think Goldsmith misinterprets the words "procuring a properer hand." May they not mean that the writer tried to get some other person to write the inscription, a job he (Pope) evidently did not care for himself? —Ed.

says he in one of them, "the day after I am dead, the sun will shine as bright as the day before, and the world will be as merry as usual!" Very strange, that neither an eclipse nor an earthquake should follow the loss of a poet!

The inscription referred to in this letter was the same which was afterwards engraved on the obelisk, and is as follows:—

"In memory of honours bestowed, and in gratitude for benefits conferred in this city, by his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his royal consort, in the year 1738, this obelisk is erected by Richard Nash, Esq."

I dare venture to say, there was scarce a common-councilman in the corporation of Bath but could have done this as well. Nothing can be more frigid, though the subject was worthy of the utmost exertions of genius.

About this period every season brought some new accession of honour to Mr. Nash; and the corporation now universally found that he was absolutely necessary for promoting the welfare of the city; so that this year seems to have been the meridian of his glory. About this time he arrived at such a pitch of authority, that I really believe Alexander was not greater at Persepolis. The countenance he received from the Prince of Orange, the favour he was in with the Prince of Wales, and the caresses of the nobility, all conspired to lift him to the utmost pitch of vanity. The exultation of a little mind, upon being admitted to the familiarity of the great, is inexpressible. The Prince of Orange had made him a present of a very fine snuff-box. Upon this some of the nobility thought it would be proper to give snuff-boxes too; they were quickly imitated by the middling gentry, and it soon became the fashion to give Mr. Nash snuff-boxes, who had in a little time a number sufficient to have furnished a good toy shop.

To add to his honours, there was placed of him a full-length picture in Wiltshire's ball-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope. It was upon this occasion that the Earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe but witty epigram:

"Immortal NEWTON never spoke
More truth, than here you'll find,
Nor POPE himself e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

"The picture plac'd the busts between
Gives satire its full strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."[1]

[2]There is also a full-length picture of Mr. Nash in Simpson's ball-room, and his statue at full length in the Pump-room, with a plan of the Bath Hospital in his hand.[2] He was now treated in every respect like a great man; he had his levee, his flatterers, his buffoons, his good-natured creatures, and even his dedicators. A trifling, ill-supported vanity was his foible; and while he received the homage of the vulgar and enjoyed the familiarity of the great, he felt no pain for the unpromising view of poverty that lay before him: he enjoyed the world as it went, and drew upon content for the deficiencies of fortune. If a cringing wretch called him, "his Honour," he was pleased; internally conscious that he had the justest pretensions to the title. If a beggar called him "my Lord," he was happy, and generally sent the flatterer off happy too. I have known him, in London, wait a whole day at a window in the Smyrna Coffee-house,[3] in order to receive

[1] The first edition has:—"To add to his honours, the corporation of Bath placed a full length statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope." That edition also gave as the Chesterfield epigram, the four lines beginning—"The statue placed," &c. The second edition reads as above, and yet Warner (p. 368) and others give the four-line epigram just mentioned and tell of a *statue* as its subject. There are similar contradictions as to the epigram itself. It is generally attributed to Chesterfield, and is in Maty's edition of his works, but Mr. Dyce found it to be part of six stanzas by Jane Brereton, who wrote under the name of Melissa. The facts that Melissa's poems were published by Cave in 1744, and the above two-stanza epigram was published (and for the first time, it is thought) by Cave in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1741, seem to favour the lady's claim. The epigram in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (p. 102) is headed:—"On Mr. Nash's present of his own picture, at full length, fixt between the busts of Mr. Pope and Sir Isaac Newton in the Long Room at Bath."—ED.

[2-2] An addition to the second edition.—ED.

[3] The Smyrna Coffee House was in Pall Mall, near Marlborough House.—ED.

a bow from the Prince, or the Duchess of Marlborough, as they passed by where he was standing; and he would then look round upon the company for admiration and respect.[1]

But perhaps the reader desires to know who could be low enough to flatter a man who himself lived in some measure by dependence. Hundreds are ready upon those occasions. The very needy are almost ever flatterers. A man in wretched circumstances forgets his own value, and feels no pain in giving up superiority to every claimant. The very vain are ever flatterers; as they find it necessary to make use of all their arts to keep company with such as are superior to themselves. But particularly the prodigal are prone to adulation, in order to open new supplies for their extravagance. The poor, the vain, and the extravagant are chiefly addicted to this vice; and such hung upon his good-nature. When these three characters are found united in one person, the composition generally becomes a great man's favourite. It was not difficult to collect such a group in a city that was the centre of pleasure. Nash had them of all sizes, from the half-pay captain in laced clothes, to the humble boot-catcher at the Bear.[2]

[1] Here and in several other passages the biographer deviates from the invariable accuracy of his narrative in order to "make believe" that he was personally acquainted with his hero. Take the above as an illustration. The Duchess of Marlborough died in 1744—when Goldsmith was about fifteen, and had not left home for college even. It is pretty certain that Goldsmith never saw Nash; and that the visit to Bath in 1762 (the year after Nash's death) was the poet's first visit. It is such lapses, no doubt, that have caused this 'Life of Nash' to be often looked upon as an ingenious work of the 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'History of the Plague' order; but, as we have already said (Introductory Note, p. 48), the narrative is generally very close to the facts, both in regard to Nash and Bath, as they are recorded by the Bath historians, &c. To be sure, there is another way of looking at these passages. As the biographer avowedly writes from materials in the main supplied by another (George Scott, Esq., the administrator, as we may say, of Nash's estate, *vide* Goldsmith's "Advertisement," p. 50, and his note at pp. 55, 56, 127, &c.), it may be assumed that in such passages he writes in the first person as representing his informant.—Ed.

[2] The Bear hotel. It stood on the site of Union Street, and was demolished about 1798. Anstey mentions it in the 'New Bath Guide,' and Smollett in 'Humphrey Clinker.'—Ed.

I have before me a bundle of letters, all addressed from a pack of flattering reptiles, to "his Honour," and even some printed dedications in the same servile strain. In these, "his Honour" is complimented as the great encourager of the polite arts, as a gentleman of the most accomplished taste, of the most extensive learning, and, in short, of every thing in the world. But, perhaps, it will be thought wrong in me to unveil the blushing muse, to brand learning with the meanness of its professors, or to expose scholars in a state of contempt. . . . For the honour of letters, the dedications to Mr. Nash are not written by scholars or poets, but by people of a different stamp.

Among this number was the highwayman, who was taken after attempting to rob and murder Dr. Hancock. He was called Poulter, *alias* Baxter, and published a book, exposing the tricks of gamblers, thieves, and pickpockets. This he intended to have dedicated to Mr. Nash; but the generous patron, though no man loved praise more, was too modest to have it printed. However, he took care to preserve the manuscript among the rest of his papers. The book was entitled, "The Discoveries of John Poulter, *alias* Baxter, who was apprehended for robbing Dr. Hancock of Salisbury, on Claverton [1] Down, near Bath; and who has since been admitted king's evidence, and discovered a most numerous gang of villains [many of which have been already taken]. Being a full account of all the robberies he [has] committed, and the surprising tricks and frauds he has practised for the space of five years last past, in different parts of England, particularly in the west.[2] Written wholly by Himself." [3] The dedi-

[1] So in the second edition. The first edition and also the title in Poulter's book have "Clarken Down." Claverton is the correct name of the place.—Ed.

[2] "Particularly in the west" is not in Poulter's title, 1753 and 1761. —Ed.

[3] This book appeared in a number of editions. The seventh (printed at Sherborne) bears date 1753. The twelfth is dated 1761, and has an addition showing that Poulter, having escaped from prison, was retaken, and finally hanged, though many efforts were made to save him. In Douglas Jerrold's comedy, 'Beau Nash, King of Bath' (played at the Haymarket Theatre in 1834, but not included in Jerrold's 'Works'),

cation intended to be prefixed is as follows, and will give a specimen of the style of a highwayman and a gambler:

"To the Honourable RICHARD NASH, Esq.

"May it please your Honour—With humblest submission I make bold to present the following sheets to your Honour's consideration and well known humanity. As I am industriously careful, in respect to his Majesty and good subjects, to put an end to the unfortunate misconducts of all I know, by bringing them to the gallows. To be sure some may censure, as if from self-preservation I made this ample discovery; but I communicate this to your Honour and gentry, whether the life of one person being taken away, would answer the end, as to let escape such a number of villains, who has been the ruining of many a poor family, for whom my soul is now much concerned. If my inclinations was ever so roguish inclined, what is it to so great a number of villains, when they consult together. As your Honour's wisdom, humanity, and interest are the friend of the virtuous, I make bold to lay at your honour's feet the following lines, which will put every honest man upon his defence against the snares of the mischievous; and am, with the greatest gratitude, honoured Sir, your Honour's most truly devoted and obedient servant,

"JOHN POULTER, *alias* BAXTER.

"Taunton Gaol, June 2d."

Flattery from such a wretch as this one would think but little pleasing; however, certain it is that Nash was pleased with it. He loved to be called "your Honour," and "Honourable," and the highwayman more than once experienced his generosity.

But since I have mentioned this fellow's book,[1] I cannot repress an impulse to give an extract from it; however foreign from my subject. I take the following picture to be a perfectly humorous description of artful knavery affecting ignorance on one hand, and rustic simplicity pretending to great wisdom and sagacity on the other. It is an account of the manner in which countrymen are deceived by gamblers, at a game called Pricking in the Belt, or the Old Nob. This is a leathern strop folded up double,

Poulter, *alias* Baxter, is one of the leading characters. The part was played by the late Mr. Benjamin Webster, W. Farren the elder being the Beau. Jerrold, by the way, acknowledged that he founded his play upon the present 'Life of Nash.'—ED.

[1] This paragraph and the extract from the highwayman's book are omitted from Prior's reprint. They are in both Goldsmith's editions.—ED.

and then laid upon a table; if the person who plays with a bodkin pricks into the loop of the belt he wins, if otherwise he loses. However, by slipping one end of the strop, the sharper can win at [1] pleasure.

"There are generally four persons concerned in this fraud, one to personate a sailor, called a Legg Cull, another called the Capper, who always keeps with the sailor; and two pickers-up, or Money-droppers, to bring in Flats or Bubbles. The first thing they do at a fair is to look for a room clear of company, which the sailor and Capper immediately take, while the Money-droppers go out to look for a Flat. If they see a countryman whose looks they like, one drops a shilling or half-a-crown just before him, and picking it up again, looks the man in the face, and says, 'I have found a piece of money, friend; did you see me pick it up?' The man says 'Yes:' then says the sharper, 'If you had found it I would have had half, so I will do as I would be done unto; come, honest friend, we will not part with dry lips.' Then taking him into the room where the other two are, he cries, 'By your leave, gentlemen, I hope we don't disturb the company.' 'No,' cries the sailor, 'no, brothers; will you drink a glass of brandy? I don't like your weak liquors;' and then begins a discourse, by asking the Capper how far it is to London; who replies, 'I don't know; perhaps the gentleman there can tell you,' directing his discourse to the Flat. Perhaps the Flat will answer, 'A hundred miles.' The sailor cries, 'I can ride that in a day, ay, in four or five hours, for,' says he, 'my horse will run twenty knots an hour for twenty-four hours together.' Capper, or the sailor's supposed companion, says, 'I believe, farmer, you have not got such a horse, as the sailor has.' The farmer says, 'No,' and laughs; and then the sailor says, 'I must go and get half a pint of brandy, for I am griped,' and so leaves them. The Capper, affecting a look of wisdom in his absence, observes, that 'it is an old saying, and a true one, that sailors get their money like horses, and spend it like asses; as for that there sailor, I never saw him till now, buying a horse of my man; he tells me he has been at sea, and has got about four hundred pounds prize-money, but I believe he will squander it all away, for he was gaming just now with a sharping fellow, and lost forty shillings at a strange game of pricking in a string. Did either of you ever see it?' 'Gentlemen,' continued the Capper, 'if you two are willing I will ask him to show it, for we may as well win some of his money as any body else.' The Flat and the Dropper cry, 'Do.' Then in comes the sailor, staggering as if drunk, and cries, 'What cheer, brothers? I have just seen a pretty girl in the fair, and went in to drink with her; we made a bargain, and I gave her a six-and-thirty shilling piece, but an old b——h, her mother, came and called her away, but I hope she will come back to me presently.' Then the Capper laughs, and says, 'Have you got your money of her again?' The sailor says, 'No; but she will come to me, I'm sure;' then they all laugh. This is done to deceive the Flat;

[1] "At" is from the first edition. The second edition has "with pleasure."—Ed.

then says the Capper, 'What have you done with the stick and the string, sailor?' He answers, 'What, that which I bought of the boys? I have got it here, but will not sell it;' and then he pulls out the Old Nob, saying, 'What do you think I gave for it? I gave but sixpence, and as much brandy as the two boys could drink; it is made out of a monkey's hide, as the boys told me, and they told me there is a game to be played at it, which nobody can do twice together; I will go down aboard ship and play with my captain, and I do not fear but I shall win his ship and cargo.' Then they all laugh, and the sailor makes up the Old Nob, and the Capper lays a shilling, and pricks himself and wins. The sailor cries, 'You are a dab, I will not lay with you, but if you will call a stranger I will lay again.' 'Why, if you think me a dab, as you call it, I will get this strange gentleman, or this (pointing to the Flat).' 'Done,' cries the sailor, 'but you shall not tell him.' Then he makes up the Nob, and Capper lays a shilling; Flat pricks, being permitted to go sixpence; to which, he agreeing, wins; and Capper says to the Flat, 'Can you change me half-a-crown?' This is done to find the depth of his pocket; if they see a good deal of gold, Flat must win three or four times; if no gold, but twice. Sometimes, if the Flat has no money, the sailor cries, 'I have more money than any man in the fair,' and pulls out his purse of gold, and saith, 'Not one of you can beg, borrow, or steal half this sum in an hour for a guinea.' Capper cries, 'I have laid out all mine; farmer, can you? I'll go you halves, if you think you can do it.' The sailor saith, 'You must not bring any-body with you:' then the Dropper goes with the Flat, and saith, 'You must not tell your friend it is for a wager; if you do he will not lend it you.' Flat goes and borrows it, and brings it to the sailor, shows it him, and wins the wager; then the sailor pinches the Nob again, and the Capper whispers to the Flat, to prick out purposely this time, saying, 'It will make the sailor more eager to lay on; we may as well win his money as not, for he will spend it upon whores.' Flat, with all the wisdom in the world, loses on purpose, upon which the sailor swears, pulls out all his money, throws it about the room, and cries, 'I know no man can win for ever,' and then lays a guinea, but will not let him prick, but throws down five guineas, and the Capper urging the Flat, and going his halves, the sailor saith, 'My cabin boy will lay as much as that; I'll lay no less than twenty guineas.' The Capper cries, 'Lay farmer, and take up forty;' which, being certain of winning, he instantly complies with, and loses the whole. When he has lost, in order to advise him, the Dropper takes him by the arm, and hauls him out of doors; and the reckoning being in the meantime paid within, the Capper and sailor follow after, and run another way. When they are out of sight the Dropper saith to the Flat, 'Go you back and play with the sailor for a shilling, whilst I go and borrow money;' but when the Flat goes to the house, he finds them gone, and then he knows that he is bit, but not till he has dearly paid for it."[1]

By this fellow's discoveries Mr. Nash was enabled to serve many of the nobility and gentry of his acquaintance

[1] From Poulter's book, p. 31.—Ed.

he received a list of all those houses of ill fame which harboured or assisted rogues, and took care to furnish travellers with proper precautions to avoid them. It was odd enough to see a gamester thus employed in detecting the frauds of gamblers.

Among the Dedications there is one from a Professor of Cookery, which is even more adulatory than the preceding. It is prefixed to a work, entitled, "The Complete Preserver; or a new method of preserving fruits, flowers, and other vegetables, either with or without sugar, vinegar, or spirits," &c.

"To the very Honourable RICHARD NASH, Esq.

"HONOURED SIR:—As much as the oak exceeds the bramble, so much do you exceed the rest of mankind in benevolence, charity, and every other virtue that adorns, ennobles, and refines the human species. I have therefore made bold to prefix your name, though without permission, to the following work, which stands in need of such a patron, to excuse its errors, with a candour only known to such a heart as your own. The obligations I have received at your hands, it is impossible for me ever to repay, except by my endeavours, as in the present case, to make known the many excellent virtues which you possess. But what can my wit do to recommend such a genius as yours: a single word, a smile from yourself, outweighs all that I, or perhaps the best of our poets could express in writing in the compass of a year. It would ill become my sex to declare what power you have over us; but your generosity is, even in this instance, greater than your desire to oblige. The following sheets were drawn up at my hours of leisure, and may be serviceable to such of my sex as are more willing to employ their time in laudable occupations and domestic economy, than in dress and dissipation. What reception they may receive from your Honour, I am incapable of telling; however, from your known candour and humanity, I expect the most favourable. I am, honoured Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant, "H. W."

A musician in his dedication still exceeds the other two in adulation. However, though the matter may be some impeachment on his sincerity, the manner in which it is written reflects no disgrace upon his understanding.

"To RICHARD NASH, Esq.

"SIR:—The kind partiality of my friends prevailed with me to present to the world these my first attempts in musical composition; and the generous protection you have been pleased to afford me, makes it my indispensable duty to lay them at your feet. Indeed, to whom could I presume to offer them, but to the great encourager of all polite arts; for

your generosity knows no bounds; nor are you more famed for that dignity of mind, which ennobles and gives a grace to every part of your conduct, than for that humanity and beneficence which makes you the friend and benefactor of all mankind. To you, the poor and the rich, the diseased and the healthy, the aged and the young, owe every comfort, every conveniency, and every innocent amusement, that the best heart, the most skilful management, and the most accomplished taste can furnish. Even this age, so deeply practised in all the subtleties of refined pleasure, gives you this testimony: even this age, so ardently engaged in all the ways of the most unbounded charity, gives you this praise. Pardon me then, if, amidst the crowd of votaries, I make my humble offering, if I seize this first opportunity of publicly expressing the grateful sentiments of my own heart and profound respect, with which I am, Sir, your most obliged, most devoted, and most obedient servant, "J. G."

I fancy I have almost fatigued the reader, and I am almost fatigued myself, with the efforts of these elegant panegyrists; however, I can't finish this run of quotation, without giving a specimen of poetry, addressed to him upon a certain occasion; and all I shall say in its defence is, that those who are pleased with the prose dedications will not dislike the present attempt in poetry.

"To Richard Nash, Esq.; on his Sickness at Tunbridge.

"Say, must the friend of human kind,
Of most refin'd—of most diffusive mind;
Must Nash himself beneath these ailments grieve?
He felt for all—he felt—but to relieve,
To heal the sick—the wounded to restore,
And bid desponding nature mourn no more.
Thy quick'ning warmth, O let thy patron feel,
Improve thy springs with double power to heal:
Quick, hither, all-inspiring Health, repair,
And save the gay—and wretched from despair;
Thou only Esra's drooping sons can'st cheer,
And stop the soft-ey'd virgin's trickling tear;
In murmurs who their Monarch's pains deplore;
While sickness faints, and pleasure is no more;
O let not Death, with hasty strides advance,
Thou, mildest Charity, avert the lance;
His threat'ning power, cœlestial maid! defeat;
Nor take him with thee, to thy well known seat;
Leave him on earth some longer date behind,
To bless,—to polish,—and relieve mankind:
Come then kind Health! O quickly come away,
Bid Nash revive—and all the world be gay."

Such addresses as these were daily offered to our titular

King. When in the meridian of power, scarce a morning passed that did not increase the number of his humble admirers, and enlarge the sphere of his vanity.

The man who is constantly served up with adulation, must be a first-rate philosopher, if he can listen without contracting new affectations. The opinion we form of ourselves is generally measured by what we hear from others; and when they conspire to deceive, we too readily concur in the delusion. Among the number of much applauded men in the circle of our own friends, we can recollect but few that have heads quite strong enough to bear a loud acclamation of public praise in their favour; among the whole list we shall scarce find one that has not thus been made, on some side of his character, a coxcomb.

When the best head turns and grows giddy with praise, is it to be wondered that poor Nash should be driven by it almost into a phrenzy of affectation? Towards the close of life he became affected. He chiefly laboured to be thought a sayer of good things; and by frequent attempts was now and then successful, for he ever lay upon the lurch.

There never perhaps was a more silly passion than this desire of having a man's jests recorded. For this purpose, it is necessary to keep ignorant or ill-bred company, who are only fond of repeating such stories; in the next place, a person must tell his own jokes, in order to make them more universal; but what is worst of all, scarce a joke of this kind succeeds, but at the expense of a man's good-nature; and he who exchanges the character of being thought agreeable for that of being thought witty, makes but a very bad bargain.

The success Nash sometimes met with led him on, when late in life, to mistake his true character. He was really agreeable, but he chose to be thought a wit. He therefore indulged his inclination, and never mattered how rude he was, provided he was thought comical. He thus got the applause he sought for; but too often found enemies, where he least expected to find them. Of all the jests recorded of him,[1] I scarce find one that is not marked with

[1] A collection of 'The Jests of Beau Nash' was published a year later than the date of this 'Life': see p. 153. But doubtless Nash's jests were in print before that publication.—Ed.

petulance: he said whatever came uppermost, and in the number of his remarks it might naturally be expected that some were worth repeating; he threw often, and sometimes had a lucky cast.

In a life of almost ninety years, spent in the very point of public view, it is not strange that five or six sprightly things of his have been collected, particularly as he took every opportunity of repeating them himself. His usual way, when he thought he said any thing clever, was to strengthen it with an oath,[1] and to make up its want of sentiment by asseveration and grimace. For many years he thus entertained the company at the coffee-house with old stories, in which he always made himself the principal character. Strangers liked this well enough: but they who were used to his conversation found it insupportable. One story brought on another, and each came in the same order that it had the day preceding. But this custom may be rather ascribed to the peculiarity of age, than a peculiarity of character. It seldom happens that old men allure, at least by novelty: age that shrivels the body contracts the understanding; instead of exploring new regions, they rest satisfied in the old, and walk round the circle of their former discoveries. His manner of telling a story, however, was not displeasing; but few of those he told are worth transcribing. Indeed, it is the manner which places the whole difference between the wit of the vulgar and of those who assume the name of the polite: one has in general as much good sense as the other; a story transcribed from the one will be as entertaining as that copied from the other; but in conversation, the manner will give charms even to stupidity. The following is the story which he most frequently told, and pretty much in these words. Suppose the company to be talking of a German war, or Elizabeth Canning, he would begin thus:—"I'll tell you something to that purpose, that I fancy will make you laugh. A covetous old parson, as rich as the devil, scraped a fresh acquaintance with me several years ago at Bath. I knew him when he and I were students at Oxford, where we

[1] Here, no doubt, we have some of the ground of Mr. Forster's theory that the character of Beau Tibbs is formed upon that of Beau Nash. See p. 48.—Ed.

both studied damnationly hard; but that's neither here nor there. Well; very well. I entertained him at my house in John's Court. (No, my house in John's Court was not built then);[1] but I entertained him with all that the city could afford; the rooms, the music, and every thing in the world. Upon his leaving Bath, he pressed me very hard to return the visit, and desired me to let him have the pleasure of seeing me at his house in Devonshire. About six months after, I happened to be in that neighbourhood, and was resolved to see my old friend, from whom I expected a very warm reception. Well: I knocks at his door, when an old queer creature of a maid came to the door, and denied him. I suspected, however, that he was at home; and going into the parlour, what should I see but the parson's legs up the chimney, where he had thrust himself to avoid entertaining me. This was very well. My dear, says I to the maid, it is very cold, extreme cold indeed, and I am afraid I have got a touch of my ague; light me the fire, if you please. La! sir, says the maid, who was a modest creature to be sure, the chimney smokes monstrously; you could not bear the room for three minutes together. By the greatest good luck there was a bundle of straw in the hearth, and I called for a candle. The candle came. Well! good woman, says I, since you won't light me a fire, I'll light one for myself; and in a moment the straw was all in a blaze. This quickly unkennelled the old fox; there he stood in an old rusty night gown, blessing himself, and looking like—a—hem—egad."

He used to tell surprising stories of his activity when young.—"Here I stand, gentlemen, that could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing jumps, backward or forward. One, two, three, dart like an arrow out of a bow. But I am old now. I remember I once leaped for three hundred guineas with Count Klopstock, the great leaper, leaping-master to the Prince of Passau;

[1] Nash lived successively in two houses in St. John's Court, Bath. His first house here was built about 1720. It is now the Garrick's Head. Mrs. Delany lived there after Nash. The Beau removed to the house now marked with a tablet, and used as a furniture warehouse.—Ed.

you must all have heard of him. First he began with the running jump, and a most damnable bounce it was, that's certain : every body concluded that he had the match hollow; when only taking off my hat, stripping off neither coat, shoes, nor stockings, mind me, I fetches a run, and went beyond him one foot, three inches and three-quarters, measured, upon my soul, by Captain Pately's own standard!"

But in this torrent of insipidity, there sometimes were found very severe satire, strokes of true wit, and lines of humour, *cum fluerent lutulentus, &c.* He rallied very successfully ; for he never felt another's joke, and drove home his own without pity. With his superiors he was familiar and blunt, the inferiority of his station secured him from their resentment; but the same bluntness which they laughed at, was by his equals regarded as insolence—something like a familiar boot-catcher at an inn ; a gentleman would bear that joke from him, for which a brother boot-catcher would knock him down.

Among other stories of Nash's telling, I remember one, which I the more cheerfully repeat, as it tends to correct a piece of impertinence that reigns in almost every country assembly. The principal inhabitants of a market-town at a distance from the capital, in order to encourage that harmony which ought to subsist in society, and to promote a mutual intercourse between the sexes, so desirable to both, and so necessary for all, had established a monthly assembly in the Town-hall, which was conducted with such decency, decorum, and politeness, that it drew the attention of the gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood, and a nobleman and his family continually honoured them with their presence. This naturally drew others, and in time the room was crowded with what the world calls good company; and the assembly prospered, till some of the new admitted ladies took it into their heads that the tradesmen's daughters were unworthy of their notice, and therefore refused to join hands with them in the dance. This was complained of by the town ladies, and that complaint was resented by the country gentlemen; who, more pert than wise, publicly advertised that they would not dance with tradesmen's daughters. This the most eminent tradesmen considered as an insult on themselves, and being men

of worth, and able to live independently, they in return advertised that they would give no credit out of their town, and desired all others to discharge their accounts. A general uneasiness ensued; some writs were actually issued out, and much distress would have happened, had not my lord, who sided with no party, kindly interfered and composed the difference. The assembly however was ruined, and the families, I am told, are not friends yet, though this affair happened thirty years ago.

Nothing debases human nature so much as pride. . . . . . This Nash knew, and endeavoured to stifle every emotion of it at Bath. When he observed any ladies so extremely delicate and proud of a pedigree, as to only touch the back of an inferior's hand in the dance, he always called to order, and desired them to leave the room or behave with common decency; and when any ladies and gentlemen drew off, after they had gone down a dance, without standing up till the dance was finished, he made up to them, and after asking whether they had done dancing, told them they should dance no more unless they stood up for the rest; and on these occasions he always was as good as his word.

Nash, though no great wit, had the art of sometimes saying rude things with decency, and rendering them pleasing by an uncommon turn. But most of the good things attributed to him, which have found their way into the jest-books, are no better than puns. The smartest things I have seen are against him. One day in the Grove he joined some ladies, and asking one of them who was crooked, whence she came? she replied, "straight from London." "Confound me, Madam," said he, "then you must have been damnably warpt by the way."

She soon, however, had ample revenge. Sitting the following evening in one of the rooms, he once more joined her company, and with a sneer and bow asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell the name of Tobit's dog? "His name, Sir, was Nash," replied the lady, "and an impudent dog he was." This story is told in a celebrated romance;[1] I only repeat it here to have an opportunity of observing, that it actually happened.

[1] Smollett's 'Roderick Random,' chap. lv.—Ed.

Queen Anne once asked him, why he would not accept of knighthood? To which he replied, lest Sir William Read, the mountebank, who had been just knighted, should call him brother.

A house in Bath was said to be haunted by the devil, and a great noise was made about it, when Nash going to the minister of St. Michael's, intreated him to drive the devil out of Bath for ever, if it were only to oblige the ladies.

Nash used sometimes to visit the great Doctor Clarke. The doctor was one day conversing with Locke and two or three more of his learned and intimate companions, with that freedom, gaiety, and cheerfulness, which is ever the result of innocence. In the midst of their mirth and laughter, the doctor, looking from the window, saw Nash's chariot stop at the door. "Boys, boys," cried the philosopher to his friends, "let us now be wise, for here is a fool coming."[1]

Nash was one day complaining in the following manner to the Earl of Chesterfield, of his bad luck at play. "Would you think it, my lord, that damned bitch Fortune, no later than last night, tricked me out of five hundred. Is it not surprising," continued he, "that my luck should never turn—that I should thus eternally be mauled?"—"I don't wonder at your losing money, Nash," says his lordship, "but all the world is surprised where you get it to lose."

Dr. Cheyne once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well; upon which he asked if he had followed his prescription? "Followed your prescription," cried Nash, "No. Egad, if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I flung it out of the two pair of stairs window."

It would have been well had he confined himself to such sallies; but as he grew old he grew insolent, and seemed, in some measure, insensible of the pain his attempts to be a wit gave others. Upon asking a lady to dance a minuet, if she refused he would often demand if she had got bandy

[1] Boswell tells the same story in his dedication of the 'Life of Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds (1791).—Ed.

legs. He would attempt to ridicule natural defects; he forgot the deference due to birth and quality, and mistook the manner of settling rank and precedence upon many occasions. He now seemed no longer fashionable among the present race of gentry; he grew peevish and fretful, and they who only saw the remnant of a man, severely returned that laughter upon him which he had once lavished upon others.

Poor Nash was no longer the gay, thoughtless, idly industrious creature he once was; he now forget how to supply new modes of entertainment, and became too rigid, to wind with ease through the vicissitudes of fashion. The evening of his life began to grow cloudy. His fortune was gone, and nothing but poverty lay in prospect. To embitter his hopes, he found himself abandoned by the great, whom he had long endeavoured to serve; and was obliged to fly to those of humbler stations for protection, whom he once affected to despise. He now began to want that charity which he had never refused to any; and to find that a life of dissipation and gaiety is ever terminated by misery and regret.

Even his place of Master of the Ceremonies (if I can trust the papers he has left behind him) was sought after. I would willingly be tender of any living reputation, but these papers accuse Mr. Quin of endeavouring to supplant him. He has even left us a letter, which he supposed was written by that gentleman, soliciting a lord for his interest upon the occasion. As I choose to give Mr. Quin an opportunity of disproving this, I will insert the letter, and to show the improbability of its being his, with all its faults both of style and spelling. I am the less apt to believe it written by Mr. Quin, as a gentleman who has mended Shakspear's plays so often would surely be capable of something more correct than the following. It was sent, as it should seem, from Mr. Quin to a nobleman, but left open for the perusal of an intermediate friend. It was this friend who sent a copy of it to Mr. Nash, who caused it to be instantly printed and left among his other papers. The letter from the intermediate friend to Nash is as follows:—

"London, Oct. 8, 1760.

"DEAR NASH,—Two posts ago I received a letter from Quin, the old player, covering one to my lord, which he left open for my perusal, which after reading, he desired I might seal up and deliver. The request he makes is so extraordinary, that it has induced me to send you the copy of his letter to my lord, which is as follows:—

"'Bath, Oct. 3, 1760.

"'MY DER LORD,[1]—Old beaux Knash has mead himselfe so disagreeable to all the company that comes here to Bath that the corperation of this city have it now under their consideration to remove him from being master of the cereymoines, should he be continuead the inhabitants of this city will be rueind, as the best companey declines to come to Bath on his acc^{t}. Give me leave to show to your Lords'hip how he beheaved at the first ball he had here thiss season, which was Tus'day last. A younge Lady was as'ked to dance a minueat she begg the gent^{m} would be pleased to exquise here as' she did not chuse to dance; upon thiss old Nash called out so as to be head by all the companey in the room, G—— dam yo, Madam, what buisness have yo here if yo do not dance, upon which the Lady was so afrighted, she rose and danced, the ress'et of the companey was so much offended at the rudness of Nash that not one Lady more would dance a minueat that night. In country dances no person of note danced except two boys, Lords S—— and T—— the res't of the companey that danced waire only the families of all the haberdas'hers machinnkes and innkeepers in the three kingdoms brushed up and colexted togither. I have known upon such an occaison as thiss seventeen Dutchess' and Contiss' to be at the opening of the ball at Bath now not one. This man by his' pride and extravagancis has outlived his reasein it would be happy for thiss city that he was ded; and is now only fitt to reed Shirlock upon death by which he may seave his soul and gaine more than all the proffitts he can make, by his white hatt, suppose it was to be died red: The fav^{r} I have now to reques't by

[1] Can any one who reads what precedes and what follows this letter, suppose that we thought it was written by Mr. Quin, or that it would give any uneasiness either to him or his friends? The letter was really found among Mr. Nash's papers, as the editor can at any time prove, and it was inserted here to show what artifices were used by those who had more levity than good nature to impose upon a poor old man, and to embitter his last moments. This note has been rendered necessary by a piece of criticism without candour, and an epigram without wit which appeared on this occasion in the public papers.—GOLDSMITH's note in the second edition. [The criticism and epigram appeared in the *St. James's Magazine* (edited by R. Lloyd), 1762 (vol. i., p. 129). Goldsmith's explanation is sufficient, we think, to show his good faith in the matter, though no doubt he acted injudiciously in publishing the hoaxing letter in the lifetime of the old actor. Quin lived his last days in Bath, and died there in 1766. He retired from the stage in 1749, and was seventy-three when he died. His tomb in the Abbey Church has an epitaph by Garrick.—ED.]

which I now have wrote yo, is that your Lordship will speke to Mr. Pitt, for to recommend me to the corporeatian of this city to succede this old sinner as master of the cerremonies, and yo will much oblige, my Lord,

"'Your Lordˢ and Hueˢ Obᵗ Servᵗ.'

"N.B. There were some other private matters and offers in Quin's letter to my lord, which do not relate to you."

Here Nash, if I may be permitted the use of a polite and fashionable phrase, was humm'd; but he experienced such rubs as these, and a thousand other mortifications, every day.[1] He found poverty now denied him the indulgence not only of his favourite follies, but of his favourite virtues. The poor now solicited him in vain; for he was himself a more pitiable object than they. The child of the public seldom has a friend, and he who once exercised his wit at the expense of others must naturally have enemies. Exasperated at last to the highest degree, an unaccountable whim struck him. Poor Nash was resolved to become an author; he who, in the vigour of manhood, was incapable of the task, now at the impotent age of eighty-six, was determined to write his own history! From the many specimens already given of his style, the reader will not much regret that the historian was interrupted in his design. Yet, as Montaigne observes, as the adventures of an infant, if an infant could inform us of them, would be pleasing, so the life of a beau, if a beau could write, would certainly serve to regale curiosity.

Whether he really intended to put this design in execution, or did it only to alarm the nobility, I will not take upon me to determine; but certain it is, that his friends went about collecting subscriptions for the work, and he received several encouragements from such as were willing to be politely charitable. It was thought by many, that this history would reveal the intrigues of a whole age; that he had numberless secrets to disclose; but they never considered, that persons of public character like him, were the most unlikely in the world to be made partakers of those secrets which people desired the public should not know.

[1] All this concerning the supposed letter of Quin, excepting Goldsmith's note, appeared in the first edition; yet it is omitted by Prior.—Ed.

In fact, he had few secrets to discover, and those he had are now buried with him in the grave.

He was now past the power of giving or receiving pleasure, for he was poor, old, and peevish; yet still he was incapable of turning from his former manner of life to pursue happiness. The old man endeavoured to practise the follies of the boy: he spurred on his jaded passions after every trifle of the day; tottering with age, he would be ever an unwelcome guest in the assemblies of the youthful and gay, and he seemed willing to find lost appetite among those scenes where he was once young.

An old man thus striving after pleasure is indeed an object of pity; but a man at once old and poor, running on in this pursuit, might excite astonishment. To see a being both by fortune and constitution rendered incapable of enjoyment, still haunting those pleasures he was no longer to share in; to see one of almost ninety settling the fashion of a lady's cap, or assigning her place in a country dance; to see him unmindful of his own reverend figure, or the respect he should have for himself, toasting demi-reps, or attempting to entertain the lewd and idle;—a sight like this might well serve as a satire on humanity; might show that man is the only preposterous creature alive who pursues the shadow of pleasure without temptation.

But he was not permitted to run on thus without severe and repeated reproof. The clergy sent him frequent calls to reformation; but the asperity of their advice in general abated its intended effects; they threatened him with fire and brimstone, for what he had long been taught to consider as foibles, and not vices; so, like a desperate debtor, he did not care to settle an account, that, upon the first inspection, he found himself utterly unable to pay. Thus begins one of his monitors:—

"This admonition comes from your friend, and one that has your interest deeply at heart. It comes on a design altogether important, and of no less consequence than your everlasting happiness, so that it may justly challenge your careful regard. It is not to upbraid or reproach, much less to triumph or insult over your misconduct or misery; no, 'tis pure benevolence, it is disinterested goodwill, prompts me to write. I hope therefore I shall not raise your resentment. Yet be the consequence what it will, I cannot bear to see you walk in the paths

that lead to death without warning you of the danger,—without sounding in your ear the awful[1] admonition, 'Return and live! Why do you such things? I hear of your evil dealings by all this people.' I have long observed and pitied you, and must tell you plainly, Sir, that your present behaviour is not the way to reconcile yourself to God. You are so far from making atonement to offended justice that each moment you are aggravating the future account, and heaping up an increase of His anger. As long as you roll on in a continued circle of sensual delights and vain entertainments, you are dead to all the purposes of piety and virtue. You are as odious to God as a corrupt carcase that lies putrefying in the churchyard. You are as far from doing your duty, or endeavouring after salvation, or restoring yourself to the Divine favour, as a heap of dry bones nailed up in a coffin is from vigour and activity. . . . Think, Sir, I conjure you, think upon this, if you have any inclination to escape the fire that will never be quenched. Would you be rescued from the fury and fierce anger of God? Would you be delivered from weeping, and wailing, and incessant knashing of teeth? Sure you would! But be certain that this will never be done by amusements which at best are trifling and impertinent, and for that, if for no other reason, foolish and sinful. 'Tis by seriousness, 'tis by retirement and mourning, you must accomplish this great and desirable deliverance. You must not appear at the head of every silly diversion, you must enter into your closet and shut the door;—commune with your own heart and search out its defects. The pride of life and all its superfluity of follies must be put away. You must make haste, and delay not, to keep every injunction of heaven. You must always remember that mighty sinners must be mightily penitent, or else mightily tormented. Your example and your projects have been extremely *prejudicial*—I wish I could not say *fatal* and *destructive*—to many. For this there is no amends but an alteration of your conduct, as signal and remarkable as your *person* and *name*. If you do not by this method remedy in some degree the evils that you have sent abroad, and prevent the mischievous consequences that may ensue . . . wretched will you be, wretched above all men to eternity. The blood of souls will be laid to your charge. God's jealousy, like a consuming flame, will smoke against you; as you yourself will see in that day, when the mountains shall quake, and the hills melt, and the earth be burnt up at his presence.

"Once more then I exhort you as a friend; I beseech you as a brother; I charge you as a messenger from God in his own most solemn words, 'Cast away from you your transgressions, make you a new heart, and a new spirit; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.'

"Perhaps you may be disposed to contemn this, and its serious purport, or to recommend it to your companions as a subject for raillery. . . . Yet let me tell you beforehand, that for this, as well as for other things, God will bring you to judgment. He sees me now I write. He will observe you while you read. He notes down my words; he will also note down your consequent procedure. Not then upon me—not upon

[1] Both first and second editions have "lawful," which is most likely a misprint.—Ed.

me, but upon your own soul will the neglecting or the despising my sayings turn. 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it.'"[1]

Thus we see a variety of causes concurred to embitter his departing life. The weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature; the admonitions of the grave, who aggravated his follies into vices; the ingratitude of his dependants, who formerly flattered his fortunes; but particularly the contempt of the great, many of whom quite forgot him in his wants; all these hung upon his spirits and soured his temper, and the poor man of pleasure might have terminated his life very tragically, had not the corporation of Bath charitably resolved to grant him ten guineas the first Monday of every month. This bounty served to keep him from actual necessity, though far too trifling to enable him to support the character of a gentleman. Habit, and not nature, makes almost all our wants; and he who had been accustomed in the early parts of life to affluence and prodigality, when reduced to a hundred and twenty-six pounds a year must pine in actual indigence.

In this variety of uneasiness his health began to fail. He had received from nature a robust and happy constitution, that was scarce even to be impaired by intemperance. He even pretended, among his friends, that he never followed a single prescription in his life. However, in this he was one day detected on the parade; for boasting there of his contempt and utter disuse of medicine, unluckily the water of two blisters, which Dr. Oliver had prescribed, and

[1] Prior omits this admonition, though it is in both Goldsmith's editions. After it in the text of the first edition came the following paragraph. It is a very hearty defence of Nash, and was, perhaps, accidentally omitted from the second edition:—"Such repeated admonitions served to sting, without reforming him; they made him morose, but not pious. The dose was too strong for the patient to bear. He should have been met with smiles, and allured into reformation; if indeed he was criminal. But, in the name of piety, what was there criminal in his conduct? He had long been taught to consider his trifling profession as a very serious and important business. He went through his office with great gravity, solemnity, and care; why then denounce peculiar torments against a poor harmless creature, who did a thousand good things, and whose greatest vice was vanity? He deserved ridicule, indeed, and he found it; but scarce a single action of his life, except one, deserves the asperity of reproach."—Ed.

which he then had upon each leg, oozed through his stockings, and betrayed him. His aversion to physic, however, was frequently a topic of raillery between him and Dr. Cheyne, who was a man of some wit and breeding. When Cheyne recommended his vegetable diet, Nash would swear that his design was to send half the world grazing like Nebuchadnezzar. "Ay," Cheyne would reply, "Nebuchadnezzar was never such an infidel as thou art. It was but last week, gentlemen, that I attended this fellow in a fit of sickness; there I found him rolling up his eyes to heaven, and crying for mercy: he would then swallow my drugs like breast milk; yet you now hear him, how the old dog blasphemes the faculty." What Cheyne said in jest was true; he feared the approaches of death more than the generality of mankind, and was generally very devout while it threatened him. Though he was somewhat the libertine in action,[1] none believed or trembled more than he; for a mind neither schooled by philosophy nor encouraged by conscious innocence, is ever timid at the appearance of danger.

For some time before his decease nature gave warning of his approaching dissolution. The worn machine had run itself down to an utter impossibility of repair; he saw that he must die, and shuddered at the thought. His virtues were not of the great, but the amiable kind; so that fortitude was not among the number. Anxious, timid, his thoughts still hanging on a receding world, he desired to enjoy a little longer that life, the miseries of which he had experienced so long. The poor unsuccessful gamester husbanded the wasting moments with an increased desire to continue the game, and to the last eagerly wished for one yet more happy throw. He died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, on the 12th of February, 1761, aged eighty-seven years, three months, and some days.[2]

[1] Though both the author's editions have "action," Prior and Cunningham have preferred to read "words."—Ed.

[2] Here, in the first edition, Goldsmith attached a foot-note as follows:—"This account of his age, which contradicts that given us by Dr. Oliver, was copied from Mr. Nash's own hand-writing, by George Scott, Esq., from a book in the possession of Mr. Charles Morgan, at his coffee-house at Bath." The note was not given in the second edition.

His death was sincerely regretted by the city, to which he had been so long and so great a benefactor. The day after he died, the Mayor of Bath called the corporation together, when they granted fifty pounds towards burying their sovereign with proper respect.[1] After the corpse had lain four days, it was conveyed to the Abbey church in that city, with a solemnity somewhat peculiar to his character. About five the procession moved from his house; the charity-girls, two and two, preceded; next the boys of the charity-school, singing a solemn occasional hymn.[2] Next marched

It will be seen, at p. 136, that Dr. Oliver's date of Nash's death is Feb. 13. Tunstall ('Rambles About Bath,' 1848), has Feb. 12. Warner, Britton, and Peach give the date as Feb. 3; and Goldsmith himself gave Feb. 3 in his first edition, but this he altered to Feb. 12 in a list of "Errata" at the end of that edition. See also p. 154.—Ed.

[1] Mr. Peach gives the following extract from the Corporation Minute-Book:—"1761, Feb. 14. Atwood, Mayor. 'Shall the funeral of Mr. Nash be defrayed at the expense of the Chamber, at a sum not exceeding fifty guineas, under the direction of Mr. Mayor and Mr. Chamberlain? Yes.'" This agrees better with Goldsmith's and Oliver's and Tunstall's dates of the death—the 12th and 13th of Feb.—than with Mr. Peach's own date, Feb. 3 (which is also Warner's and Britton's date); for if Nash died on Feb. 3, the 14th of that month would be rather a long date after to be deciding upon his funeral.—Ed.

[2] *The* Hymn *Sung at his Funeral.*

I.

Most unhappy are we here,
Full of sin and full of fear,
Ever weary, ne'er at rest,
When, O Lord, shall we be blest?

II.

Earth's a clog, a pageant life,
Fill'd with folly, guilt, and strife;
'Till we all unite in thee,
With ourselves we disagree.

III.

What's our comfort here below,
Empty bubble, transient show;
Wrapt in the body's vile disguise,
None truly is until he dies.

IV.

Here we dwell, but not at home,
To other worlds ordain'd to roam;
Yet still we seek for joys that waste,
Fleeting as the vernal blast.

the city music, and his own band, sounding at proper intervals a dirge. Three clergymen immediately preceded the coffin, which was adorned with sable plumes, and the pall supported by the six senior aldermen. The masters of the assembly-rooms followed as chief-mourners; the beadles of that hospital which he had contributed so largely to endow, went next; and last of all the poor patients themselves, the lame, the emaciated, and the feeble, followed their old benefactor to his grave, shedding unfeigned tears, and lamenting themselves in him.

The crowd was so great, that not only the streets were filled, but, as one of the journals in a Rant expresses it, "even the tops of the houses were covered with spectators. Each thought the occasion affected themselves most; as when a real king dies, they asked each other, 'Where shall we find such another?' Sorrow sate upon every face, and even children lisped that their Sovereign was no more. The awfulness of the solemnity made the deepest impression on the minds of the distressed inhabitants. The peasant discontinued his toil, the ox rested from the plough; all nature seemed to sympathize with their loss, and the muffled bells rung a peal of bob-majors." [1]

Our deepest solemnities have something truly ridiculous in them. There is somewhat ludicrous in the folly of historians, who thus declaim upon the death of kings and princes, as if there was any thing dismal, or any thing unusual, in it. "For my part," says Poggi, the Florentine, "I can no more grieve for another's death than I could for my own. I have ever regarded death as a very trifling affair, nor can black staves, long cloaks, or mourning coaches, in the least influence my spirits. Let us live here as long and as merrily as we can, and when we

v.

Lord remove these shadows hence,
Give us faith instead of sense;
Teach us here in life to die,
That we may live eternally.

GOLDSMITH'S note. [In both Goldsmith's editions, but not given by Prior.—ED.]

[1] In 1790 the monument in the Abbey Church was erected. It has an epitaph by Dr. Harrington, who was the chief promoter of the erection.—ED.

must die, why let us die merrily too, but die so as to be happy."

The few things he was possessed of were left to his relations. A small library of well-chosen books, some trinkets and pictures, were his only inheritance. Among the latter (besides the box given to him by the Prince of Wales), were a gold hox, which was presented to him by the Countess of Burlington,[1] with Lady Euston's picture in the lid, an *étui*,[2] mounted in gold, with a diamond to open it, and ornamented with another diamond at the top, given him by the Princess Dowager of Wales. He had also [3]a silver terene, which was given him by the Princess Amelia, and[3] some other things of no great value. The rings, watches, and pictures, which he formerly received from others, would have come to a considerable amount; but these his necessities had obliged him to dispose of. Some family pictures, however, remained, which were sold by advertisement, for five guineas each, after Mr. Nash's decease.

It was natural to expect that the death of a person so long in the eye of the public must have produced a desire in several to delineate his character, or deplore his loss. He was scarce dead, when the public papers were filled with elegies, groans, and characters; and before he was buried there were epitaphs ready made to inscribe on his stone. I remember one of those character writers, and a very grave one, too, after observing, alas! that Richard Nash, Esq. was no more, went on to assure us, that he was "sagacious, *debonair*, and *commode*;" and concluded with gravely declaring, that "impotent posterity would in vain fumble to produce his fellow." Another, equally sorrowful, gave us to know, "that he was indeed a man;" an assertion which I fancy none will be so hardy as to contradict. But

[1] The first edition has "late Countess of Burlington."—Ed.

[2] The first edition has "an agate etui." Old Briggs, in Miss Burney's 'Cecilia,' says:—"And now pray how does he cut up? what has he left behind him? a *twey*-case, I suppose," &c.; and Mrs. Ellis in a note to the passage explains that:—"An *étui* is a closely fitting case for anything, from a hat down to needles. A gentleman's '*twey case*' was most likely a narrow, oblong pocket-case, containing a little mirror, tweezers, and so forth."—Ed.

[3]-[3] Not in the first edition.—Ed.

the merriest of all the lamentations made upon this occasion was that where he is called "a constellation of the heavenly sphere."

One thing, however, is common almost with all of them; and that is, that Venus, Cupid, and the Graces are commanded to weep; and that Bath shall never find such another. But though he was satirized with the praises of those, yet there were some of real abilities who undertook to do justice to his character, to praise him for his virtues, and acknowledge his faults. I need scarcely mention that Dr. Oliver and Dr. King are of this number. They had honoured him with their friendship while living, and undertook to honour his memory when dead. As the reader may choose to compare their efforts upon the same subject, I have subjoined them, and perhaps many will find in either enough, upon so unimportant a subject as Mr. Nash's life, to satisfy curiosity. The first published was that by Dr. Oliver,[1] written with much good sense, and still more good nature. But the reader will consider that he has assumed in his motto the character of a panegyrist, and spares his friend's faults, though he was too candid entirely to pass them over in silence:

A faint Sketch of the Life, Character, and Manners of the late Mr. Nash.[2]

Imperium in Imperio.——
De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

Bath, February 13, 1761.

This morning died [3]

RICHARD NASH, Esquire,

Aged eighty-eight.

[1] Dr. William Oliver, a physician of Bath, the second of that name. He was also a man of literary taste and talents, and published, among other things, 'A Practical Treatise on the Use and Abuse of Warm Baths.' He died in 1764. See also note at p. 154.—Ed.

[2] Bath, printed for John Keene, in King's Mead-street, and sold by W. Kingston, on Trim Bridge, 4to., price three-pence.—Ed.

[3] See other dates put forth as the death date, pp. 132, 133, 154.—Ed.

He was by birth a gentleman, an ancient Briton;[1] By education, a student of Jesus College in Oxford; By profession . . . . . His natural genius was too volatile for any. He tried the army and the law; But soon found his mind superior to both—He was *born to govern*. Nor was his dominion, like that of other legislators, Over the servility of the vulgar, But over the pride of the noble and the opulent. His public character was great, As it was self-built and self-maintained: His private amiable, As it was grateful, beneficent, and generous. By the force of genius He erected the city of Bath into a province of pleasure, And became, by universal consent, Its legislator and ruler. He plann'd, improv'd, and regulated all the amusements of the place; His fundamental law was, that of good breeding; *Hold sacred decency* and *decorum*, His constant maxim: Nobody, however exalted, By beauty, blood, titles, or riches, Could be guilty of a breach of it, unpunished—The penalty, *his disapprobation* and *public shame*. To maintain the sovereignty he had established, He published Rules of Behaviour, Which from their propriety, acquired the force of laws; And which the highest never infring'd, without immediately undergoing The public censure. He *kept the Men in order;* By wisely prohibiting the wearing swords in his dominions; By which means He prevented sudden passion from causing The bitterness of unavailing repentance. In all quarrels he was chosen Umpire—And so just were his decisions, That peace generally triumphed, Crowned with the mutual thanks of both parties. He *kept the Ladies in good-humour, and decorum;* By a nice observance of the rules of place and precedence; By ordaining scandal to be the infallible mark Of a foolish head and a malicious heart, Always rendering more suspicious The reputation of her who propagated it, Than that of the person abused. Of the young, the gay, the heedless fair, Just launching upon the dangerous sea of pleasure, He was ever, unsolicited (sometimes unregarded) The kind protector: Humanely correcting even their mistakes in dress, As well as improprieties in conduct: Nay, often warning them, Though at the hazard of his life, Against the artful snares of designing men, Or an improper acquaintance with women of doubtful characters. Thus did he establish his government on pillars Of honour and politeness, Which could never be shaken: And maintained it, for full half a century, With reputation, honour, and undisputed authority; Beloved, respected, and revered.

Of his private character, be it the first praise, That while, by his conduct, the highest ranks became his subjects, He himself became The servant of the poor and the distressed: Whose cause he ever pleaded amongst the rich, And enforced with the prevailing eloquence of a good example: They were ashamed not to relieve those wants To which they saw him administer with So noble a heart, and so liberal a hand. Nor was his munificence confined to particulars, He being, to all the public charities of this city, A liberal benefactor; Not only by his own most generous subscriptions, But, by always assuming, in their behalf, the character of A sturdy beggar; Which he performed with such an

[1] This and the following epitaph are so long that we have made the lines "run on," to save space. The commencement of each line in the originals, however, may be distinguished by the capital letters.—Ed.

authoritative address To all ranks, without distinction, That few of the worst hearts had courage to refuse, What their own inclinations would not have prompted them to bestow. Of a noble public spirit And A warm grateful heart, The obelisk in the Grove, And The beautiful needle in the Square, Are magnificent testimonies: The One By him erected to preserve the memory of a Most interesting event to his country, The restitution of health, by the healing waters of this place, To the illustrious prince of Orange, Who came hither in a most languishing condition: The Other, A noble offering of thanks, To the late Prince of WALES,[1] and his royal Consort, *For favours bestowed, And honours by them conferred on this city.*

His long and peaceful reign, of Absolute power, Was so tempered by his Excessive good-nature, That no instance can be given either of his own cruelty, Or of his suffering that of others to escape Its proper reward: Example unprecedented amongst absolute monarchs.

READER. This monarch was a man. And had his foibles, and his faults; Which we would wish covered with the veil of good-nature, Made of the same piece with his own: But, truth forceth us unwillingly to confess, His passions were strong; Which, as they fired him to act strenuously in good, Hurried him to some excesses of evil. His fire, not used to be kept under by an early restraint, Burst out too often into flaming acts, Without waiting for the cool approbation of his judgment. His generosity was so great, That prudence often whispered him, in vain, That she feared it would enter the neighbouring confines of profusion: His charity so unbounded, That the severe might suspect it sometimes to be The offspring of folly, or ostentation. With all these, be they foibles, follies, faults, or frailties, It will be difficult to point out, amongst his cotemporary Kings of the whole earth, More than ONE Who hath fewer, or less pernicious to mankind. His existence (For life it scarcely might be called) Was spun out to so great an age, that The *man* Was sunk, like many former heroes, in The weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature; The unwilling tax all animals must pay For multiplicity of days. Over his closing scene, Charity long spread her all-covering mantle, And dropped the curtain, Before the poor actor, though he had[2] played his part, Was permitted to quit the stage. Now may she protect his memory! Every friend of Bath, Every lover of decency, decorum, and good breeding, Must sincerely deplore The loss of so excellent a governor; And join in the most fervent wishes (would I could say hopes) That there may soon be found a man *Able and worthy*, To succeed him.[3]

The reader sees in what alluring colours Mr. Nash's character is drawn; but he must consider, that an intimate

[1] Prince Frederick, son of George II., who died in 1751.—ED.

[2] "Had" is inserted from the first edition.—ED.

[3] Samuel Derrick, whom Dr. Johnson spoke kindly of, and who was Boswell's "first tutor in the ways of London," succeeded Nash as Master of the Ceremonies of Bath. See, however, p. 153. Derrick died in 1769.—ED.

friend held the pencil; the Doctor professes to say nothing of the dead but what was good; and such a maxim, though it serves his departed friend, is but badly calculated to improve the living. Dr. King,[1] in his Epitaph, however, is still more indulgent; he produces him as an example to kings, and prefers his laws even to those of Solon or Lycurgus.

EPITAPHIUM RICHARDI NASH, ARMIGERI.

H. S. E.

RICHARDUS NASH,

Obscuro loco natus, Et nullis ortus majoribus: Cui tamen (O rem miram, et incredibilem!) Regnum opulentissimum florentissimumque Plebs, proceres, principes, Liberis suis suffragiis Ultrò detulerunt, Quod et ipse summâ cum dignitate tenuit, Annos plus quinquaginta, Universo populo consentiente, approbante, plaudente. Una voce præterea, unoque omnium ordinum consensu, Ad imperium suum adjuncta est Magni nominis [2] Provincia: Quam admirabili consilio et ratione Per se, non unquam per legatos, administravit; Eam quotannis invisere dignatus, Et apud provinciales, quoad necesse fuit, Solitus manere. In tantâ fortunâ Neque fastu turgidus Rex incessu patuit, Neque, tyrannorum more, se jussit coli, Aut amplos honores, titulosque sibi arrogavit; Sed cuncta insignia, etiam regium diadema rejiciens, Caput contentus fuit ornare GALERO ALBO, Manifesto animi sui candoris signo. LEGISLATOR prudentissimus Vel Solone et Lycurgo illustrior, Leges, quascunque voluit, Statuit, fixit, promulgavit; Omnes quidem cùm civibus suis, Tum verò hospitibus, advenis, peregrinis Gratas, jucundas, utiles. VOLUPTATUM arbiter et minister, Sed gravis, sed elegans, sed urbanus, Et in summâ comitate satìs adhibens severitatis, Imprimis curavit, Ut in virorum et fœminarum cœtibus Nequis impudenter faceret, Neque in iis quod inesset Impuritatis, clamoris, tumulti. CIVITATEM hanc celeberrimam, Delicias suas, Non modò pulcherrimis ædificiis auxit, Sed præclarâ disciplinâ et moribus ornavit: Quippe nemo quisquam To PREPON melius intellexit, excoluit, docuit. JUSTUS, liberalis, benignus, facetus, Atque amicus omnibus, præcipuè miseris et egenis, Nullos habuit inimicos, Præter magnos quosdam ardeliones, Et declamatores eos tristes et fanaticos, Qui generi humano sunt inimicissimi. PACIS et patriæ amans, Concordiam, felicem et perpetuam, In regno suo constituit, Usque adeò, Ut nullus alteri petulanter maledicere, Aut facto nocere auderet; Neque, tanquam sibi metuens, In publicum armatus prodire. FUIT quanquam potentissimus, Omnia arbitrio suo gubernans: Haud tamen ipsa libertas Magìs usquam floruit Gratiâ, gloriâ, auctoritate.

[1] Dr. William King, Dr. Johnson's Jacobite friend, and the author of 'The Toast,' a political satire, published anonymously, 'Anecdotes of His Own Times,' &c. He died Dec. 30, 1763. See note, p. 154.—ED.

[2] Tunbridge.—Note by GOLDSMITH.

Singulare enim temperamentum invenit, (Rem magnæ cogitationis, Et rerum omnium fortasse difficillimam) Quo ignobiles cum nobilibus, pauperes cum divitibus, Indocti cum doctissimis, ignavi cum fortissimis Æquari se putarent, REX OMNIBUS IDEM. QUICQUID PECCAVERIT, (Nam peccamus omnes) In seipsum magìs, quàm in alios, Et errore, aut imprudentiâ magìs quam scelere, aut improbitate. Peccavit; Nusquam verô ignoratione decori, aut honesti, Neque ità quidem usquam, Ut non veniam ab humanis omnibus Facilè impetrârit. HUJUS vitæ morumque exemplar Si cæteri reges, regulique, Et quotquot sunt regnorum præfecti, Imitarentur; (Utinam! iterumque utinam!) Et ipsi essent beati, Et cunctæ orbis regiones beatissimæ. TALEM virum, tantumque ademptum Lugeant musæ, charitesque! Lugeant Veneres, Cupidinesque! Lugeant omnes juvenum et nympharum chori! Tu verò, O BATHONIA, Ne cesses tuum lugere Principem, præceptorem, amicum, patronum; Heu, heu, nunquam posthàc Habitura parem!

The following translation of this Epitaph will give the English reader an idea of its contents, though not of its elegance:—

THE EPITAPH OF RICHARD NASH, ESQ.

Here lies
RICHARD NASH,

Born in an obscure village, And from mean ancestors. To whom, however, Strange to relate, Both the vulgar and the mighty, Without bribe or compulsion, Unanimously gave A kingdom, equally rich and flourishing. A kingdom which he governed More than fifty years, With universal approbation and applause. To his empire also was added, By the consent of all orders, A celebrated province [1] Which he ever swayed with great prudence, Not by delegated power, but in person. He deigned to visit it every year, And while the necessities of state demanded his presence, He usually continued there. In such greatness of fortune His pride discovered itself by no marks of dignity; Nor did he ever claim the honours of prostration. Despising at once titles of adulation, And laying aside all royal splendour, Wearing not even the diadem, He was content with being distinguish'd only by the ornamental ensign Of a white hat; A symbol of the candour of his mind. He was a most prudent legislator, And more remarkable even than Solon or Lycurgus. He at once established and authorized Whatever laws were thought convenient, Which were equally serviceable to the city, And grateful to strangers, Who made it their abode. He was at once a provider and a judge of pleasures, But still conducted them with gravity and elegance, And repress'd licentiousness with severity. His chief care was employed, In preventing obscenity or impudence From offending the modesty or the morals Of the Fair Sex. And in banishing from

[1] Tunbridge.—Note by GOLDSMITH.

their Assemblies Tumult, clamour, and abuse. He not only adorned this city, Which he loved, With beautiful structures, But improved it by his example; As no man knew, no man taught, what was becoming Better than he. He was just, liberal, kind, and facetious; A friend to all, but particularly to the poor. He had no enemies, Except some of the trifling great, Or dull declaimers, foes to all mankind. Equally a lover of peace and of his country; He fix'd a happy and lasting concord In his kingdom, So that none dare convey scandal, or injure by open violence the universal peace, Or even by carrying arms appear prepar'd for war, With impunity. But though his power was boundless, Yet never did liberty flourish more; which he promoted, Both by his authority, and cultivated for his fame. He found out the happy secret (A thing not to be considered without surprise) Of uniting the vulgar and the great, The poor and the rich, The learn'd and ignorant, The cowardly and the brave, In the bonds of society, an equal king to all. Whatever his faults were, For we all have faults, They were rather obnoxious to himself than others; They arose neither from imprudence nor mistake, Never from dishonesty or corrupt principle, But so harmless were they, That though they fail'd to create our esteem, Yet can they not want our pardon. Could other kings and governors But learn to imitate his example, (Would to heaven they could!) Then might they see themselves happy, And their people still enjoying more true felicity. Ye Muses and Graces mourn His death; Ye powers of Love, ye choirs of youth and virgins, But thou, O Bathonia! more than the rest, Cease not to weep, Your king, your teacher, patron, friend, Never, ah, never, to behold His equal.

Whatever might have been justly observed of Mr. Nash's superiority as a governor, at least it may be said, that few cotemporary kings have met with such able panegyrists. The former enumerates all his good qualities with tenderness, and the latter enforces them with impetuosity. They both seem to have loved him, and honourably paid his remains the last debt of friendship. But a cool biographer, unbiassed by resentment or regard, will probably find nothing in the man either truly great, or strongly vicious. His virtues were all amiable, and more adapted to procure friends than admirers; they were more capable of raising love than esteem. He was naturally endued with good sense; but by having been long accustomed to pursue trifles, his mind shrunk to the size of the little objects on which it was employed. His generosity was boundless, because his tenderness and his vanity were in equal proportion; the one impelling him to relieve misery, and the other to make his benefactions known. In all his actions, however virtuous, he was guided by sensation and not by

reason; so that the uppermost passion was ever sure to prevail. His being constantly in company had made him an easy though not a polite companion. He chose to be thought rather an odd fellow than a well-bred man; perhaps that mixture of respect and ridicule with which his mock royalty was treated, first inspired him with this resolution. The foundations of his empire were laid in vicious compliance, the continuance of his reign was supported by a virtuous impartiality. In the beginning of his authority, he in reality obeyed those whom he pretended to govern; towards the end, he attempted to extort a real obedience from his subjects, and supported his right by prescription. Like a monarch Tacitus talks of, they complied with him at first because they loved, they obeyed at last because they feared him. He often led the rich into new follies, in order to promote the happiness of the poor, and served the one at the expense of the other. Whatever his vices were, they were of use to society; and this neither Petronius, nor Apicius, nor Tigellius, nor any other professed voluptuary could say. To set him up, as some do, for a pattern of imitation, is wrong, since all his virtues received a tincture from the neighbouring folly; to denounce peculiar judgments against him is equally unjust, as his faults raise rather our mirth than our detestation. He was fitted for the station in which fortune placed him. It required no great abilities to fill it, and few of great abilities but would have disdained the employment. He led a life of vanity, and long mistook it for happiness. Unfortunately, he was taught at last to know that a man of pleasure leads the most unpleasant life in the world.[1]

*A Letter from Mr. * * * in Tunbridge to Lord ——— in London; found among the Papers of Mr.* Nash, *and prepared by him for the press:*[2]

"My Lord:—What I foresaw has arrived, poor Jenners, after losing all his fortune, has shot himself through the head. His losses to Bland

[1] This summary of Beau Nash's character hardly warrants Mr. Peach's *dictum* that "Goldsmith's 'Life of Nash' is a vast apology." The concluding sentiment is also in the Voltaire memoir, vol. iv., p. 42.—Ed.

[2] "The letter thus introduced, judging by the evidence of style, was

were considerable, and his playing soon after with Spedding contributed to hasten his ruin. No man was ever more enamoured of play, or understood it less. At whatever game he ventured his money, he was most usually the dupe, and still foolishly attributed to his bad luck those misfortunes that entirely proceeded from his want of judgment.

"After finding that he had brought on himself irreparable indigence and contempt, his temper, formerly so sprightly, began to grow gloomy and unequal: he grew more fond of solitude, and more liable to take offence at supposed injuries; in short, for a week before he shot himself, his friends were of opinion that he meditated some such horrid design. He was found in his chamber fallen on the floor, the bullet having glanced on the bone, and lodged behind his right eye.

"You remember, my lord, what a charming fellow this deluded man was once. How benevolent, just, temperate, and every way virtuous; the only faults of his mind arose from motives of humanity: he was too easy, credulous, and good natured, and unable to resist temptation, when recommended by the voice of friendship. These foibles the vicious and the needy soon perceived, and what was at first a weakness they soon perverted into guilt; he became a gamester, and continued the infamous profession till he could support the miseries it brought with it no longer.

"I have often been not a little concerned to see the first introduction of a young man of fortune to the gaming-table. With what eagerness his company is courted by the whole fraternity of sharpers; how they find out his most latent wishes, in order to make way to his affections by gratifying them, and continue to hang upon him with the meanest degree of condescension. The youthful dupe no way suspecting, imagines himself surrounded by friends and gentlemen, and incapable of even suspecting that men of such seeming good sense, and so genteel an appearance, should deviate from the laws of honour, walks into the snare, nor is he undeceived till schooled by the severity of experience.

"As I suppose no man would be a gamester unless he hoped to win, so I fancy it would be easy to reclaim him, if he was once effectually convinced, that by continuing to play he must certainly lose. Permit me, my lord, to attempt this task, and to show, that no young gentleman by a year's run of play, and in a mixed company, can possibly be a gainer.

"Let me suppose, in the first place, that the chances on both sides are equal, that there are no marked cards, no pinching, shuffling, nor hiding; let me suppose that the players also have no advantage of each other in point of judgment, and still further let me grant, that the party is only formed at home, without going to the usual expensive places of resort frequented by gamesters. Even with all these circumstances in

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written by Goldsmith himself. It has all his manner; the names and anecdotes mentioned were either fictitious, or probably gleaned from sources pretty generally known."—PRIOR. [If Prior is right here, the above letter has a curious bearing upon the stories which would have us believe that Goldsmith himself had an inordinate liking for the gaming table. See the 'Citizen,' Letter LXX., and elsewhere.—ED.]

the young gamester's favour, it is evident he cannot be a gainer. With equal players, after a year's continuance of any particular game it will be found that, whatever has been played for, the winnings on either side are very inconsiderable, and most commonly nothing at all. Here then is a year's anxiety, pain, jarring, and suspense, and nothing gained; were the parties to sit down and professedly play for nothing, they would contemn the proposal; they would call it trifling away time, and one of the most insipid amusements in nature; yet, in fact, how do equal players differ? It is allowed that little or nothing can be gained; but much is lost; our youth, our time, those moments that may be laid out in pleasure or improvement, are foolishly squandered away in tossing cards, fretting at ill-luck, or, even with a run of luck in our favour, fretting that our winnings are so small.

"I have now stated gaming in that point of view in which it is alone defensible, as a commerce carried on with with equal advantage and loss to either party, and it appears, that the loss is great, and the advantage but small. But let me suppose the players not to be equal, but the superiority of judgment in our own favour. A person who plays under this conviction, however, must give up all pretensions to the approbation of his own mind, and is guilty of as much injustice as the thief who robbed a blind man because he knew he could not swear to his person.

"But, in fact, when I allowed the superiority of skill on the young beginner's side, I only granted an impossibility. Skill in gaming, like skill in making a watch, can only be acquired by long and painful industry. The most sagacious youth alive was never taught at once all the arts and all the niceties of gaming. Every passion must be schooled by long habit into caution and phlegm; the very countenance must be taught proper discipline; and he who would practice this art with success, must practice on his own constitution all the severities of a martyr, without any expectation of the reward. It is evident, therefore, every beginner must be a dupe, and can only be expected to learn his trade by losses, disappointments, and dishonour.

"If a young gentleman, therefore, begins to game, the commencements are sure to be to his disadvantage; and all that he can promise himself is, that the company he keeps, though superior in skill, are above taking advantage of his ignorance, and unacquainted with any sinister arts to correct fortune. But this, however, is but a poor hope at best, and, what is worse, most frequently a false one. In general, I might almost have said always, those who live by gaming are not beholden to chance alone for their support, but take every advantage which they can practise without danger of detection. I know many are apt to say, and I have once said so myself, that after I have shuffled the cards, it is not in the power of a sharper to pack them; but at present I can confidently assure your lordship that such reasoners are deceived. I have seen men both in Paris, the Hague, and London, who, after three deals, could give whatever hands they pleased to all the company. However, the usual way with sharpers is to correct fortune thus but once in a night, and to play in other respects without blunder or mistake, and a perseverance in this practice always balances the year in their favour.

"It is impossible to enumerate all the tricks and arts practised upon cards; few but have seen those bungling poor fellows who go about at coffee-houses perform their clumsy feats, and yet, indifferently as they are versed in the trade, they often deceive us; when such as these are possessed of so much art, what must not those be, who have been bred up to gaming from their infancy, whose hands are not like those mentioned above, rendered callous by labour, who have continual practice in the trade of deceiving, and where the eye of the spectator is less upon its guard.

"Let the young beginner only reflect by what a variety of methods it is possible to cheat him, and perhaps it will check his confidence. His antagonists may act by signs and confederacy, and this he can never detect; they may cut to a particular card after three or four hands have gone about, either by having that card pinched, or broader than the rest, or by having an exceeding fine wire thrust between the folds of the paper, and just peeping out at the edge. Or the cards may be chalked with particular marks, which none but the sharper can understand, or a new pack may be slipped in at a proper opportunity. I have known myself, in Paris, a fellow thus detected with a tin case, containing two packs of cards, concealed within his shirt sleeve, and which, by means of a spring, threw the cards ready packed into his hands. These and a hundred other arts may be practised with impunity and escape detection.

"The great error lies in imagining every fellow with a laced coat to be a gentleman. The address and transient behaviour of a man of breeding are easily acquired, and none are better qualified than gamesters in this respect. At first, their complaisance, civility, and apparent honour is pleasing, but upon examination, few of them will be found to have their minds sufficiently stored with any of the more refined accomplishments which truly characterize the man of breeding. This will commonly serve as a criterion to distinguish them, though there are other marks which every young gentleman of fortune should be apprised of. A sharper, when he plays, generally handles and deals the cards awkwardly, like a bungler; he advances his bets by degrees, and keeps his antagonist in spirits by small advantages and alternate success at the beginning; to show all his force at once, would but fright the bird he intends to decoy; he talks of honour and virtue, and his being a gentleman, and that he knows great men, and mentions his coal-mines, and his estate in the country; he is totally divested of that masculine confidence which is the attendant of real fortune; he turns, yields, assents, smiles, as he hopes will be most pleasing to his destined prey; he is afraid of meeting a shabby acquaintance, particularly if in better company; as he grows richer he wears finer clothes; and if ever he is seen in an undress, it is most probable he is without money; so that seeing a gamester growing finer each day, is a certain symptom of his success.

"The young gentleman who plays with such men for considerable sums, is sure to be undone, and yet we seldom see even the rook himself make a fortune. A life of gaming must necessarily be a life of extravagance; parties of this kind are formed in houses where the whole profits are consumed, and while those who play mutually ruin

each other, they only who keep the house or the table acquire fortunes. Thus gaming may readily ruin a fortune, but has seldom been found to retrieve it. The wealth which has been acquired with industry and hazard, and preserved for ages by prudence and foresight, is swept away on a sudden; and when a besieging sharper sits down before an estate, the property is often transferred in less time than the writings can be drawn to secure the possession. The neglect of business, and the extravagance of a mind which has been taught to covet precarious possession, brings on premature destruction; though poverty may fetch a compass and go somewhat about, yet will it reach the gamester at last; and though his ruin be slow, yet it is certain.

"A thousand instances could be given of the fatal tendency of this passion, which first impoverishes the mind, and then perverts the understanding. Permit me to mention one, not caught from report, or dressed up by fancy, but such as has actually fallen under my own observation, and of the truth of which I beg your lordship may rest satisfied.

"At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance. He had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to bet at the tables for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain: he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

"His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen, that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuits being fatal.

"Accordingly, every night, this gentleman was a constant attender at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill-success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it: the company were silent; he then demanded fifty; still no answer; he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out 'By G—d, it shall never go for less,' and dashed it against the floor, at the same time, attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

"This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the

whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. 'But my dear Jemmy,' says his wife, 'perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead; the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you.' This account seemed only to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, 'there you lie, my dear, his estate is not settled upon me.'—'I beg your pardon,' says she, 'I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so.' 'No,' returned he, 'as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table.' 'What, all!' replied the lady.—'Yes, every farthing;' returned he, 'and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to pay.' Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity: 'No, my dear,' cried she, 'you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing. Our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune: we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me; your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken; I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future.' Her prudence had the proper effect, he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

"Not less than three persons in one day fell a sacrifice at Bath to this destructive passion. Two gentlemen fought a duel, in which one was killed, and the other desperately wounded; and a youth of great expectation and excellent disposition, at the same time ended his own life by a pistol. If there be any state that deserves pity, it must be that of a gamester; but the state of a dying gamester is of all situations the most deplorable.

"There is another argument which your lordship, I fancy, will not entirely despise: beauty, my lord, I own is at best but a trifle, but such as it is, I fancy few would willingly part with what little they have. A man with a healthful complexion, how great a philosopher soever he be, would not willingly exchange it for a sallow hectic phyz, pale eyes, and a sharp wrinkled visage. I entreat you only to examine the faces of all the noted gamblers round one of our public tables; have you ever seen any thing more haggard, pinched, and miserable? And it is but natural that it should be so. The succession of passions flush the cheek with red, and all such flushings are ever succeeded by consequent paleness; so that a gamester contracts the sickly hue of a student, while he is only acquiring the stupidity of a fool.

"Your good sense, my lord, I have often had an occasion of knowing, yet how miserable it is to be in a set of company where the most sensible is ever the least skilful: your footman, with a little instruction, would, I dare venture to affirm, make a better and more successful

gamester than you; want of passions, and low cunning, are the two great arts; and it is peculiar to this science alone, that they who have the greatest passion for it, are of all others the most unfit to practise it.

"Of all the men I ever knew, Spedding was the greatest blockhead, and yet the best gamester; he saw almost intuitively the advantage on either side, and ever took it; he could calculate the odds in a moment, and decide upon the merits of a cock or a horse, better than any man in England; in short he was such an adept in gaming, that he brought it up to a pitch of sublimity it had never attained before; yet, with all this, Spedding could not write his own name. What he died worth I cannot tell, but of this I am certain, he might have possest a ministerial estate, and that won from men famed for their sense, literature, and patriotism.

"If, after this description, your lordship is yet resolved to hazard your fortune at gaming, I beg you would advert to the situation of an old and luckless gamester. Perhaps there is not in nature a more deplorable being: his character is too well marked, he is too well known to be trusted. A man that has been often a bankrupt, and renewed trade upon low compositions, may as well expect extensive credit as such a man. His reputation is blasted, his constitution worn, by the extravagance and ill hours of his profession; he is now incapable of alluring his dupes, and like a superannuated savage of the forest, he is starved for want of vigour to hunt after prey.

"Thus gaming is the source of poverty, and still worse, the parent of infamy and vice. It is an inlet to debauchery; for the money thus acquired is but little valued. Every gamester is a rake, and his morals worse than his mystery. It is his interest to be exemplary in every scene of debauchery, his prey is to be courted with every guilty pleasure; but these are to be changed, repeated, and embellished, in order to employ his imagination, while his reason is kept asleep; a young mind is apt to shrink at the prospect of ruin; care must be taken to harden his courage, and make him keep his rank; he must be either found a libertine, or he must be made one. And when a man has parted with his money like a fool, he generally sends his conscience after it like a villain, and the nearer he is to the brink of destruction, the fonder does he grow of ruin.

"Your friend and mine, my lord, had been thus driven to the last reserve: he found it impossible to disentangle his affairs, and look the world in the face; impatience at length threw him into the abyss he feared, and life became a burthen, because he feared to die. But I own that play is not always attended with such tragical circumstances: some have had courage to survive their losses, and go on content with beggary; and sure those misfortunes which are of our own production, are of all others most pungent. To see such a poor disbanded being an unwelcome guest at every table, and often flapped off like a fly, is affecting; in this case the closest alliance is forgotten, and contempt is too strong for the ties of blood to unbind.

"But, however fatal this passion may be in its consequence, none allures so much in the beginning; the person once listed as a gamester, if not soon reclaimed, pursues it through his whole life; no loss can re-

tard, no danger awaken him to common sense; nothing can terminate his career but want of money to play, or of honour to be trusted.

"Among the number of my acquaintance, I knew but of two who succeeded by gaming; the one a phlegmatic heavy man, who would have made a fortune in whatever way of life he happened to be placed; the other who had lost a fine estate in his youth by play, and retrieved a greater at the age of sixty-five, when he might be justly said to be past the power of enjoying it. One or two successful gamesters are thus set up in an age to allure the young beginner; we all regard such as the highest prize in a lottery, unmindful of the numerous losses that go to the accumulation of such infrequent success.

"Yet I would not be so morose as to refuse your youth all kinds of play: the innocent amusements of a family must often be indulged, and cards allowed to supply the intervals of more real pleasure; but the sum played for in such cases should always be a trifle; something to call up attention, but not engage the passions. The usual excuse for laying large sums is, to make the players attend to their game; but, in fact, he that plays only for shillings, will mind his cards equally well with him that bets guineas; for the mind habituated to stake large sums, will consider them as trifles at last; and if one shilling could not exclude indifference at first, neither will a hundred in the end.

"I have often asked myself, how it is possible that he who is possessed of competence, can ever be induced to make it precarious by beginning play with the odds against him; for wherever he goes to sport his money, he will find himself over-matched and cheated. Either at White's,[1] Newmarket, the Tennis Court, the Cock Pit, or the Billiard Table, he will find numbers who have no other resource but their acquisitions there; and if such men live like gentlemen, he may readily conclude it must be on the spoils of his fortune, or the fortunes of ill-judging men like himself. Was he to attend but a moment to their manner of betting at those places, he would readily find the gamester seldom proposing bets but with the advantage in his own favour. A man of honour continues to lay on the side on which he first won; but gamesters shift, change, lie upon the lurch, and take every advantage, either of our ignorance or neglect.

"In short, my lord, if a man designs to lay out his fortune in quest of pleasure, the gaming table is, of all other places, that where he can have least for his money. The company are superficial, extravagant, and unentertaining; the conversation flat, debauched, and absurd; the hours unnatural and fatiguing; the anxiety of losing is greater than the pleasure of winning; friendship must be banished from that society the members of which are intent only on ruining each other; every other

[1] The existing "White's" club (established 1730) as well as the existing "Brooks's" (established 1764) were originally gambling clubs. Mr. Cunningham gives the following extract from the original rules of "Brooks's:"—"Rule 40. That every person playing at the new quinze table do keep fifty guineas before him. 41. That every person playing at the twenty guinea table do not keep less than twenty guineas before him."—Ed.

improvement, either in knowledge or virtue, can scarce find room in that breast which is possessed by the spirit of play; the spirits become vapid, the constitution is enfeebled, the complexion grows pale, till, in the end, the mind, body, friends, fortune, and even the hopes of futurity sink together! Happy, if nature terminates the scene, and neither justice nor suicide are called in to accelerate her tardy approach. I am, my lord, &c."

Among other papers in the custody of Mr. Nash, was the following angry letter addressed to him in this manner:—

To RICHARD NASH, ESQ.

"*King of* Bath.

"SIRE,

"I must desire your majesty to order the inclosed to be read to the great Mr. Hoyle,[1] if he be found in any part of your dominions. You will perceive that it is a panegyric on his manifold virtues, and that he is thanked more particularly for spending his time so much to the emolument of the public, and for obliging the world with a book more read than the Bible, and which so eminently tends to promote Christian knowledge, sound morality, and the happiness of mankind."

(The inclosed we have omitted, as it contains a satire on gaming, and may probably give offence to our betters.)

"This author, however," (continues the letter writer,) "has not set forth half the merits of the piece under consideration, nor is the great care which he has taken to prevent our reading any other book, instead of this, been sufficiently taken notice of; beware of counterfeits; these books are not to be depended on unless signed by E. Hoyle, is a charitable admonition. As you have so much power at Bath, and are absolute, I think you should imitate other great monarchs, by rewarding those with honours who have been serviceable in your State; and I beg that a new order may be established for that purpose. Let him who has done nothing but game all his life, and has reduced the most families to ruin and beggary, be made a Marshal of the Black Ace; and those who are every day making proselytes to the tables, have the honour of knighthood conferred on them, and be distinguished by the style and title of *Knights of the Four Knaves.*

"The moment I came into Bath, my ears were saluted with the news of a gentleman's being plundered at the gaming-table, and having lost his senses on the occasion. The same day a duel was fought between two gentlemen gamesters on the Downs, and in the evening another hanged himself at the Bear, but first wrote a note which was found near him, importing that he had injured the best of friends. These are the achievements of your Knights of the Four Knaves. The Devil will pick the bones of all gamesters, that's certain . . . . Ay! and of duellers too;

[1] Hoyle of the "Games" book.—ED.

but in the meantime let none think that duelling is a mark of courage; for I know it is not. A person served under me in Flanders, who had fought four duels, and depended so much on his skill, the strength of his arm, and the length of his sword, that he would take up a quarrel for any body; yet in the field I never saw one behave so like a poltroon. If a few of these gamesters and duellers were gibbeted, it might perhaps help to amend the rest. I have often thought that the only way, or at lest the most effectual way, to prevent duelling would be to hang both parties—the living and the dead—on the same tree [1] and if the winner and the loser were treated in the same manner, it would be better for the public, since the tucking up of a few R——ls might be a warning to others, and save many a worthy family from destruction.

"I am yours, &c."

The author of this letter appears to have been very angry, and not without reason; for, if I am rightly informed, his only son was ruined at Bath, and by sharpers. But why is Mr. Nash to be blamed for this? It must be acknowledged that he always took pains to prevent the

[1] A scheme to prevent duelling, similar to this, was attempted by Gustavus Adolphus; and is thus recorded by the writer of his life:—"In one of the Prussian campaigns, when the irrational practice of duelling rose to a considerable height in the Swedish army, not only amongst persons of rank and fashion, but even amongst common soldiers, this prince published a severe edict, and denounced death against every delinquent. Soon after a quarrel arose between two officers of very high command, and as they knew the king's firmness in preserving his word inviolable, they agreed to request an audience, and besought his permission to decide the affair like men of honour. His majesty took fire in a moment, but repressed his passion with such art, that they mistook him; of course with some reluctance, but under the appearance of pitying brave men, who thought their reputation injured, he told them that he blamed them much for their mistaken notions concerning fame and glory; yet as this unreasonable determination appeared to be the result of deliberate reflection, to the best of their deluded capacity, he would allow them to decide the affair at the time and place specified: 'And, gentlemen,' said he, 'I will be an eye-witness myself of your extraordinary valour and prowess.' At the hour appointed Gustavus arrived, accompanied by a small body of infantry, whom he formed into a circle round the combatants. 'Now,' says he, 'fight till one man dies;' and calling the executioner of the army to him (or the provost marshal, as the language then ran), 'Friend,' added he, 'the instant one is killed behead the other before my eyes.' Astonished with such inflexible firmness, the two generals, after pausing a moment, fell down on their knees, and asked the king's forgiveness, who made them embrace each other, and give their promise to continue faithful friends to their last moments; as they did with sincerity and thankfulness."—GOLDSMITH.

ruin of the youth of both sexes, and had so guarded against duelling, that he would not permit a sword to be worn in Bath.

As the heart of a man is better known by his private than public actions, let us take a view of Nash in domestic life; among his servants and dependants, where no gloss was required to colour his sentiments and disposition, nor any mask necessary to conceal his foibles. Here we shall find him the same open-hearted, generous, good-natured man we have already described; one who was ever fond of promoting the interests of his friends, his servants, and dependants, and making them happy. In his own house no man perhaps was more regular, cheerful, and beneficent than Mr. Nash. His table was always free to those who sought his friendship, or wanted a dinner; and after grace was said, he usually accosted the company in the following extraordinary manner, to take off all restraint and ceremony. "Come, gentlemen, eat and welcome; spare, and the devil choak you." I mention this circumstance for no other reason but because it is well known, and is consistent with the singularity of his character and behaviour.

As Mr. Nash's thoughts were entirely employed in the affairs of his government, he was seldom at home but at the time of eating or of rest. His table was well served, but his entertainment consisted principally of plain dishes. Boiled chicken and roast mutton were his favourite meats, and he was so fond of the small sort of potatoes, that he called them English pine-apples, and generally eat them as others do fruit, after dinner. In drinking he was altogether as regular and abstemious. Both in this and in eating, he seemed to consult nature, and obey only her dictates. Good small beer, with or without a glass of wine in it, and sometimes wine and water, was his drink at meals, and after dinner he generally drank one glass of wine. He seemed fond of hot suppers, usually supped about nine or ten o'clock, upon roast breast of mutton and his potatoes, and soon after supper went to bed; which induced Dr. Cheyne to tell him jestingly, that he behaved like other brutes, and lay down as soon as he had filled his belly. "Very true," replied Nash, "and this prescription

I had from my neighbour's cow, who is a better physician than you, and a superior judge of plants, notwithstanding you have written so learnedly on the vegetable diet."[1]

Nash generally arose early in the morning, being seldom in bed after five; and to avoid disturbing the family and depriving his servants of their rest, he had the fire laid after he was in bed, and in the morning lighted it himself, and sat down to read some of his few but well-chosen books. After reading some time, he usually went to the pump-room and drank the waters; then took a walk on the parade, and went to the coffee-house to breakfast; after which, till two o'clock (his usual time of dinner) his hours were spent in arbitrating differences amongst his neighbours, or the company resorting to the wells; directing the diversions of the day, visiting the new comers, or receiving friends at his own house, of which there were a great concourse till within six or eight years before his death.

His generosity and charity in private life, though not so conspicuous, was as great as that in public, and indeed far more considerable than his little income would admit of. He could not stifle the natural impulse which he had to do good, but frequently borrowed money to relieve the distressed; and when he knew not conveniently where to borrow, he has been often observed to shed tears, as he passed through the wretched supplicants who attended his gate.

This sensibility, this power of feeling the misfortunes of the miserable, and his address and earnestness in relieving their wants, exalts the character of Mr. Nash, and draws

[1] Nash's jests have been mentioned in preceding pages (pp. 120, 124, &c.). A collection of 'The Jests of Beau Nash,' was published a year later than the date of this 'Life,' by W. Bristow of St. Paul's Churchyard (who often published for John Newbery: *vide* vol. ii. p. 458, vol. iii. p. vii., &c.); but this collection Sir James Prior thought was edited by Griffith Jones, said to have been editor of the *Public Ledger* (see vol. iii. p. 1). Nevertheless, it is possible that the later publication consisted to some extent of unused portions of the collection made by Goldsmith for the 'Life.' The allusions in the text may therefore be to the matter afterwards published in the volume of 'Jests;' though no doubt many of Nash's jests were in print before both the 'Life' and Bristow's supplemental volume.—Ed.

an impenetrable veil over his foibles. His singularities are forgotten when we behold his virtues, and he who laughed at the whimsical character and behaviour of this Monarch of Bath, now laments that he is no more.[1]

NOTES.

THE EPITAPHS ON NASH, AND THE DATE OF HIS DEATH.—It should be mentioned that the epitaph which our author gives at pp. 136-8, as by Dr. Oliver, appeared anonymously in the quarto pamphlet published by Keene of Bath (*vide* note, p. 136). The same epitaph appeared in the *Public Ledger* of March 12, 1761 (in the series called 'The Visitor'), without any mention of Dr. Oliver's name. Here, however, it had the following introductory note. "Bath, Feb. 13, 1761. Sir, By inserting the following 'Sketch of the Life, Character and Manners of the late Mr. Nash,' drawn by the elegant pencil of a very able master, you will oblige the public in general, and in particular your humble servant, BATHIENSIS."

We note on the vexed question of the date of Nash's death that the *Public Ledger* of Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1761, has :—"On Friday morning last, about 4 o'clock, died, at Bath, Richard Nash, Esq." The Friday here mentioned was Feb. 13.

We have not found Dr. King's epitaph (given at pp. 139-40) with that writer's works; but the following in his posthumously published 'Political and Literary Anecdotes of His Own Times,' 1818, p. 248, shows sufficiently, no doubt, that he wrote this epitaph. "I promised Nash, a few years before he died, that if I survived him, I would write his epitaph. I performed my promise, and in my description of this extraordinary phenomenon, I think I have written nothing but the truth; one thing I omitted, which I did not reflect on until after the epitaph was printed, that a statue had been erected to him whilst he was living; and this great honour had been conferred on him with more justice than to any other of his contemporaries or brother kings."—ED.

THE HIGHWAYMAN POULTER, *alias* BAXTER.—This personage may be the same as long-legged Timothy Baxter, the ruffian introduced by Goldsmith in Chaps. XXX. and XXXI. of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' (pp. 218, 221, vol. i.). The 'Vicar' and the 'Life of Nash' were written at about the same time, but which had priority is a question.—ED.

[1] Mr. Croker says that Samuel Derrick succeeded Nash as master of the ceremonies at Bath. See 'Standard Library edit. of Boswell,' 1884, vol. i. p. 86. But according to Mr. Peach's edition of Tunstall's 'Round About Bath,' 1876, p. 469, "Mr. Collett was the immediate successor of Nash in 1761." This latter authority has it that Derrick succeeded Collett.—ED.

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.,

ARCHDEACON OF CLOGHER.

COMPILED FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS AND MEMOIRS:

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED

SEVERAL LETTERS OF MR. POPE, MR. GAY, DR. ARBUTHNOT, &c., &c.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

[This Life of Parnell first appeared in 1770, with an edition of Parnell's poems (Pope's selection in the main) projected by the publisher, T. Davies. A separate edition, in larger type, was printed in the same year; and in 1774 Davies republished the work in his 'Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces.' The first edition was published just after the successful issue, by W. Griffin, of the 'Deserted Village,' and just before Goldsmith paid his visit to France in company with Mrs. and the Misses Horneck. (See Life, p. 42.) Our text is that of the separately published edition of 1770—of which we also give the title, on the preceding page—though it seems evident that neither this edition nor the subsequent one of 1774 was a revision by the author of the edition published with Parnell's poems. Johnson abridged the work, and so used it as one of his 'Lives of the Poets,' gracefully acknowledging his indebtedness thus:—"The Life of Dr. Parnell is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith, a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness. What such an author has told, who would tell again? I have made an abstract from his larger narrative; and have this gratification from my attempt, that it gives me an opportunity of paying due tribute to the memory of Goldsmith—Τὸ γαρ γέρας ἔστι θανοντων."—'Lives of the Poets,' 4 vols. 8vo. 1783. Johnson added, commenting upon the incidental remarks of Goldsmith upon Parnell's works,—"Of these Goldsmith has given an opinion, and his criticism it is seldom safe to contradict." Goldsmith himself has acknowledged (p. 178) that he wrote the memoir upon materials furnished by Parnell's family; but Johnson (see the Standard Library edition of Boswell's 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 162) and others have pointed out the apparent meagreness of those materials. Goldsmith's Epitaph upon Dr. Parnell, which appears in the Poems, vol. ii. p. 91, though not given with this 'Life,' was no doubt written at about the same date.—Ed.]

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.

THE life of a scholar seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude, and the historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing.

Thomas Parnell, D.D., was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, Thomas Parnell, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland; thither he carried a large personal fortune, which he laid out in lands in that kingdom. The estates he purchased there, as also that of which he was possessed in Cheshire, descended to our poet, who was his eldest son, and still remain in the family. Thus want, which has compelled many of our greatest men into the service of the muses, had no influence upon Parnell; he was a poet by inclination.

He was born in Dublin in the year 1679, and received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Dr. Jones, in that city. Surprising things are told us of the greatness of his memory at that early period; as of his being able to repeat by heart forty lines of any book at the first reading;

of his getting the third book of the Iliad in one night's time, which was given in order to confine him for some days. These stories, which are told of almost every celebrated wit, may perhaps be true; but for my own part, I never found any of those prodigies of parts, although I have known enough that were desirous, among the ignorant, of being thought so.

There is one presumption, however, of the early maturity of his understanding. He was admitted a member of the College of Dublin at the age of thirteen, which is much sooner than usual, as at that university they are a great deal stricter in their examination for entrance, than either at Oxford or Cambridge. His progress through the college course of study was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglesius; but it is certain, that as a classical scholar, few could equal him. His own compositions show this; and the deference which the most eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt. He took the degree of Master of Arts the 9th of July 1700; and in the same year he was ordained a deacon by William, bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by William archbishop of Dublin; and on the 9th of February 1705, he was collated by Sir George Ashe, bishop of Clogher, to the archdeaconry of Clogher. About that time also he married Miss Anne Minchin, a young lady of great merit and beauty, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and one daughter, who is still living. His wife died some time before him; and her death is said to have made so great an impression on his spirits, that it served to hasten his own. On the 31st of May 1716, he was presented by his friend and patron, archbishop King, to the vicarage of Finglas, a benefice worth about four hundred pounds a-year, in the diocese of Dublin; but he lived to enjoy his preferment a very short time. He died at Chester, in July 1717,[1] on his way to Ireland, and

[1] 1717 is the date here, in the separate edition of 1770; but later on in that edition, as at our p. 171, 1718 appears, which is the date of death given in the edition with the Poems. 1718 must be the correct date, as

was buried in Trinity church in that town, without any monument to mark the place of his interment. As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, baronet, whose father was younger brother to the archdeacon, and one of the justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

Such is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a poet. Some dates, and some few facts scarce more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tomb-stone, are all that remain of one whose labours now begin to excite universal curiosity. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour.

There is scarce any man but might be made the subject of a very interesting and amusing history, if the writer, besides a thorough acquaintance with the character he draws, were able to make those nice distinctions which separate it from all others. The strongest minds have usually the most striking peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest materials: but in the present instance, from not knowing Dr. Parnell, his peculiarities are gone to the grave with him, and we are obliged to take his character from such as knew but little of him, or who, perhaps, could have given very little information if they had known more.

Parnell, by what I have been able to collect from my father and uncle, who knew him, was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed, and his whole life was spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of these passions only affected himself, and never those about him: he knew the

the register of interments at Trinity Church, Chester (so Mr. Donovan, of Liverpool, reported to Sir James Prior) has the date 18 Oct. 1718.—Ed.

ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions, as well at his vexations as at his triumphs.

How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connexions, and the number of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party. The wits at that time differed a good deal from those who are most eminent for their understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent sign of a writer's good sense, to disclaim his private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics; but it was then otherwise, the Whig wits held the Tory wits in great contempt, and these retaliated in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. Parnell was a friend to both sides, and with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions, that are noisy for the time, and ridiculous to posterity. Nor did he emancipate himself from these without some opposition from home. Having been the son of a Commonwealth's-man, his Tory connexions on this side of the water gave his friends in Ireland great offence. They were much enraged to see him keep company with Pope, and Swift, and Gay; they blamed his undistinguishing taste, and wondered what pleasure he could find in the conversation of men who approved the treaty of Utrecht, and disliked the Duke of Marlborough. His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing; but in what its peculiar excellence consisted is now unknown. The letters which were written to him by his friends, are all full of compliments upon his talents as a companion, and his good-nature as a man. I have several of them now before me. Pope was particularly fond of his company, and seems to regret his absence more than any of the rest. A letter from him follows thus:

"London, July 29 [1716[1]].

"DEAR SIR:—I wish it were not as ungenerous as vain to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a

[1] The year is added from Roscoe's edition of Pope's Letters. The letters of Pope, Gay, &c., in this Life of Parnell seem to have been first

whole day upon your inhuman silence: I call it inhuman; nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you, that both Mr. Gay and myself have written several letters in vain; that we were constantly enquiring, of all who have seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true, as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your absence, and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us, and places you in your old seat between us.[1] We have lately had some distant hopes of the Dean's design to revisit England; will not you accompany him? or is England to lose every thing that has any charms for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction? I have once been witness of some, I hope all of your splenetic hours: come, and be a comforter in your turn to me, in mine. I am in such an unsettled state, that I can't tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year: whether I do or not, be ever assured, you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart as would enrich a monarch, could he know where to find it. I shall not die without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you with what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me; and Mr. Ford is charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand complaints, and a thousand commissions to you on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of some promises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot: if you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say no more, but that I love you, and am, in spite of the longest neglect or absence,[2] dear sir, your most faithful affectionate friend and servant,

"A. Pope.

"Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence he goes to Bath. My father and mother never fail to commemorate you."

Among the number of his most intimate friends was Lord Oxford, whom Pope has so finely complimented upon the delicacy of his choice.

published by Goldsmith. They have only appeared in the later editions of Pope's Correspondence.—Ed.

[1] In Roscoe's and Elwin's editions of Pope's Letters the sentence ends with "over to us."—Ed.

[2] So in the first edition with the poems. The separate edition and some others have "of happiness" for "or absence." "Of happiness," Sir C. W. Dilke says (in his notes on Pope's Letters), is absurd.—Ed.

"For him,[1] thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit."

Pope himself was not only excessively fond of his company, but under several literary obligations to him for his assistance in the translation of Homer. Gay was obliged to him upon another account; for, being always poor, he was not above receiving from Parnell the copy-money which the latter got for his writings. Several of their letters,[2] now before me, are proofs of this; and as they have never appeared before, it is probable the reader will be much better pleased with their idle effusions, than with any thing I can hammer out[3] for his amusement.

"Binfield, near Oakingham, Tuesday [1714 [4]].

"DEAR SIR:—I believe the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the last post, so that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town, or continue so there? I very much fear both for your health and your quiet; and no man living can be more truly concerned in any thing that touches either than myself. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping, that your business may not be unsuccessful, for your sake; and that at least it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you; and that, however your business may depend on any other, my business depends entirely upon you; and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time, the more I love you, the more I can spare you; which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you to let me have you back the sooner.

"The minute I lost you, Eustathius with nine hundred pages and nine

[1] Parnell is referred to. The quotation is from Pope's Dedication of the Poems of Parnell to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Sept. 25, 1721. —ED.

[2] Perhaps we should read "Several of the letters." "Their letters" seems to imply those of Parnell and Gay only, but what follows shows that Pope's and other letters before the author are meant. The following letter alludes to the "copy-money" which is supposed to have been given to Gay. *Apropos*, Mr. Cunningham gave an extract from Lintot's account book, showing that on May 4, 1717, a payment of £16 2*s*. 6*d*. was made to Gay, for Parnell's 'Battle of the Frogs.'—ED.

[3] The expression shows at once the author's lack of materials, and that he is engaged upon task work merely.—ED.

[4] The year is added from Roscoe.—ED.

thousand contractions of the Greek characters, arose to view! Spondanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages, (value three shillings), and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes's two, Valterie's three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek; Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than all) Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the headache. I cursed them all religiously, damn'd my best friends among the rest, and even blasphemed Homer himself. Dear sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good-natured man, but as you are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for, at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be damn'd myself by all who come after me. To be serious; you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so (though never so much as since I knew you in the best health here), but you have wrought several miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inveterate papists of a clergyman of the Church of England; even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and (for all I know) would even marry Dennis for your sake, because he is your man, and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at present: my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author; I a hackney scribbler; you a Grecian, and bred at an university; I a poor Englishman, of my own educating: you a reverend parson, I a wag; in short, you are Dr. Parnelle (with an *e* at the end of your name [1]), and I, your most obliged and affectionate friend and faithful servant,

"A. Pope.

"My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine shepherd, J. Gay of Devon. I expect him down with you."

We may easily perceive by this, that Parnell was not a little necessary to Pope in conducting his translation;[2] however, he has worded it so ambiguously, that it is impossible to bring the charge directly against him. But he is much more explicit when he mentions his friend Gay's obligations in another letter, which he takes no pains to conceal.

[1717][3]

"Dear Sir:—I write to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of good-will and friendship, with which I used to converse with you two

[1] Mr. Croker says that no one but Pope ever put the final *e* to Parnell's name. Ruffhead and Bowles, however, followed Pope in this particular.—Ed.

[2] Pope's translation of Homer.—Ed.

[3] So Roscoe dates it. Sir C. W. Dilke says 1716-17—that is, the early months of 1717.—Ed.

years ago, and can't think myself absent, when I feel you so much at my heart. The picture of you which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs where we once rambled together; my head is sometimes at the Bath, and sometimes at Letcomb, where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me; I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend Jervas's example, which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business than any such men as you (that is, divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reasonable creature capable of. Gay's play,[1] among the rest, has cost much time and long-suffering, to stem a tide of malice and party, that certain authors have raised against it; the best revenge on such fellows is now in my hands, I mean your Zoilus, which really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem *Batrachom;* for you seem, by the first paragraph of the dedication to it, to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account, and this as soon as is possible. Inform me also upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talk'd; what number of books you would have yourself, &c. I scarce see any thing to be altered in this whole piece; in the poems you sent I will take the liberty you allow me: the story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I don't say this to the prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion in regard to Mr. Ward,[2] whose verses have been a great pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to the world, whenever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

"I shall very soon print an entire collection of my own madrigals, which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give, (which I'll beg your's and the Dean's acceptance of). You must look on me no more a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity.

"I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of

[1] 'Three Hours After Marriage,' produced at Drury Lane Theatre, Jan. 16, 1716-17. Pope and Arbuthnot were thought to have helped in the writing of it, and Pope was attacked on account of it. Genest says the mummy and crocodile scene in particular gave great offence.—Ed.

[2] Supposed to be the Rev. James Ward, some of whose poems appear in Pope's Miscellany.—Ed.

late. I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend Jervas (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship and unalterable esteem. I am, dear Sir, most entirely, your affectionate, faithful, obliged friend and servant, "A. Pope."

From these letters to Parnell, we may conclude, as far as their testimony can go, that he was an agreeable, a generous, and a sincere man. Indeed, he took care that his friends should always see him to the best advantage; for, when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, returning, he returned with all expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction, in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired. It is said of a famous painter, that, being confined in prison for debt, his whole delight consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricatura. It was just so with Parnell. From many of his unpublished pieces which I have seen, and from others that have appeared, it would seem, that scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, *and scarce a mountain rear'd its head unsung*.[1] "I can easily," says Pope, in one of his letters, in answer to a dreary description of Parnell's, "I can easily image to my thoughts the solitary hours of your eremitical life in the mountains, from some parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield:" and in another place, "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows; but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the South are to be preferred to the deserts of the West."[2] In this manner Pope answered him in the tone of his own complaints; and these descriptions of the imagined distress of his situation served to give him a temporary relief: they threw off the blame from himself, and laid upon fortune and accident a wretchedness of his own creating.

But though this method of quarrelling in his poems with

[1] For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.
Addison's 'Letter from Italy,' ll. 13, 14.—Ed.

[2] Mr. Elwin says these extracts are from an unpublished letter by Pope.—Ed.

his situation, served to relieve himself, yet it was not easily endured by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who did not care to confess themselves his fellow-sufferers. He received many mortifications upon that account among them; for, being naturally fond of company, he could not endure to be without even theirs, which, however, among his English friends he pretended to despise. In fact, his conduct, in this particular, was rather splenetic[1] than wise; he had either lost the art to engage, or did not employ his skill in securing those more permanent, though more humble connexions, and sacrificed for a month or two in England, a whole year's happiness by his country fireside at home.

However, what he permitted the world to see of his life was elegant and splendid; his fortune (for a poet) was very considerable, and it may easily be supposed he lived to the very extent of it. The fact is, his expenses were greater than his income, and his successor found the estate somewhat impaired at his decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual revenues, he immediately set out for England, to enjoy the company of his dearest friends, and laugh at the more prudent world that were minding business and gaining money. The friends to whom, during the latter part of his life, he was chiefly attached, were Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Jervas, and Gay. Among these he was particularly happy; his mind was entirely at ease, and gave a loose to every harmless folly that came uppermost. Indeed, it was a society in which, of all others, a wise man might be most foolish, without incurring any danger or contempt. Perhaps the reader will be pleased to see a letter to him from a part of this junto, as there is something striking even in the levities of genius. It comes from Gay, Jervas, Arbuthnot, and Pope, assembled at a chop-house near the Exchange, and is as follows:

[1715-16.[2]]

"My dear Sir:—I was last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mrs. Bonyer's. In the summer I wrote a poem, and in the

[1] The word "splenetic" first appeared in Percy's edition. It seems to be needed, for "splendid," the word in the three earliest editions is no doubt a misprint.—Ed.

[2] Supposed to have been written between January and March 1715-16. By the way, Roscoe's edition of this composite letter omits the portion by Gay.—Ed.

winter I have published it; which I have sent to you by Dr. Elwood. In the summer I eat two dishes of toad-stools, of my own gathering, instead of mushrooms; and in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I am at this time, blessed be God for it! as I must bless God for all things. In the summer I spoke truth to damsels; in the winter I told lies to ladies. Now you know where I have been, and what I have done, I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer: I propose to do the same thing I did last, which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint; don't let me have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent teased you with three or four letters; but, having no answer, I feared both your's and my letters might have miscarried. I hope my performance will please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote, but for the same reasons I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear from you; which, next to seeing you, would be the greatest satisfaction to your most affectionate friend and humble servant, "J. G."

"DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON:—Though my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half this page, having paid my club with the good company both for our dinner of chops and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descriptions in their way; I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet; for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites, and though few, you will guess must have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He has been so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvass, as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr. P—— should omit to write for the dear Frogs, and the *Pervigilium*, I must entreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they cross'd the seas: remember by what neglects, &c. we miss'd them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of those triflers that let them escape and run those hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both, now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a *serviteur tres-humble*, "C. JERVAS."[1]

"It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time a-day, especially by an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have, with my good friends, remembered you at our table in the chop-house in Exchange-alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's. I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. Gay has got so much money by his 'Art of Walking the

[1] A painter; but hardly famous, except for having given lessons in his art to his friend Pope. The latter fact is shown by Pope's remark in line 13 of the letter dated "[1717]," *ante*, p. 164.—ED.

Streets,'[1] that he is ready to set up his equipage: he is just going to the Bank to negociate some exchange-bills. Mr. Pope delays his second volume of his Homēr till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled;[2] it being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean; *fuimus Torys*, I can say no more.

"ARBUTHNOT."

"When a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit tbis way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above-writing: their love to you indeed wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth (after the manner of Rabelais; which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning); and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, &c. till time, place, and conveniency, concur to set them a-writing, as at present, a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle.

"Wherein if I should say nothing I should say much (much being included in my love), though my love be such, that, if I should say much, I should yet say nothing, it being (as Cowley says) equally impossible either to conceal or to express it.

"If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your treatise of Zoilus, with the *Batrachomuomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both which poems are masterpieces in several kinds; and I question not the prose is as excellent in its sort as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the same hand that raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scarecrow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcase of Zoilus, to the terror of the witlings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thousand other subjects, will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you, I am faithfully your most affectionate and humble servant,

"A. POPE."

If we regard this letter with a critical eye, we shall find it indifferent enough; if we consider it as a mere effusion of friendship, in which every writer contended in affection, it will appear much to the honour of those who wrote it. To be mindful of an absent friend in the hours of mirth and feasting, when his company is least wanted, shows no slight degree of sincerity. Yet probably there was still another motive for writing thus to him in conjunction. The above named, together with Swift and Parnell, had some

[1] Gay's 'Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London,' published in Jan. 1715-16.' Roscoe simply prints "Gay has got so much money by walking the streets, that," &c.—ED.

[2] The Jacobite insurgents of 1715.—B.

time before formed themselves into a society, called the Scriblerus Club, and I should suppose they commemorated him thus, as being an absent member.

It is past a doubt that they wrote many things in conjunction, and Gay usually held the pen; and yet I don't remember any productions which were the joint effort of this society, as doing it honour. There is something feeble and quaint in all their attempts, as if company repressed thought, and genius wanted solitude for its boldest and happiest exertions. Of those productions in which Parnell had a principal share, that of the Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia, is particularly mentioned by Pope himself, in some manuscript anecdotes which he left behind him.[1] The Life of Homer, also, prefixed to the translation of the Iliad, is written by Parnell and corrected by Pope; and, as that great poet assures us in the same place, this correction was not effected without great labour. "It is still stiff," says he, "and was written still stiffer; as it is, I verily think it cost me more pains in the correcting than the writing it would have done."[2] All this may be easily credited; for every thing of Parnell's that has appeared in prose, is written in a very awkward, inelegant manner. It is true, his productions teem with imagination, and show great learning; but they want that ease and sweetness for which his poetry is so much admired, and the language is also shamefully incorrect. Yet, though all this must be allowed, Pope should have taken care not to leave his errors upon record against him, or put it in the power of envy to tax his friend with faults that do not appear in what he has left to the world. A poet has a right to expect the same secrecy in his friend as in his confessor; the sins he discovers are not divulged for punishment but pardon. Indeed, Pope is almost inexcusable in this instance, as what he seems to condemn in

[1] "The Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia, was written by me, Dean Parnell, and Dr. Arbuthnot."—POPE: Spence's Anecdotes, p. 201, Singer's edit. 1820. The MS. anecdotes alluded to by Goldsmith were Spence's. They were much used by Johnson, Malone, Warburton, and others, but were never entirely printed till Mr. Singer brought them out in 1820. (Malone's edition appeared *the same day*.)—ED.

[2] Spence's Anecdotes, p. 138.—ED.

one place he very much applauds in another. In one of the letters from him to Parnell, above-mentioned, he treats the Life of Homer with much greater respect, and seems to say, that the prose is excellent in its kind. It must be confessed, however, that he is by no means inconsistent: what he says in both places may very easily be reconciled to truth; but who can defend his candour and sincerity?

It would be hard, however, to suppose that there was no real friendship between these great men. The benevolence of Parnell's disposition remains unimpeached; and Pope, though subject to starts of passion and envy, yet never missed an opportunity of being truly serviceable to him. The commerce between them was carried on to the common interest of both. When Pope had a Miscellany to publish, he applied to Parnell for poetical assistance, and the latter as implicitly submitted to him for correction. Thus they mutually advanced each other's interest or fame, and grew stronger by conjunction. Nor was Pope the only person to whom Parnell had recourse for assistance. We learn from Swift's letters to Stella, that he submitted his pieces to all his friends, and readily adopted their alterations. Swift, among the number, was very useful to him in that particular; and care has been taken that the world should not remain ignorant of the obligation.[1]

But in the connexion of wits, interest has generally very little share; they have only pleasure in view, and can seldom find it but among each other. The Scriblerus Club, when the members were in town, were seldom asunder; and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company; and if a trick was played he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of Lord B——,[2] who is still living, and whose seat is about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was

[1] Swift also claims the credit of having introduced Parnell to both Bolingbroke and Harley. In a letter to Mrs. Dingley, he says,—"I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry."—Ed.

[2] Allen, Lord Bathurst: 1684-1775. He was a leader of the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole in the House of Lords, and therefore, of course, very friendly with Swift, Pope, and their friends.—Ed.

remarkable for walking, soon left the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, to choose the very best bed for himself; for that was his custom. In the mean time, Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and taking horse, arrived at Lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having apprised his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved, at any rate, to keep him out of the house; but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it; as soon, therefore, as he appeared, striding along at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was despatched to inform him that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a field-bed at his service, at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him; and, upon his promising never to choose the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

There is something satisfactory in these accounts of the follies of the wise: they give a natural air to the picture, and reconcile us to our own. There have been few poetical societies more talked of, or productive of a greater variety of whimsical conceits, than this of the Scriblerus Club; but how long it lasted I cannot exactly determine. The whole of Parnell's poetical existence was not of more than eight or ten years' continuance. His first excursions to England began about the year 1706, and he died in the year 1718; so that it is probable the club began with him, and his death ended the connexion. Indeed, the festivity of his conversation, the benevolence of his heart, and the generosity of his temper, were qualities that might serve to cement any society, and that could hardly be replaced when he was taken away. During the two or three last years of his life, he was more fond of company than ever, and could scarce bear to be alone. The death of his wife, it is said, was a loss to him that he was unable to support or recover.[1] From that time he could never venture to

[1] "I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death. She seemed to be an excellent, good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is

court the muse in solitude; where he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. He began therefore to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine, if not relief, at least insensibility.[1] Those helps that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity.

Thus, in the space of a very few years, Parnell attained a share of fame, equal to what most of his contemporaries were a long life in acquiring. He is only to be considered as a poet; and the universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry

much afflicted. They appeared to live perfectly well together."—Swift's Letters to Stella, Aug. 24. 1711.—Ed.

[1] Ruffhead (Life of Pope) on the authority of Warburton, has given a different account, by Pope himself, of the cause which led to Parnell's intemperance:—"When Parnelle," Pope is reported to have said, "had been introduced by Swift to Lord Treasurer Oxford, and had been established in his favour by my assistance, he soon began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he chose to shine in was *popular preaching*: he had talents for it, and began to be distinguished in the mob places of Southwark and London, when the Queen's sudden death destroyed all his prospects. This fatal stroke broke his spirits; he took to drinking, became a sot, and soon finished his course."—See Singer's note, Spence's Anecdotes, p. 139: see also Johnson's abstract of this Life of Parnell in the 'Lives of the Poets.' Parnell was the theme when Johnson laid down his famous dictum as to telling of a man's vices in his biography; *vide* Boswell, Napier's Standard Lib. edit., iii., 184.—Ed.

things which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarce tell why. Our poet, on the contrary, gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course, the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing, He found it at that period in which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions, and the harshest constructions, vainly imagining, that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry: they have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration.[1] All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meaning are willing to praise, to show they understand. From these follies and affectations the poems of Parnell are entirely free: he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression.

Parnell has written several poems besides those published by Pope; and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation. There are still many more that have not yet seen the light, in the posses-

[1] This censure is obviously aimed at Gray, Warton, and their imitators.—B. [Our author's adverse criticism of Gray and his school of poetry, will be found in many of his works, for which see our Index. —Ed.]

sion of Sir John Parnell, his nephew; who, from that laudable zeal which he has for his uncle's reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it injury. Of those in the following collection,[1] some are indifferent, and some moderately good, but the greater part are excellent. A slight stricture on the most striking shall conclude this account, which I have already drawn out to a disproportionate length.

'Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman,' is a very fine illustration of a hint from Hesiod. It was one of his earliest productions, and first appeared in a miscellany published by Tonson.

Of the three songs that follow, two of them were written upon the lady he afterwards married: they were the genuine dictates of his passion, but are not excellent in their kind.[2]

The Anacreontic, beginning with, "When Spring came on with fresh delight," is taken from a French poet whose name I forget, and, as far as I am able to judge of the French language, is better than the original. The Anacreontic that follows, 'Gay Bacchus,' &c. is also a translation of a Latin poem, by Aurelius Augurellus, an Italian poet,[3] beginning with,

> "Invitat olim Bacchus ad cænam suos
> Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem."

Parnell, when he translated it, applied the characters to some of his friends; and as it was written for their entertainment, it probably gave them more pleasure than it has given the public in the perusal. It seems to have more spirit than the original; but it is extraordinary that

[1] This refers of course to the Poems published with the first edition of this Life. The same words, however, appear in the separate edition of the same date, and also in Davies's subsequent re-print of the Life in his 'Miscellanies,' 1774,—a sufficient indication, perhaps, that the two latter editions had no special revision at the hands of the author.—Ed.

[2] These three songs commence respectively,—"When thy beauty appears;" "Thyrsis, a young and am'rous swain;" and, "My days have been."—Ed.

[3] Johnson remarks here, in his 'Life of Parnell,' that Goldsmith ought to have mentioned that the latter part is purely Parnell's.—Ed.

it was published as an original and not as a translation. Pope should have acknowledged it, as he knew.

The 'Fairy Tale' is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language. The old dialect is not perfectly well preserved; but this is a very slight defect, where all the rest is so excellent.

The 'Pervigilium Veneris' (which, by-the-bye, does not belong to Catullus,) is very well versified; and in general all Parnell's translations are excellent. The 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' which follows, is done as well as the subject would admit; but there is a defect in the translation, which sinks it below the original, and which it was impossible to remedy,—I mean the names of the combatants, which in the Greek bear a ridiculous allusion to their natures, have no force to the English reader. A Bacon-eater was a good name for a mouse, and Pternotractas in Greek was a very good sounding word, that conveyed that meaning. Puff-cheek would sound odiously as a name for a frog, and yet Physignathos does admirably well in the original.

The Letter 'To Mr. Pope' is one of the finest compliments that ever was paid to any poet; the description of his situation at the end of it is very fine, but far from being true. That part of it where he deplores his being far from wit and learning, as being far from Pope, gave particular offence to his friends at home. Mr. Coote, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had wit, was very much displeased with Parnell for casting his eyes so far off for a learned friend, when he could so conveniently be supplied at home.

The translation of a part of the 'Rape of the Lock' into monkish verse, serves to show what a master Parnell was of the Latin: a copy of verses made in this manner, is one of the most difficult trifles that can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following occasion. Before the 'Rape of the Lock' was yet completed, Pope was reading it to his friend Swift, who sat very attentively, while Parnell, who happened to be in the house, went in and out without seeming to take any notice. However, he was very diligently employed in listening, and was able, from the strength of his memory, to bring

away the whole description of the Toilet pretty exactly. This he versified in the manner now published in his works; and the next day, when Pope was reading his poem to some friends, Parnell insisted that he had stolen that part of the description from an old monkish manuscript. An old paper with the Latin verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.

The 'Book-worm' is another unacknowledged translation, from a Latin poem by Beza.[1] It was the fashion with the wits of the last age, to conceal the places whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder.

The 'Night Piece on Death' deserves every praise, and I should suppose, with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night pieces and church-yard scenes[2] that have since appeared.

But the poem of Parnell's best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is the 'Hermit.' Pope, speaking of this in those manuscript anecdotes already quoted, says that "the poem is very good. The story," continues he, "was written originally in Spanish,[3] whence probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters. Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it." However this may be, Dr. Henry More, in his Dialogues, has the very same story; and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of Arabian invention.[4]

[1] Johnson says that Goldsmith should have added "with modern applications."—Ed.

[2] Johnson says:—"The 'Night Piece on Death' is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's 'Church-Yard;' but, in my opinion, Gray has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment."—Ed.

[3] Pope (in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 139), calls the poem 'The Pilgrim.' His remarks upon it end with "Spanish." What follows down to "letters" is there in brackets with the signature "Spence." The sentence "Addison," &c., is not in this page of Spence at all, and seems to be altogether redundant. It probably refers to another matter, and should not have been printed.—Ed.

[4] Johnson says: "Goldsmith has not taken any notice of the 'Elegy to the old Beauty,' which is, perhaps, the meanest; nor of the 'Allegory

With respect to the prose works of Parnell, I have mentioned them already; his fame is too well grounded for any defects in them to shake it. I will only add, that the 'Life of Zoilus' was written at the request of his friends, and designed as a satire upon Dennis and Theobald, with whom his Club had long been at variance. I shall end this account with a letter to him from Pope and Gay, in which they endeavour to hasten him to finish that production.

"London, March 18. [1714-15.[1]]

"DEAR SIR:—I must own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides, I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of; the Dean and you: but you have several, who complain of your neglect, in England. Mr. Gay complains, Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jervas complains, Dr. Arbuthnot complains, my Lord [2] complains, I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon.) Some say you are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs; others, that you are so much in the archbishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last ministry. Some affirm you have quarrel'd with Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him, on account of his satirical and comical disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the opinion of the ingenious Mr. What-do-ye-call-him.[3] Some think you are preparing your Sermons for the press, and others, that you will transform them into essays and moral discourses. But the only excuse that I will allow, is your attention to the Life of Zoilus. The Frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England, and are sensible how much that doctor is cursed and hated, who introduced their species into your nation; therefore, as you dread the wrath of St. Patrick, send them hither, and rid the kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious animals.

"I have at length received your poem out of Mr. Addison's hands, which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint. I shall in the mean time give Mr. Tooke a packet for you, consisting of divers merry pieces. Mr. Gay's new farce, Mr. Burnet's Letter to Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope's Temple of Fame, Mr. Thomas Burnet's

on Man,' the happiest of Parnell's performances." Parnell's poems are also noticed by Goldsmith in the Introductions to the 'Beauties of English Poesy,' given in the Prefaces in the present vol.—ED.

[1] Roscoe dates this May, 1715; but Goldsmith, who had the original, prints March 18, and, as Sir C. W. Dilke said, the mention of the 'Temple of Fame' and Gay's farce shows the year. The postscript as to the readiness of 'Homer' also points to 1715.—ED.

[2] Bolingbroke, according to a note in Bowles's Pope, 1806.—ED.

[3] A reference to "Gay's new farce," mentioned a little further on. This was produced at Drury Lane Theatre Feb. 23, 1715. It was a sort of burlesque tragedy, and was entitled 'What d' ye call it?'.—ED.

Grumbler[1] on Mr. Gay, and the Bishop of Ailsbury's Elegy, written either by Mr. Cary or some other hand."

"Mr. Pope is reading a letter; and in the mean time, I make use of the pen to testify my uneasiness in not hearing from you. I find success, even in the most trivial things, raises the indignation of scribblers: for I, for my 'What-d'-ye-call-it,' could neither escape the fury of Mr. Burnet, or the German Doctor;[2] then where will rage end, when Homer is to be translated? Let Zoilus hasten to your friend's assistance, and envious criticism shall be no more. I am in hopes that we may order our affairs so as to meet this summer at the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You shall preach, and we will write lampoons; for it is esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a Terræ Filius of Oxford to be expelled. I have no place at court; therefore, that I may not entirely be without one everywhere, show that I have a place in your remembrance. Your most affectionate, faithful servant[s],

"A. Pope, and J. Gay.

"Homer will be published in three weeks."

*** I cannot finish this trifle without returning my sincerest acknowledgments to Sir John Parnell, for the generous assistance he was pleased to give me, in furnishing me with many materials, when he heard I was about writing the life of his uncle; as also to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, relations of our poet; and to my very good friend Mr. Steevens,[3] who, being an ornament to letters himself, is very ready to assist all the attempts of others.[4]

[1] A paper which attacked 'What d' ye call it?'—Ed.

[2] Mr. Elwin says "the German Doctor" was a periodical. "The High German Doctor, No. 1, May 4, 1714," figures in Nichols' list of journals of that time.—Ed.

[3] Prior has "M. Stevens," and Percy "Mr. Stevens." The original editions, however, have "Mr. Steevens," and no doubt George Steevens, the Shakspere commentator, is meant.—Ed.

[4] Dr. Johnson's estimate of Goldsmith, uttered *apropos* of this 'Life of Parnell,' is given in our introductory note at p. 156. It has seemed to us to be a sort of apology for the absence of Goldsmith otherwise from Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets'—an enforced absence, it would seem, from the account by Malone at p. 64 of our vol. i.—Ed.

THE LIFE

OF

HENRY ST. JOHN,

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

[This 'Life' was originally prefixed to an edition of Bolingbroke's 'Dissertation on Parties,' which Davies the bookseller projected and published in 1770. A separate edition appeared in the same year. These issues had not Goldsmith's name attached. In 1774, however, just after Goldsmith's death, the same publisher brought out an edition of Bolingbroke's works, and again using the 'Life,' he added the author's name to it. Davies yet again used the 'Life,' with Goldsmith's name attached, in his 'Miscellanies,' 1774, where also our author's 'Life of Parnell' was republished. Our text is mainly that of the separate publication of 1770. The work was written immediately after the author's return from his visit to Paris with the Hornecks. Goldsmith is fairly accurate in his facts in this memoir. When he is wrong in these it is evidently due to his reliance upon his two leading authorities, viz., the 'Biographia Britannica' and the anonymous Life of Bolingbroke, published in 1752—good authorities at that time. No doubt the work was hastily done—and perhaps this was why Goldsmith (famous in this the year of the 'Deserted Village') did not put his name to it. But we think the biography has been somewhat underrated. The annexed view, it seems to us, is more just than is the view taken by the critics generally.—Ed.

This 'Life' is written with the author's usual elegance and discrimination of character, but with too evident a partiality to the restless politician whose history it professes to record. Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings have never been held in much esteem by the judicious; and even his political tracts, though they bear the marks of an acute and vigorous mind, refer too exclusively to the state of parties in his own time to be extensively or generally useful. Yet it must be remembered in Goldsmith's vindication, that, at the time when he wrote, Lord Bolingbroke's name was invested with a charm which it has now lost: he was still remembered as the secretary of state, the eloquent speaker, and the accomplished man of the world; he had besides been long the idol of the Tory wits of Queen Anne's reign—of Swift, and Pope, and Arbuthnot, and Gay, whom our author reverenced too deeply to think of questioning their judgment; and to crown all, Goldsmith himself was warmly attached to that school of politics of which Bolingbroke was the great ornament. It must also be admitted, that this ambitious statesman had, on other grounds, a very legitimate claim on the admiration of his biographer. Possessed of the highest talents for business, and of extensive political information—a shrewd judge of character—a lover of learning and of learned men—an eloquent writer, and a powerful debater,—he seems to have wanted only a little less pride, and a little more moral courage, to have become the leading statesman of his age.—B.]

THE LIFE

OF

HENRY ST. JOHN,

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

THERE are some characters that seem formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition, and whose most agreeable hours are passed in storms of their own creating. The subject of the present sketch was, perhaps, of all others, the most indefatigable in raising himself enemies, to show his power in subduing them; and was not less employed in improving his superior talents, than in finding objects on which to exercise their activity. His life was spent in a continued conflict of politics; and, as if that was too short for the combat, he has left his memory as a subject of lasting contention.

It is, indeed, no easy matter to preserve an acknowledged impartiality, in talking of a man so differently regarded on account of his political, as well as his religious principles. Those whom his politics may please will be sure to condemn him for his religion; and, on the contrary, those most strongly attached to his theological opinions, are the most likely to decry his politics. On whatever side he is regarded, he is sure to have opposers; and this was perhaps what he most desired, having, from nature, a mind better pleased with the struggle than the victory.

Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, was born

in the year 1672,[1] at Battersea, in Surrey, at a seat that had been in the possession of his ancestors for ages before. His family was of the first rank, equally conspicuous for its antiquity, dignity, and large possessions. It is found to trace its original as high as Adam de Port, Baron of Basing, in Hampshire, before the Conquest; and in a succession of ages, to have produced warriors, patriots, and statesmen, some of whom were conspicuous for their loyalty, and others for their defending the rights of the people. His grandfather, Sir Walter St. John, of Battersea, marrying one of the daughters of Lord Chief Justice St. John, who, as all know, was strongly attached to the republican party, Henry, the subject of the present memoir, was brought up in his family, and, consequently, imbibed the first principles of his education amongst the dissenters. At that time, Daniel Burgess, a fanatic of a very peculiar kind, being at once possessed of zeal and humour, and as well known for the archness of his conceits as the furious obstinacy of his principles, was confessor, in the presbyterian way, to his grandmother, and was appointed to direct our author's first studies. Nothing is so apt to disgust a feeling mind as mistaken zeal; and perhaps the absurdity of the first lectures he received might have given him that contempt for all religions which he might have justly conceived against one. Indeed, no task can be more mortifying than what he was condemned to undergo. "I was obliged," says he, in one place, "while yet a boy, to read over the commentaries of Dr. Manton, whose pride it was to have made a hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteenth psalm." Dr. Manton and his sermons were not likely to prevail much on one who was, perhaps, the most sharp-sighted in the world at discovering the absurdities of others, however he might have been guilty of establishing many of his own.

[1] Goldsmith's date is that of the chief previously published memoirs, viz., those in the 'Biographia Britannica' and the anonymous 'Life,' published in 1754. The correct date, however, seems to be 1678. Battersea Church register shows that Henry St. John was baptized there on Oct. 10, 1678, and his monument in the same church gives his age (seventy-three) at death (in 1751) in correspondence with this. See the epitaph, &c., at p. 220.—Ed.

But these dreary institutions were of no very long continuance; as soon as it was fit to take him out of the hands of the women, he was sent to Eton school, and removed thence to Christ Church College in Oxford. His genius and understanding were seen and admired in both these seminaries, but his love of pleasure had so much the ascendency, that he seemed contented rather with the consciousness of his own great powers, than their exertion. However, his friends, and those who knew him most intimately, were thoroughly sensible of the extent of his mind; and when he left the university, he was considered as one who had the fairest opportunity of making a shining figure in active life.

Nature seemed not less kind to him in her external embellishments than in adorning his mind. With the graces of a handsome person, and a face in which dignity was happily blended with sweetness, he had a manner of address that was very engaging. His vivacity was always awake, his apprehension was quick, his wit refined, and his memory amazing: his subtlety in thinking and reasoning was profound; and all these talents were adorned with an elocution that was irresistible.

To the assemblage of so many gifts from nature, it was expected that art would soon give her finishing hand; and that a youth begun in excellence, would soon arrive at perfection: but such is the perverseness of human nature, that an age which should have been employed in the acquisition of knowledge, was dissipated in pleasure, and instead of aiming to excel in praiseworthy pursuits, Bolingbroke seemed more ambitious of being thought the greatest rake about town. This period might have been compared to that of fermentation in liquors, which grow muddy before they brighten; but it must also be confessed, that those liquors which never ferment are seldom clear.[1] In this

[1] Goldsmith had previously used this simile in his 'Enquiry into Polite Learning' (1759), and elsewhere. See the Chapter "Of Rewarding Genius in England" in the 'Enquiry,' p. 501, vol. iii., and its note. *Apropos*, Percy's edition has the following note:—"Our author appears fond of this figure, for we find it introduced into his Essay on Polite Literature. The propriety, however, of the simile, and of the position it endeavours to illustrate, is ably examined in a periodical work entitled Philànthrope, published in London in the year 1797."—Ed.

state of disorder, he was not without his lucid intervals: and even while he was noted for keeping Miss Gumley,[1] the most expensive prostitute in the kingdom, and bearing the greatest quantity of wine without intoxication, he even then despised his paltry ambition. "The love of study," says he, "and desire of knowledge, were what I felt all my life: and though my genius, unlike the demon of Socrates, whispered so softly, that very often I heard him not in the hurry of these passions with which I was transported, yet some calmer hours there were, and in them I hearkened to him." These secret admonitions were indeed very few, since his excesses are remembered to this very day. I have spoken to an old man, who assured me, that he saw him and one of his companions run naked through the Park in a fit of intoxication; but then it was a time when public decency might be transgressed with less danger than at present.

During this period, as all his attachments were to pleasure, so his studies only seemed to lean that way. His first attempts were in poetry, in which he discovers more wit than taste, more labour than harmony in his versification. We have a copy of his verses prefixed to Dryden's Virgil, complimenting the poet, and praising his translation. We have another, not so well known, prefixed to a French work, published in Holland, by the Chevalier de St. Hyacinth, entitled, "Le Chef d'Œuvre d'un Inconnu." This performance is a humorous piece of criticism upon a miserable old ballad; and Bolingbroke's compliment, though written in English, is printed in Greek characters, so that at the first glance it may deceive the eye, and be mistaken for real Greek.[2] There are two or three things

[1] Miss Gumley is described in Cooke's 'Life of Bolingbroke,' 1836, vol. i., p. 11, as "the most beautiful courtesan of her day"; and by some she is supposed to be Pope's "charming Gumley," who was "lost in Pulteney's wife," and who died Countess of Bath in 1758. Her father is variously described as a rich china manufacturer of Isleworth, or Norfolk Street, and a successful army contractor and South Sea speculator. The conflicting stories about John Gumley and his family are set forth in *Notes and Queries*, Jan. 27, 1883.—Ed.

[2] Mr. Macknight says that Bolingbroke's prefatory verses to Hyacinthe's book are the same as those prefixed to Dryden's Virgil, with six lines added for opening. Hyacinthe, or Cordonnier, by the way,

more of his composition, which have appeared since his death, but which do honour neither to his parts nor memory.

In this mad career of pleasure he continued for some time; but at length, in 1700, when he arrived at the twenty-eighth year of his age,[1] he began to take a dislike to his method of living, and to find that sensual pleasure alone was not sufficient to make the happiness of a reasonable creature. He therefore made his first effort to break from his state of infatuation, by marrying the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Winchescomb, a descendant from the famous Jack of Newbury, who, though but a clothier in the reign of Henry VIII., was able to entertain the king and all his retinue in the most splendid manner. This lady was possessed of a fortune exceeding forty thousand pounds, and was not deficient in mental accomplishments; but whether he was not yet fully satiated with his former pleasures, or whether her temper was not conformable to his own, it is certain they were far from living happily together. After cohabiting for some time together, they parted by mutual consent, both equally displeased,—he complaining of the obstinacy of her temper, she of the shamelessness of his infidelity. A great part of her fortune some time after, upon his attainder, was given her back; but, as her family estates were settled upon him, he enjoyed them after her death, upon the reversal of his attainder.

Having taken a resolution to quit the allurements of pleasure for the stronger attractions of ambition, soon after his marriage he procured a seat in the House of Commons, being elected for the borough of Wotton-Basset in Wiltshire, his father having served several times for the same place. Besides his natural endowments and his large fortune, he had other very considerable advantages that gave him weight in the senate, and seconded his views of preferment. His grandfather, Sir Walter St. John, was still alive;

was the author of the 'Prince Titi' fairy tale, which Mr. Croker laboured so hard to fasten upon Frederick Prince of Wales, the son of George II., as a version of his 'Memoirs.' For a complete exposure of Croker in this matter see Mr. Napier's new edition of Boswell's Johnson, 1884 (Bohn's Standard Lib.), appendix to vol. ii., pp. 403-410.—Ed.

[1] Or the twenty-second year of his age, according to the corrected date of his birth: see *ante*, p. 182.—Ed.

and that gentleman's interest was so great in his own county of Wilts, that he represented it in two Parliaments in a former reign. His father also was then the representative for the same; and the interest of his wife's family in the House was very extensive. Thus Bolingbroke took his seat with many accidental helps; but his chief and great resource lay in his own extensive abilities.

At that time the Whig and the Tory parties were strongly opposed in the House, and pretty nearly balanced. In the latter years of King William, the Tories, who, from every motive, were opposed to the court, had been gaining popularity, and now began to make a public stand against their competitors. Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, a stanch and confirmed Tory, was, in the year 1700, chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and was continued in the same upon the accession of Queen Anne, the year ensuing. Bolingbroke had all along been bred up, as was before observed, among the dissenters, his friends leaned to that persuasion, and all his connections were in the Whig interest. However, either from principle, or from perceiving the Tory party to be then gaining ground, while the Whigs were declining, he soon changed his connections, and joined himself to Harley, for whom he then had the greatest esteem; nor did he bring him his vote alone, but his opinion, which, even before the end of his first session, he rendered very considerable, the house perceiving even in so young a speaker the greatest eloquence, united with the profoundest discernment. The year following he was again chosen anew for the same borough, and persevered in his former attachments, by which he gained such an authority and influence in the House, that it was thought proper to reward his merit; and on the 10th of April, 1704, he was appointed Secretary at War, and of the Marines, his friend Harley having a little before been made Secretary of State.

The Tory party being thus established in power, it may easily be supposed that every method would be used to depress the Whig interest, and to prevent it from rising; yet so much justice was done even to merit in an enemy, that the Duke of Marlborough, who might be considered as at the head of the opposite party, was supplied with all the necessaries for carrying on the war in Flanders with

vigour: and it is remarkable, that the greatest events of his campaign, such as the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, and several glorious attempts made by the Duke to shorten the war by some decisive action, fell out while Bolingbroke was Secretary at War. In fact, he was a sincere admirer of that great general, and avowed it upon all occasions to the last moment of his life: he knew his faults, he admired his virtues, and had the boast of being instrumental in giving lustre to those triumphs, by which his own power was in a manner overthrown.

As the affairs of the nation were then in as fluctuating a state as at present, Harley, after maintaining the lead for above three years, was in his turn obliged to submit to the Whigs, who once more became the prevailing party, and he was compelled to resign the seals. The friendship between him and Bolingbroke seems at this time to have been sincere and disinterested; for the latter chose to follow his fortune, and the next day resigned his employments in the administration, following his friend's example, and setting an example at once of integrity and moderation. As an instance of this, when his coadjutors, the Tories, were for carrying a violent measure in the House of Commons, in order to bring the Princess Sophia into England, Bolingbroke so artfully opposed it, that it dropt without a debate. For this his moderation was praised, but perhaps at the expense of his sagacity.

For some time the Whigs seemed to have gained a complete triumph, and upon the election of a new Parliament, in the year 1708, Bolingbroke was not returned.[1] The interval which followed, of above two years, he employed in the severest study; and this recluse period he ever after used to consider as the most active and serviceable of his whole life. But his retirement was soon interrupted by the prevailing of his party once more; for the Whig Parliament being dissolved in the year 1710, he was again chosen; and Harley being made Chancellor and under treasurer of the Exchequer, the important post of Secretary of State was given to our author, in which he discovered a degree

[1] Macknight in his 'Life of Lord Bolingbroke,' 1863, says he did not offer himself for re-election.—Ed.

of genius and assiduity, that perhaps have never been known to be united in one person to the same degree.

The English annals scarce produce a more trying juncture, or that required such various abilities to regulate. He was then placed in a sphere where he was obliged to conduct the machine of state, struggling with a thousand various calamities; a desperate and enraged party, whose characteristic it has ever been to bear none in power but themselves; a war conducted by an able general, his professed opponent, and whose victories only tended to render him every day more formidable; a foreign enemy, possessed of endless resources, and seeming to gather strength from every defeat; an insidious alliance, that wanted only to gain the advantage of victory, without contributing to the expenses of the combat; a weak declining mistress, that was led by every report, and seemed ready to listen to whatever was said against him; still more, a gloomy, indolent, and suspicious colleague, that envied his power, and hated him for his abilities: these were a part of the difficulties that Bolingbroke had to struggle with in office, and under which he was to conduct the treaty of peace of Utrecht, which was considered as one of the most complicated negotiations that history can afford. But nothing seemed too great for his abilities and industry; he set himself to the undertaking with spirit; he began to pave the way to the intended treaty, by making the people discontented at the continuance of the war; for this purpose, he employed himself in drawing up accurate computations of the numbers of our own men, and that of foreigners, employed in its destructive progress. He even wrote in the Examiners, and other periodical papers of the times, showing how much of the burden rested upon England, and how little was sustained by those who falsely boasted their alliance. By these means, and after much debate in the House of Commons, the Queen received a petition from Parliament, showing the hardships the allies had put upon England in carrying on this war, and consequently how necessary it was to apply relief to so ill-judged a connection. It may be easily supposed that the Dutch, against whom this petition was chiefly levelled, did all that was in their power to oppose it; many of the foreign courts also, with

whom he had any transactions, were continually at work to defeat the minister's intentions. Memorial was delivered after memorial; the people of England, the Parliament, and all Europe, were made acquainted with the injustice and the dangers of such a proceeding: however, Bolingbroke went on with steadiness and resolution; and although the attacks of his enemies at home might have been deemed sufficient to employ his attention, yet he was obliged, at the same time that he furnished materials to the press in London, to furnish instructions to all our ministers and ambassadors abroad, who would do nothing but in pursuance of his directions. As an orator in the senate, he exerted all his eloquence, he stated all the great points that were brought before the House, he answered the objections that were made by the leaders of the opposition; and all this with such success, that even his enemies, while they opposed his power, acknowledged his abilities. Indeed, such were the difficulties he had to encounter, that we find him acknowledging himself, some years after, that he never looked back on this great event, passed as it was, without a secret emotion of mind, when he compared the vastness of the undertaking, and the importance of the success, with the means employed to bring it about, and with those which were employed to frustrate his intentions.

While he was thus industriously employed, he was not without the rewards that deserved to follow such abilities, joined to so much assiduity. In July, 1712, he was created Baron St. John of Lidyard Tregoze in Wiltshire, and Viscount Bolingbroke; by the last of which titles he is now generally known, and is likely to be talked of by posterity: he was also the same year appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Essex. By the titles of Tregoze and Bolingbroke, he united the honours of the elder and younger branch of his family; and thus transmitted into one channel the opposing interests of two races, that had been distinguished, one for their loyalty to King Charles I., the other for their attachment to the Parliament that opposed him. It was afterwards his boast, that he steered clear of the extremes for which his ancestors had been distinguished, having kept the spirit of freedom of the one, and acknowledged the subordination that distinguished the other.

Bolingbroke, being thus raised very near the summit of power, began to perceive more clearly the defects of him who was placed there. He now began to find, that Lord Oxford, whose party he had followed, and whose person he had esteemed, was by no means so able or so industrious as he supposed him to be. He now began from his heart to renounce the friendship which he once had for his co-adjutor; he began to imagine him treacherous, mean, indolent, and invidious; he even began to ascribe his own promotion to Oxford's hatred, and to suppose that he was sent up to the House of Lords only to render him contemptible. These suspicions were partly true, and partly suggested by Bolingbroke's own ambition: being sensible of his own superior importance and capacity, he could not bear to see another take the lead in public affairs, when he knew they owed their chief success to his own management. Whatever might have been his motives, whether of contempt, hatred, or ambition, it is certain an irreconcilable breach began between these two leaders of their party; their mutual hatred was so great, that even their own common interest, the vigour of their negotiations, and the safety of their friends, were entirely sacrificed to it. It was in vain that Swift, who was admitted into their counsels, urged the unseasonable [1] impropriety of their disputes; that while they were thus at variance within the walls, the enemy were making irreparable breaches without. Bolingbroke's antipathy was so great, that even success would have been hateful to him, if Lord Oxford were to be a partner. He abhorred him to that degree, that he could not bear to be joined with him in any case; and even some time after, when the lives of both were aimed at, he could not think of concerting measures with him for their mutual safety, preferring even death itself to the appearance of a temporary friendship.

Nothing could have been more weak and injudicious than their mutual animosities at this juncture; and it may be asserted with truth, that men who were unable to suppress or conceal their resentments upon such a trying occasion, were unfit to take the lead in any measures, be their

[1] So in the first edition, and in that of the 'Miscellanies.' Percy's has "unreasonable."—Ed.

industry or their abilities ever so great. In fact, their dissensions were soon found to involve not only them, but their party in utter ruin: their hopes had for some time been declining, the Whigs were daily gaining ground, and the Queen's death soon after totally destroyed all their schemes with their power.

Upon the accession of George I. to the throne, danger began to threaten the late ministry on every side: whether they had really intentions of bringing in the Pretender, or whether the Whigs made it a pretext for destroying them, is uncertain; but the King very soon began to show that they were to expect neither favour nor mercy at his hands. Upon his landing at Greenwich,[1] when the court came to wait upon him, and Lord Oxford among the number, he studiously avoided taking any notice of him, and testified his resentment by the caresses he bestowed upon the members of the opposite faction. A regency had been some time before appointed to govern the kingdom, and Addison was made secretary. Bolingbroke still maintained his place of State Secretary, but subject to the contempt of the great, and the insults of the mean. The first step taken by them to mortify him, was to order all letters and packets directed to the Secretary of State, to be sent to Mr. Addison; so that Bolingbroke was in fact removed from his office, that is, the execution of it, in two days after the Queen's death. But this was not the worst; for his mortifications were continually heightened by the daily humiliation of waiting at the door of the apartment where the regency sat, with a bag in his hand, and being all the time, as it were, exposed to the insolence of those who were tempted by their natural malevolence, or who expected to make their court to those in power by abusing him.[2]

Upon this sudden turn of fortune, when the seals were taken from him, he went into the country; and having received a message from court to be present when the seal was taken from the door of the secretary's office, he excused himself, alleging, that so trifling a ceremony might as well be performed by one of the under secretaries, but at the same time requested the honour of kissing the King's hand,

[1] Sept. 18th, 1714, Queen Anne having died on Aug. 1st.—Ed.
[2] *Vide* 'Memoirs of Bolingbroke,' 1752, p. 294.—Ed.

to whom he testified the utmost submission. This request, however, was rejected with disdain; the King had been taught to regard him as an enemy, and threw himself entirely on the Whigs for safety and protection.

The new Parliament, mostly composed of Whigs, met the 17th of March and, in the King's speech from the throne, many inflaming hints were given, and many methods of violence chalked out to the two houses. "The first steps," (says Lord Bolingbroke, speaking on this occasion,[1]) "in both were perfectly answerable; and, to the shame of the peerage be it spoken, I saw at that time several lords concur to condemn, in one general vote, all that they had approved in a former Parliament by many particular resolutions. Among several bloody resolutions proposed and agitated at this time, the resolution of impeaching me of high treason was taken, and I took that of leaving England, not in a panic terror, improved by the artifices of the Duke of Marlborough, whom I knew even at that time too well to act by his advice or information in any case, but on such grounds as the proceedings which soon followed sufficiently justified, and such as I have never repented building upon. Those who blamed it in the first heat, were soon after obliged to change their language: for what other resolution could I take? The method of prosecution designed against me would have put me out of a condition immediately to act for myself, or to serve those who were less exposed than me, but who were, however, in danger. On the other hand, how few were there on whose assistance I could depend, or to whom I would even in these circumstances be obliged? The ferment in the nation was wrought up to a considerable height; but there was at that time no reason to expect that it could influence the proceedings in Parliament, in favour of those who should be accused: left to its own movement, it was much more proper to quicken than slacken the prosecutions; and who was there to guide its motions? The Tories who had been true to one another to the last, were a handful, and no great vigour could be ex-

[1] Perhaps we should read, "speaking of this occasion." The matter quoted does not seem as if delivered in the debate on the King's speech, but later. Moreover, Macknight says the King's speech was delivered on March 21, not March 17.—Ed.

pected from them; the Whimsicals,[1] disappointed of the figure which they hoped to make, began indeed to join their old friends. One of the principal among them, namely, the Earl of Anglesea, was so very good as to confess to me, that if the court had called the servants of the late Queen to account, and stopped there, he must have considered himself as a judge, and acted according to his conscience on what should have appeared to him; but that war had been declared to the whole Tory party, and that now the state of things was altered. This discourse needed no commentary, and proved to me, that I had never erred in the judgment I made of this set of men. Could I then resolve to be obliged to them, or to suffer with Oxford? As much as I still was heated by the disputes, in which I had been all my life engaged against the Whigs, I would sooner have chosen to owe my security to their indulgence, than to the assistance of the Whimsicals; but I thought banishment, with all her train of evils, preferable to either."

Such was the miserable situation to which he was reduced upon this occasion: of all the number of his former flatterers and dependents, scarce was one found remaining. Every hour brought fresh reports of his alarming situation, and the dangers which threatened him and his party on all sides. Prior,[2] who had been employed in negotiating the treaty of Utrecht, was come over to Dover, and promised to reveal all he knew. The Duke of Marlborough planted his creatures round his lordship, who artfully endeavoured to increase the danger; and an impeachment was actually preparing, in which he was accused of high treason. It argued, therefore, no great degree of timidity in his lordship, to take the first opportunity to withdraw from danger, and to suffer the first boilings of popular animosity to quench the flame that had been raised against him: ac-

[1] The "Whimsicals" were the Tories who would not join the Jacobites. Or as Bolingbroke himself puts it in his 'Letter to Wyndham:'—"Whimsicals were Tories who had been eager for the conclusion of the peace till the treaties were perfected; then they could come up to no direct approbation. In the clamour raised about the danger to the succession they joined the Whigs."—Ed.

[2] Matthew Prior, the poet.—Ed.

cordingly, having made a gallant show of despising the machinations against him, having appeared in a very unconcerned manner at the playhouse in Drury-Lane, and having bespoke another play for the night ensuing—having subscribed to a new opera that was to be acted some time after, and talking of making an elaborate defence,—he went off that same night in disguise to Dover, as a servant to Le Vigne, a messenger belonging to the French king; and there one William Morgan, who had been a captain in General Hill's regiment of dragoons, hired a vessel, and carried him over to Calais, where the governor attended him in his coach, and carried him to his house with all possible distinction.

The news of Lord Bolingbroke's flight was soon known over the whole town; and the next day a letter from him to Lord Lansdowne was handed about in print, to the following effect:

"My Lord,—I left the town so abruptly, that I had no time to take leave of you or any of my friends. You will excuse me, when you know that I had certain and repeated informations, from some who are in the secret of affairs, that a resolution was taken, by those who have power to execute it, to pursue me to the scaffold. My blood was to have been the cement of a new alliance, nor could my innocence be any security, after it had once been demanded from abroad, and resolved on at home, that it was necessary to cut me off. Had there been the least reason to hope for a fair and open trial, after having been already prejudged unheard by the two houses of Parliament, I should not have declined the strictest examination. I challenge the most inveterate of my enemies to produce any one instance of a criminal correspondence, or the least corruption of any part of the administration in which I was concerned. If my zeal for the honour and dignity of my Royal Mistress, and the true interest of my country, have any where transported me to let slip a warm or unguarded expression, I hope the most favourable interpretation will be put upon it. It is a comfort that will remain with me in all my misfortunes, that I served her Majesty faithfully and dutifully, in that especially which she had most at heart, relieving her people from a bloody and expensive war, and that I have also been too much an Englishman, to sacrifice the interests of my country to any foreign ally; and it is for this crime only that I am now driven from thence. You shall hear more at large from me shortly. Yours, &c."

No sooner was it universally known that he was retired to France, than his flight was construed into a proof of his guilt; and his enemies accordingly set about driving on his impeachment with redoubled alacrity. Mr., afterwards Sir

Robert Walpole, who had suffered a good deal by his attachment to the Whig interest during the former reign, now undertook to bring in and conduct the charge against him in the House of Commons. His impeachment consisted of six articles, which Walpole read to the House, in substance as follows:—First, That whereas the Lord Bolingbroke had assured the Dutch ministers, that the Queen his mistress would make no peace but in concert with them, yet he had sent Mr. Prior to France that same year, with proposals for a treaty of peace with that monarch, without the consent of the allies: Secondly, That he advised and promoted the making a separate treaty of convention with France, which was signed in September: Thirdly, That he disclosed to M. Mesnager, the French minister at London, this convention, which was the preliminary instructions to her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht: Fourthly, That her Majesty's final instructions to her Plenipotentiaries were disclosed by him to the Abbé Gualtier, who was an emissary of France: Fifthly, That he disclosed to the French the manner how Tournay, in Flanders, might be gained by them: And lastly, that he advised and promoted the yielding up Spain and the West Indies to the Duke of Anjou, then an enemy to her Majesty.[1] These were urged by Walpole with great vehemence, and aggravated with all the eloquence of which he was master. He challenged any person in behalf of the accused, and asserted, that to vindicate, were, in a manner to share his guilt. In this universal consternation of the Tory party, none was for some time seen to stir; but, at length, General Ross, who had received favours from his lordship, boldly stood up, and said, he wondered that no man more capable was found to appear in defence of the accused. However, in attempting to proceed, he hesitated so much, that he was obliged to sit down, observing, that he would reserve what he had to say to another opportunity. It may easily be supposed that the Whigs found no great difficulty in passing the vote for his impeachment through the House of Commons. It was brought into that House on the 10th of June, 1715, it was

[1] This appears to be a fair summary of the text of the articles of impeachment, which Wingrove Cooke gave in full in the appendix to his 'Life of Bolingbroke.'—Ed.

sent up to the House of Lords on the 6th of August ensuing, and in consequence of which he was attainted by them of high treason on the 10th of September.[1] Nothing could be more unjust than such a sentence; but justice had been long drowned in the spirit of party.

Bolingbroke, thus finding all hopes cut off at home, began to think of improving his wretched fortune upon the Continent. He had left England with a very small fortune, and his attainder totally cut off all resources for the future. In this depressed situation he began to listen to some proposals which were made by the Pretender, who was then residing at Barr, in France, and who was desirous of admitting Bolingbroke into his secret councils. A proposal of this nature had been made him shortly after his arrival at Paris, and before his attainder at home; but, while he had yet any hopes of succeeding in England, he absolutely refused, and made the best applications his ruined fortune would permit, to prevent the extremity of his prosecution.

He had for some time waited for an opportunity of determining himself, even after he found it vain to think of making his peace at home. He let his Jacobite friends in England know that they had but to command him, and he was ready to venture in their service the little all that remained, as frankly as he had exposed all that was gone. "At length," says he, talking of himself, "these commands came, and were executed in the following manner. The person who was sent to me arrived in the beginning of July, 1715, at the place I had retired to in Dauphiné. He spoke in the name of all the friends whose authority could influence me; and he brought word, that Scotland was not only ready to take arms, but under some sort of dissatisfaction to be withheld from beginning; that in England, the people were exasperated against the government to such a degree, that, far from wanting to be encouraged, they could not be restrained from insulting it on every occasion;

[1] The Duke of Ormond was attainted at the same time. The Earl of Oxford's trial was put off for nearly two years, during which he was confined in the Tower; he was afterwards discharged in consequence of a dispute arising between the Lords and the Commons concerning the mode of his trial.—B.

that the whole Tory party was become avowedly Jacobite; that many officers of the army, and the majority of the soldiers, were well affected to the cause; that the city of London was ready to rise, and that the enterprises for seizing of several places were ripe for execution; in a word, that most of the principal Tories were in concert with the Duke of Ormond; for I had pressed particularly to be informed whether his Grace acted alone, or if not, who were his council; and that the others were so disposed, that there remained no doubt of their joining as soon as the first blow should be struck. He added, that my friends were a little surprised to observe that I lay neuter in such a conjuncture. He represented to me the danger I ran of being prevented by people of all sides from having the merit of engaging early in this enterprise, and how unaccountable it would be for a man, impeached and attainted under the present government, to take no share in bringing about a revolution so near at hand, and so certain. He entreated that I would defer no longer to join the Chevalier, to advise and assist in carrying on his affairs, and to solicit and negotiate at the Court of France, where my friends imagined that I should not fail to meet a favourable reception, and whence they made no doubt of receiving assistance in a situation of affairs so critical, so unexpected, and so promising. He concluded, by giving me a letter from the Pretender, whom he had seen in his way to me, in which I was pressed to repair without loss of time to Commercy; and this instance was grounded on the message which the bearer of the letter had brought me from England. In the progress of the conversation with the messenger, he related a number of facts, which satisfied me as to the general disposition of the people; but he gave me little satisfaction as to the measures taken to improve this disposition, for driving the business on with vigour, if it tended to a revolution, or for supporting it to advantage, if it spun into a war. When I questioned him concerning several persons whose disinclination to the government admitted no doubt, and whose names, quality, and experience, were very essential to the success of the undertaking, he owned to me that they kept a great reserve, and did at most but encourage others to act, by general and dark expres-

sions. I received this account and this summons ill in my bed; yet, important as the matter was, a few minutes served to determine me. The circumstances wanting to form a reasonable inducement to engage did not excuse me; but the smart of a bill of attainder tingled in every vein, and I looked on my party to be under oppression, and to call for my assistance. Besides which, I considered first that I should be certainly informed, when I conferred with the Chevalier, of many particulars unknown to this gentleman; for I did not imagine that the English could be so near to take up arms as he represented them to be, on no other foundation than that which he exposed." [1]

In this manner, having for some time debated with himself, and taken his resolution, he lost no time in repairing to the Pretender at Commercy, and took the seals of that nominal king, as he had formerly those of his potent mistress. But this was a terrible falling off indeed; and the very first conversation he had with this weak projector, gave him the most unfavourable expectations of future success. "He talked to me," says his lordship, "like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but who did not very well know for which; and when he entered into the particulars of his affairs, I found, that concerning the former he had nothing more circumstantial or positive to go upon, than what I have already related. But the Duke of Ormond had been for some time, I cannot say how long, engaged with the Chevalier: he had taken the direction of this whole affair, as far as it related to England, upon himself; and had received a commission for this purpose, which contained the most ample powers that could be given. But still, however, all was unsettled, undetermined, and ill understood. The Duke had asked from France a small body of forces, a sum of money, and a quantity of ammunition: but to the first part of the request he received a flat denial, but was made to hope that some arms and some ammunition might be given. This was but a very gloomy prospect; yet hope swelled the depressed party so high, that they talked of nothing less than an instant and ready revolution. It was their interest to

[1] This is from the 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham,' 1753, pp. 103-111, but there are a few omissions and verbal differences.—Ed.

be secret and industrious; but, rendered sanguine by their passions, they made no doubt of subverting a government with which they were angry, and gave as great an alarm, as would have been imprudent at the eve of a general insurrection."[1]

Such was the state of things when Bolingbroke arrived to take up his new office at Commercy; and although he saw the deplorable state of the party with which he was embarked, yet he resolved to give his affairs the best complexion he was able, and set out for Paris, in order to procure from that court the necessary succours for his new master's invasion of England. But his reception and negotiations at Paris were still more unpromising than those at Commercy; and nothing but absolute infatuation seemed to dictate every measure taken by the party. He there found a multitude of people at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own eyes; no subordination, no order, no concert. The Jacobites had wrought one another up to look upon the success of the present designs as infallible: every meeting-house which the populace demolished, as he himself says, every little drunken riot which happened, served to confirm them in these sanguine expectations; and there was hardly one among them who would lose the air of contributing by his intrigues to the restoration, which he took for granted would be brought about in a few weeks. "Care and hope," says our author, very humorously, "sat on every busy Irish face; those who could read and write had letters to show, and those who had not arrived to this pitch of erudition had their secrets to whisper. No sex was excluded from this ministry: Fanny Oglethorpe kept her corner in it; and Olive Trant, a woman of the same mixed reputation, was the great wheel of this political machine. The ridiculous correspondence was carried on with England by people of like importance, and who were busy in sounding the alarm in the ears of an enemy, whom it was their interest to surprise."[2] By these means, as he himself continues to inform us, the government of England was put on its guard, so

[1] Abbreviated from the 'Letter to Wyndham,' 1753, pp. 112-117.—Ed.

[2] Freely rendered from the 'Letter to Wyndham,' as before: see pp. 124-126.—Ed.

that before he came to Paris, what was doing had been discovered. The little armament made at Havre de Grace, which furnished the only means to the Pretender of landing on the coasts of Britain, and which had exhausted the treasury of St. Germains, was talked of publicly. The Earl of Stair, the English minister at that city, very soon discovered its destination, and all the particulars of the intended invasion; the names of the persons from whom supplies came, and who were particularly active in the design, were whispered about at tea-tables and coffee-houses. In short, what by the indiscretion of the projectors, what by the private interests and ambitious views of the French, the most private transactions came to light; and such of the more prudent plotters, who supposed that they had trusted their heads to the keeping of one or two friends, were in reality at the mercy of numbers. "Into such company," exclaims our noble writer, "was I fallen for my sins."[1] Still, however, he went on, steering in the wide ocean without a compass, till the death of Louis XIV.,[2] and the arrival of the Duke of Ormond at Paris, rendered all his endeavours abortive: yet, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, he still continued to despatch several messages and directions for England, to which he received very evasive and ambiguous answers. Among the number of these, he drew up a paper at Chaville, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, Marshal Berwick, and De Torcy, which was sent to England just before the death of the King of France, representing that France could not answer the demands of their memorial, and praying directions what to do. A reply to this came to him through the French Secretary of State, wherein they declared themselves unable to say any thing, till they saw what turn affairs would take on the death of the King,

[1] The last sentence is not "quoted" in the early editions, nor are any other portions of this long paragraph; yet at several places it seems as if the writer of the biography lapses into quotation from statements by Bolingbroke.—Ed.

[2] Louis XIV., who, partly out of ostentation, and partly from policy, had always befriended the Stuarts, died September 1, 1715. The Duke of Orleans, upon whom the regency devolved, for some time continued to amuse the partisans of the exiled family with promises of support, which he appears never to have intended to fulfil.—B.

which had reached their ears. Upon another occasion, a message coming from Scotland to press the Chevalier to hasten their rising, he despatched a messenger to London to the Earl of Mar, to tell him that the concurrence of England in the insurrection was ardently wished and expected; but, instead of that nobleman's waiting for instructions, he had already gone into the Highlands, and had there actually put himself at the head of his clans. After this, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, he despatched one Mr. Hamilton, who got all the papers by heart, for fear of a miscarriage, to their friends in England, to inform them that though the Chevalier was destitute of succour, and all reasonable hopes of it, yet he would land as they pleased in England or Scotland at a minute's warning; and therefore they might rise immediately after they had sent despatches to him. To this message Mr. Hamilton returned very soon with an answer given by Lord Lansdowne, in the name of all the persons privy to the secret, that since affairs grew daily worse, and would not mend by delay, the malcontents in England had resolved to declare immediately, and would be ready to join the Duke of Ormond on his landing; adding, that his person would be as safe in England as in Scotland, and that in every other respect it was better he should land in England; that they had used their utmost endeavours, and hoped the western counties would be in a good posture to receive him; and that he should land as near as possible to Plymouth. With these assurances the Duke embarked, though he had heard before of the seizure of many of his most zealous adherents, of the dispersion of many more, and the consternation of all; so that upon his arrival at Plymouth, finding nothing in readiness, he returned to Brittany. In these circumstances the Pretender himself sent to have a vessel got ready for him at Dunkirk, in which he went to Scotland, leaving Lord Bolingbroke all this while at Paris, to try if by any means some assistance might not be procured, without which all hopes of success were at an end. It was during his negotiation upon this miserable proceeding, that he was sent for by Mrs. Trant, (a woman who had some time before ingratiated herself with the Regent of France, by supplying him with mis-

tresses from England,) to a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where she lived with Mademoiselle Chaussery, an old superannuated waiting-woman belonging to the Regent. By these he was acquainted with the measures they had taken for the service of the Duke of Ormond; although Bolingbroke, who was actually secretary to the negotiation, had never been admitted to a confidence in their secrets. He was therefore a little surprised at finding such mean agents employed without his privity, and very soon found them utterly unequal to the task. He quickly, therefore, withdrew himself from such wretched auxiliaries, and the Regent himself seemed pleased at his defection.

In the mean time the Pretender set sail from Dunkirk for Scotland; and though Bolingbroke had all along perceived that his cause was hopeless, and his projects ill-designed; although he had met with nothing but opposition and disappointment in his service; yet he considered that this, of all others, was the time he could not be permitted to relax in the cause. He now, therefore, neglected no means, forgot no argument which his understanding could suggest, in applying to the court of France; but his success was not answerable to his industry. The King of France, not able to furnish the Pretender with money himself, had writ some time before his death to his grandson, the King of Spain, and had obtained from him a promise of forty thousand crowns. A small part of this sum had been received by the Queen's treasurer at St. Germains, and had been sent to Scotland, or employed to defray the expenses which were daily making on the coast; at the same time Bolingbroke pressed the Spanish ambassador at Paris, and solicited the minister at the Court of Spain. He took care to have a number of officers picked out of the Irish troops which serve in France, gave them their routes, and sent a ship to receive and transport them to Scotland. Still, however, the money came in so slowly, and in such trifling sums, that it turned to little account; and the officers were on their way to the Pretender. At the same time he formed a design of engaging French privateers in the expedition, that were to have carried whatever should be necessary to send to any part of Bri-

tain in their first voyage, and then to cruise under the Pretender's commission. He had actually agreed for some, and had it in his power to have made the same bargain with others: Sweden on the one side, and Scotland on the other, could have afforded them retreats; and, if the war had been kept up in any part of the mountains, this armament would have been of the utmost advantage. But all his projects and negotiations failed by the Pretender's precipitate return, who was not above six weeks in his expedition, and flew out of Scotland even before all had been tried in his defence.

The expedition being in this manner totally defeated, Bolingbroke now began to think that it was his duty as well as interest to save the poor remains of the disappointed party. He never had any great opinion of the Pretender's success before he set off; but when this adventurer had taken the last step which it was in his power to make, our Secretary then resolved to suffer neither him nor the Scotch to be any longer bubbles of their own credulity, and of the scandalous artifices of the French court. In a conversation he had with the Marshal de Huxelles, he took occasion to declare, that he would not be the instrument of amusing the Scotch; and since he was able to do them no other service, he would at least inform them of what little dependence they might place upon assistance from France. He added, that he would send them vessels, which, with those already on the coast of Scotland, might serve to bring off the Pretender, the Earl of Mar, and as many others as possible. The Marshal approved his resolution, and advised him to execute it, as the only thing which was left to do; but in the mean time the Pretender landed at Gravelines, and gave orders to stop all vessels, bound on his account to Scotland; and Bolingbroke saw him the morning after his arrival at St. Germains, and he received him with open arms.

As it was the Secretary's business, as soon as Bolingbroke heard of his return, he went to acquaint the French court with it; when it was recommended to him to advise the Pretender to proceed to Barr with all possible diligence; and in this measure Bolingbroke entirely concurred. But the Pretender himself was in no such haste: he had a mind

to stay some time at St. Germains, and in the neighbourhood of Paris, and to have a private meeting with the Regent. He accordingly sent Bolingbroke to solicit this meeting, who exerted all his influence in the negotiation. He wrote and spoke to the Marshal de Huxelles, who answered him by word of mouth, and by letters, refusing him by both, and assuring him that the Regent said the things which were asked were puerilities, and swore he would not see him. The Secretary, no ways displeased with his ill success, returned with this answer to his master, who acquiesced in this determination, and declared he would instantly set out for Lorraine, at the same time assuring Bolingbroke of his firm reliance on his integrity.

However, the Pretender, instead of taking post for Lorraine, as he had promised, went to a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where his female ministers resided, and there continued for several days, seeing the Spanish and Swedish ministers, even the Regent himself. It might have been in these interviews that he was set against his new Secretary, and taught to believe that he had been remiss in his duty, and false to his trust. Be this as it will, a few days after the Duke of Ormond came to see Bolingbroke, and, having first prepared him for the surprise, put into his hands a note directed to the Duke, and a little scrip of paper directed to the Secretary: they were both in the Pretender's handwriting, and dated as if written by him on his way to Lorraine; but in this Bolingbroke was not to be deceived, who knew the place of his present residence. In one of these papers the Pretender declared that he had no further occasion for the Secretary's service; and the other was an order to him to give up the papers in his office; all which, he observes, might have been contained in a letter-case of a moderate size. He gave the Duke the seals, and some papers which he could readily come at; but for some others, in which there were several insinuations, under the Pretender's own hand, reflecting upon the Duke himself, these he took care to convey by a safe hand, since it would have been very improper that the Duke should have seen them. As he thus gave up without scruple all the papers which remained in his hands, because he was determined never to make use of them, so he

declares he took a secret pride in never asking for those of his own which were in the Pretender's hands; contenting himself with making the Duke understand, how little need there was to get rid of a man in this manner, who only wanted an opportunity to get rid of the Pretender and his cause. In fact, if we survey the measures taken on the one side, and the abilities of the man on the other, it will not appear any way wonderful that he should be disgusted with a party who had neither principle to give a foundation to their hopes, union to advance them, nor abilities to put them in motion.

Bolingbroke, being thus dismissed from the Pretender's service, he supposed that he had got rid of the trouble and the ignominy of so mean an employment at the same time; but he was mistaken: he was no sooner rejected from the office, than articles of impeachment were preferred against him, in the same manner as he had before been impeached in England, though not with such effectual injury to his person and fortune. The articles of his impeachment by the Pretender were branched out into seven heads, in which he was accused of treachery, incapacity, and neglect. The first was, that he was never to be found by those who came to him about business; and if by chance or stratagem they got hold of him, he affected being in a hurry, and by putting them off to another time, still avoided giving them any answer: The second was, that the Earl of Mar complained by six different messengers, at different times, before the Chevalier came from Dunkirk, of his being in want of arms and ammunition, and prayed a speedy relief; and though the things demanded were in my lord's power, there was not so much as one pound of powder in any of the ships which by his lordship's directions parted from France: Thirdly, the Pretender himself, after his arrival, sent General Hamilton to inform him, that his want of arms and ammunition was such, that he should be obliged to leave Scotland, unless he received speedy relief; yet Lord Bolingbroke amused Mr. Hamilton twelve days together, and did not introduce him to any of the French ministers, though he was referred to them for a particular account of affairs, or so much as communicated his letters to the Queen, or any body else: Fourthly, the Count de Castel

Blanco had for several months at Havre a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, and did daily ask his lordship's orders how to dispose of them, but never got any instructions: Fifthly, the Pretender's friends at the French court had for some time past no very good opinion of his lordship's integrity, and a very bad one of his discretion: Sixthly, at a time when many merchants in France would have carried privately any quantity of arms and ammunition into Scotland, his lordship desired a public order for the embarkation, which being a thing not to be granted, is said to have been done in order to urge a denial: Lastly, the Pretender wrote to his lordship by every occasion after his arrival in Scotland; and though there were many opportunities of writing in return, yet from the time he landed there, to the day he left it, he never received any letter from his lordship. Such were the articles, by a very extraordinary reverse of fortune, preferred against Lord Bolingbroke, in less than a year after similar articles were drawn up against him by the opposite party at home. It is not easy to find out what he could have done thus to disoblige all sides; but he had learned by this time to make out happiness from the consciousness of his own designs, and to consider all the rest of mankind as uniting in a faction to oppress virtue.

But though it was mortifying to be thus rejected on both sides, yet he was not remiss in vindicating himself from all. Against these articles of impeachment, therefore, he drew up an elaborate answer, in which he vindicates himself with great plausibility. He had long, as he asserts, "wished to leave the Pretender's service," but was entirely at a loss how to conduct himself in so difficult a resignation; "but at length," says he, "the Pretender and his council disposed of things better for me than I could have done for myself. I had resolved, on his return from Scotland, to follow him till his residence should be fixed somewhere; after which, having served the Tories in this, which I looked upon as their last struggle for power, and having continued to act in the Pretender's affairs till the end of the term for which I embarked with him, I should have esteemed myself to be at liberty, and should, in the civilest manner I was able, have taken my leave of him. Had we parted thus,

I should have remained in a very strange situation all the rest of my life; on one side he would have thought that he had a right on any future occasion to call me out of my retreat; the Tories would probably have thought the same thing; my resolution was taken to refuse them both, and I foresaw that both would condemn me: on the other side, the consideration of his having kept measures with me, joined to that of having once openly declared for him, would have created a point of honour, by which I should have been tied down, not only from ever engaging against him, but also from making my peace at home. The Pretender cut this Gordian knot asunder at one blow: he broke the links of that chain which former engagements had fastened on me, and gave me a right to esteem myself as free from all obligations of keeping measures with him, as I should have continued if I had never engaged in his interest."

It is not to be supposed that one so very delicate to preserve his honour, would previously have basely betrayed his employer: a man conscious of acting so infamous a part, would have undertaken no defence, but let the accusations, which could not materially affect him, blow over, and wait for the calm that was to succeed in tranquillity. He appeals to all the ministers with whom he transacted business, for the integrity of his proceedings at that juncture; and had he been really guilty, when he opposed the ministry here after his return, they would not have failed to brand and detect his duplicity. The truth is, that he perhaps was the most disinterested minister at that time in the Pretender's court; as he had spent great sums of his own money in his service, and never would be obliged to him for a farthing, in which case he believes that he was single. His integrity is much less impeachable on this occasion than his ambition; for all the steps he took may be fairly ascribed to his displeasure at having the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Mar treated more confidentially than himself. It was his aim always to be foremost in every administration, and he could not bear to act as a subaltern in so paltry a ccurt as that of the Pretender.

At all periods of his exile, he still looked towards home with secret regret; and had taken every opportunity to

apply to those in power, either to soften his prosecutions, or lessen the number of his enemies at home. In accepting his office under the Pretender, he made it a condition to be at liberty to quit the post whenever he should think proper; and being now disgracefully dismissed, he turned his mind entirely towards making his peace in England, and employing all the unfortunate experience he had acquired to undeceive his Tory friends, and to promote the union and quiet of his native country. It was not a little favourable to his hopes, that about this time, though unknown to him, the Earl of Stair, ambassador to the French court, had received full power to treat with him whilst he was engaged with the Pretender, but yet had never made him any proposals, which might be considered as the grossest outrage. But when the breach with the Pretender was universally known, the Earl sent one Monsieur Saludin, a gentleman of Geneva, to Lord Bolingbroke, to communicate to him his Majesty King George's favourable disposition to grant him a pardon, and his own earnest desire to serve him as far as he was able. This was an offer by much too advantageous for Bolingbroke in his wretched circumstances to refuse; he embraced it, as became him to do, with all possible sense of the King's goodness, and of the ambassador's friendship. They had frequent conferences shortly after upon the subject. The turn which the English ministry gave the matter, was to enter into a treaty to reverse his attainder, and to stipulate the conditions on which this act of grace should be granted him: but this method of negotiation he would by no means submit to; the notion of a treaty shocked him, and he resolved never to be restored, rather than go that way to work. Accordingly, he opened himself without any reserve to Lord Stair, and told him, "that he looked upon himself obliged in honour and conscience to undeceive his friends in England, both as to the state of foreign affairs, as to the management of the Jacobite interest abroad, and as to the characters of the persons; in every one of which points he knew them to be most grossly and most dangerously deluded." He observed, "that the treatment he had received from the Pretender and his adherents, would justify him to the world in doing this; that, if he remained in exile all his life, he might be assured that he

would never have more to do with the Jacobite cause; and that, if he were restored, he would give it an effectual blow, in making that apology which the Pretender had put him under a necessity of making; that in doing this, he flattered himself that he should contribute something towards the establishment of the King's government, and to the union of his subjects." He added, "that if the court thought him sincere in those professions, a treaty with him was unnecessary; and, if they did not believe so, then a treaty would be dangerous to him." The Earl of Stair, who has also confirmed this account of Lord Bolingbroke's, in a letter to Mr. Craggs, readily came into his sentiments on this head, and soon after the King approved it upon their representations; he accordingly received a promise of pardon from George I., who, on the 2d of July, 1716, created his father Baron of Battersea, in the county of Surrey, and Viscount St. John. This seemed preparatory to his own restoration; and, instead of prosecuting any further ambitious schemes against the government, he rather began to turn his mind to philosophy; and since he could not gratify his ambition to its full extent, he endeavoured to learn the arts of despising it. The variety of distressful events that had hitherto attended all his struggles, at last had thrown him into a state of reflection, and this produced, by way of relief, a *consolatio philosophica*, which he wrote the same year, under the title of 'Reflections upon Exile.' In this piece, in which he professes to imitate the manner of Seneca, he with some wit draws his own picture, and represents himself as suffering persecution for having served his country with abilities and integrity. A state of exile thus incurred, he very justly shows to be rather honourable than distressful; and indeed there are few men that will deny, but that the company of strangers to virtue is better than the company of enemies to it. Besides this philosophical tract, he also wrote this year several letters, in answer to the charges laid upon him by the Pretender and his adherents; and the following year he drew up a vindication of his whole conduct with respect to the Tories, in the form of a Letter, to Sir William Wyndham.

Nor was he so entirely devoted to the fatigues of business, but that he gave pleasure a share in his pursuits. He had

never much agreed with the lady he first married, and after a short cohabitation they separated, and lived ever after asunder. She therefore remained in England upon his going into exile, and by proper application to the throne, was allowed a sufficient maintenance to support her with becoming dignity: however, she did not long survive his first disgrace;[1] and upon his becoming a widower, he began to think of trying his fortune once more in a state which was at first so unfavourable. For this purpose he cast his eyes on the widow of the Marquis of Villette, a niece to the famous Madame Maintenon, a young lady of great merit and understanding, possessed of a very large fortune, but encumbered with a long and troublesome law-suit.[2] In the company of this very sensible woman he passed his time in France, sometimes in the country, and sometimes at the capital, till the year 1723, in which, after the breaking up of the Parliament, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a pardon as to his personal safety, but as yet neither restoring him to his family inheritance, his title, nor a seat in Parliament.

To obtain this favour had been the governing principle of his politics for some years before; and upon the first notice of his good fortune, he prepared to return to his native country, where, however, his dearest connections were either dead, or declared themselves suspicious of his former conduct in support of their party. It is observable that Bishop Atterbury, who was banished at this time for a supposed treasonable correspondence in favour of the Tories, was set on shore at Calais, just when Lord Bolingbroke arrived there on his return to England. So extraordinary a reverse of fortune could not fail of strongly affecting that good prelate, who observed with some

[1] She died in November, 1718.—Ed.

[2] They were married privately, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in May, 1720. The lady renounced the Roman Catholic religion at the altar, and became a Protestant. "The reason for this sudden conversion," says Wingrove Cooke ('Memoirs of Bolingbroke,' 1836, ii., 41), "was probably purely political: the no-popery cry was still loud in England, and Bolingbroke could hardly afford to add to his other sins that (which was in their eyes so enormous) of marrying a papist." This second wife likewise died before Bolingbroke, viz., March 18, 1750, and was buried at Battersea.—Ed.

emotion, that he perceived himself to be exchanged: he presently left it to his auditors to imagine, whether his country were the loser or the gainer by such an exchange.

Lord Bolingbroke, upon his return to his native country, began to make very vigorous applications for further favours from the crown: his pardon, without the means of support, was but an empty, or perhaps it might be called a distressful act of kindness, as it brought him back among his former friends in a state of inferiority his pride could not endure. However, his applications were soon after successful, for in about two years after his return, he obtained an act of Parliament to restore him to his family inheritance, which amounted to nearly three thousand pounds a-year.[1] He was also enabled by the same to possess any purchase he should make of any other estate in the kingdom; and he accordingly pitched upon a seat of Lord Tankerville's, at Dawley, near Uxbridge in Middlesex, where he settled with his lady, and laid himself out to enjoy the rural pleasures in perfection, since the more glorious ones of ambition were denied him. With this resolution he began to improve his new purchase in a very peculiar style, giving it all the air of a country farm, and adorning even his hall with all the implements of husbandry. We have a sketch of his way of living in this retreat in a letter of Pope to Swift, who omits no opportunity of representing his lordship in the most amiable points of view. This letter is dated from Dawley, the country farm above mentioned, and begins thus:[2]

"I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in the admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like

[1] Mr. Cunningham says:—"The reader who would wish to pursue this highly interesting portion of Bolingbroke's life should consult Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs' (2 vols. 8vo. 1848), v. i. pp. 12-22. It was in Lord Sunderland's administration, and by his mediation that Bolingbroke obtained his recall; but he owed more to the dexterity of his wife, and a gift by her of £12,000 to Lady Walshingham, the niece of the Duchess of Kendal, or, as it is thought, the daughter of the Duchess by George I." Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs of the Reign of George II.' were edited by J. W. Croker.—Ed.

[2] The date is June 28, 1728.—Ed.

Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that this scheme of retreat, at least, is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from Bath, he finds, all peccant humours are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that for one whole day, we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans, and bacon, and a barn-door fowl. Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for two hundred pounds, to paint his country hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a FARM."

What Pope here says of his engagements with a painter, was shortly after executed; the hall was painted accordingly in black crayons only, so that at first view it brought to mind the figures often seen scratched with charcoal, or the smoke of a candle, upon the kitchen walls of farm-houses. The whole, however, produced a most striking effect, and over the door at the entrance into it was this motto: *Satis beatus ruris honoribus.* His lordship seemed to be extremely happy in his pursuit of moral tranquillity, and, in the exultation of his heart, could not fail of communicating his satisfactions to his friend Swift. "I am in my own farm," says he, "and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth (to use a gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again."[1]

There is not, perhaps, a stronger instance in the world than his lordship, that an ambitious mind can never be fairly subdued, but will still seek for those gratifications which retirement can never supply. All this time he was mistaken in his passion for solitude, and supposed that to be the child of philosophy which was only the effects of spleen. It was in vain that he attempted to take root in the shade of obscurity; he was originally bred in the glare of public occupation, and he secretly once more wished for transplantation. He was only a titular Lord; he had not been thoroughly restored; and, as he was excluded from a seat in the House of Peers, he burned with impatience to

[1] Jos. Warton's edition of Pope, 1797, ix. 102.—ED.

play a part in that conspicuous theatre. Impelled by this desire, he could no longer be restrained in obscurity, but once more entered into the bustle of public business, and disavowing all obligations to the minister, he embarked in the opposition against him, in which he had several powerful coadjutors: but previously he had taken care to prefer a petition to the House of Commons, desiring to be reinstated in his former emoluments and capacities. This petition at first occasioned very warm debates: Walpole, who pretended to espouse his cause, alleged that it was very right to admit him to his inheritance; and when Lord William Pawlet moved for a clause to disqualify him from sitting in either house, Walpole rejected the motion, secretly satisfied with a resolution which had been settled in the cabinet, that he should never more be admitted into any share of power. To this artful method of evading his pretensions, Bolingbroke was no stranger; and he was now resolved to shake that power, which thus endeavoured to obstruct the increase of his own: taking, therefore, his part in the opposition with Pulteney,[1] while the latter engaged to manage the House of Commons, Bolingbroke undertook to enlighten the people. Accordingly, he soon distinguished himself by a multitude of pieces, written during the latter part of George the First's reign, and likewise the beginning of that which succeeded. These were conceived with great vigour and boldness; and now, once more engaged in the service of his country, though disarmed, gagged, and almost bound, as he declared himself to be, yet he resolved not to abandon his cause, as long as he could depend on the firmness and integrity of those coadjutors who did not labour under the same disadvantages with himself. His letters, in a paper called the *Craftsman*, were particularly distinguished in this political contest; and though several of the most expert politicians of the times joined in this paper, his essays were peculiarly relished by the public. However, it is the fate of things written to an occasion, seldom to survive that occasion: the *Craftsman*, though written with great spirit and sharpness, is now almost forgotten,

[1] William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, was at that time the leader of the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's administration. He contributed a great deal to Bolingbroke's *Craftsman*.—Ed.

although, when it was published as a weekly paper, it sold much more rapidly than even the *Spectator*. Beside this work, he published several other separate pamphlets, which were afterwards reprinted in the second edition of his works, and which were very popular in their day. This political warfare continued for ten years, during which time he laboured with great strength and perseverance, and drew up such a system of politics, as some have supposed to be the most complete now existing. But, as upon all other occasions, he had the mortification once more to see those friends desert him, upon whose assistance he most firmly relied, and all that web of fine-spun speculation actually destroyed at once, by the ignorance of some, and the perfidy of others. He then declared that he was perfectly cured of his patriotic frenzy; he fell out not only with Pulteney for his selfish views, but with his old friends the Tories, for abandoning their cause as desperate; averring, that the faint and unsteady exercise of parts on one side, was a crime but one degree inferior to the iniquitous misapplication of them on the other. But he could not take leave of a controversy in which he had been so many years engaged, without giving a parting blow, in which he seemed to summon up all his vigour at once, and where, as the poet says, *Animam in vulnere posuit*. This inimitable piece is entitled, 'A Dissertation on Parties,' and of all his masterly pieces it is in general esteemed the best.[1]

Having finished this, which was received with the utmost avidity, he resolved to take leave, not only of his enemies and friends, but even of his country; and in this resolution, in the year 1736,[2] he once more retired to France, where he looked back to his native country with a mixture of anger and pity, and upon his former professing friends with a share of contempt and indignation. "I expect little," says he, "from the principal actors that tread the stage at present. They are divided not so much as it seemed, and as they would have it believed, about measures: the true division is about their different ends. Whilst the minister was not hard pushed, nor the prospect of succeeding to him

[1] The 'Dissertation' was first published in the *Craftsman*, in nineteen Letters to "Caleb Danvers Esq." (Pulteney).—Ed.

[2] 1735 seems to be the correct date: see note 1 at p. 217.—Ed.

near, they appeared to have but one end,—the reformation of the government. The destruction of the minister was pursued only as a preliminary, but of essential and indisputable necessity, to that end; but when his destruction seemed to approach, the object of his succession interposed to the sight of many, and the reformation of the government was no longer their point of view. They had divided the skin, at least in their thought, before they had taken the beast. The common fear of hastening his downfall for others made them all faint in the chase. It was this, and this alone, that saved him, and put off his evil day."

Such were his cooler reflections, after he had laid down his political pen, to employ it in a manner that was much more agreeable to his usual professions, and his approaching age. He had long employed the few hours he could spare on subjects of a more general and important nature to the interests of mankind; but as he was frequently interrupted by the alarms of party, he made no great proficiency in his design. Still, however, he kept it in view, and he makes frequent mention, in his letters to Swift, of his intentions to give metaphysics a new and useful turn. "I know," says he, in one of these, "how little regard you pay to writings of this kind; but I imagine, that if you can like any, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others."

Having now arrived at the sixtieth year of his age, and being blessed with a very competent share of fortune, he returned into France, far from the noise and hurry of party; for his seat at Dawley was too near to devote the rest of his life to retirement and study.[1] Upon his going

[1] Of his new course of life and study, we have an account in the following extract from a letter of Pope to Swift, dated May 17, 1739:—"Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, inquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction.* His plan of life is

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* Mr. Elwin (Pope's Correspondence) says.—"He had offered in January, 1738, to sell it for £25,000, or for £20,000 and an annuity of

to that country, as it was generally known that disdain, vexation, and disappointment had driven him there, many of his friends, as well as his enemies, supposed, that he was once again gone over to the Pretender. Among the number who entertained this suspicion was Swift, whom Pope, in one of his letters, very roundly chides for harbouring such an unjust opinion. "You should be cautious," says he, "of censuring any action or motion of Lord B[olingbroke], because you hear it only from shallow, envious, and malicious reporters. What you write to me about him, I find, to my great scandal, repeated in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*." [1]

now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a-day, and generally hunts twice a-week. He has the whole forest of Fontainbleau at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c., his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends; or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised you would take that care."—B.

[1] Pope to Swift, Aug. 17, 1736. The *Quarterly* reviewer quoted in the next note thinks Goldsmith was wrong in taking the scandal here

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£1000 till the death of his father. The annuity was necessary to his subsistence, and the rest of the purchase money was to go in payment of his debts."—Ed.

This reproof from Pope was not more friendly than it was true: Lord Bolingbroke was too well acquainted with the forlorn state of that party, and the folly of its conductors, once more to embark in their desperate concerns. He now saw that he had gone as far towards reinstating himself in the full possession of his former honours, as the mere dint of parts and application could go, and was, at length, experimentally convinced, that the decree was absolutely irreversible, and the door of the House of Lords finally shut against him. He, therefore, at Pope's suggestion, retired, merely to be at leisure from the broils of opposition, for the calmer pleasures of philosophy.[1] Thus the decline of his life, though less brilliant, became more amiable; and even his happiness was improved by age, which had rendered his passions more moderate, and his wishes more attainable.

But he was far from suffering, even in solitude, his hours to glide away in torpid inactivity. That active, restless disposition still continued to actuate his pursuits; and having lost the season for gaining power over his cotemporaries, he was now resolved upon acquiring fame from posterity. He had not been long in his retreat near Fontainbleau, when he began a course of Letters on the Study and Use of History, for the use of a young nobleman.[2] In these, he does not follow the methods of St. Real[3] and others who have treated on this subject, who make history the great fountain of all knowledge; he very wisely confines its benefits, and supposes them to consist rather in deducing general maxims from particular facts, than in

mentioned between Pope and Swift to have reference to Bolingbroke's relations with the Pretender. The reviewer thinks the matter had reference merely to Bolingbroke's financial difficulties.—Ed.

[1] The *Quarterly Review* (1835, p. 388) thus corrects Goldsmith upon this point.—"We have a . . . decisive contradiction of this hypothesis from Bolingbroke himself; for we find him stating in one of his letters to Lord Marchmont (March[t] Papers, ii. 350) which . . . Goldsmith could not have known, dated 24th July, 1746, 'I did not leave England in 1735 till some schemes, which were then on the loom—though they never came into effect—made me one too many even to my most intimate friends.'"—Ed.

[2] Viscount Cornbury, the great-grandson of Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. See Appendix, p. 226.—Ed.

[3] 'De l'Usage de l'Histoire,' Paris, 1672.—Ed.

illustrating maxims by the application of historical passages. In mentioning ecclesiastical history, he gives his opinion very freely upon the subject of the divine original of the sacred books, which he supposes to have no such foundation. This new system of thinking, which he had always propagated in conversation, and which he now began to adopt in his more laboured compositions, seemed no way supported either by his acuteness or his learning. He began to reflect seriously on these subjects too late in life, and to suppose those objections very new and unanswerable which had been already confuted by thousands. "Lord Bolingbroke," says Pope, in one of his letters, "is above trifling; when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal. If ever he trifles, it must be when he turns divine."

In the meantime, as it was evident that a man of his active ambition, in choosing retirement when no longer able to lead in public, must be liable to ridicule in resuming a resigned philosophical air, in order to obviate the censure, he addressed a letter to Lord Bathurst upon the True Use of Retirement and Study; in which he shows himself still able and willing to undertake the cause of his country, whenever its distresses should require his exertion. "I have," says he, "renounced neither my country nor my friends; and by friends, I mean all those, and those alone, who are such to their country. In their prosperity they shall never hear of me; in their distress always. In that retreat wherein the remainder of my days shall be spent, I may be of some use to them, since, even from thence, I may advise, exhort, and warn them." Bent upon this pursuit only, and having now exchanged the gay statesman for the grave philosopher, he shone forth with distinguished lustre. His conversation took a different turn from what had been usual with him; and, as we are assured by Lord Orrery, who knew him, it united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace.

Yet still, amid his resolutions to turn himself from politics, and to give himself up entirely to the calls of philosophy, he could not resist embarking once more in the debates of his country; and, coming back from France,[1]

[1] He returned in 1742, on the death of his father.—Ed.

settled at Battersea, an old seat which was his father's, and had been long in the possession of the family. He supposed he saw an impending calamity, and, though it was not in his power to remove, he thought it his duty to retard its fall. To redeem or save the nation from perdition he thought impossible, since national corruptions were to be purged by national calamities; but he was resolved to lend his feeble assistance to stem the torrent that was pouring in. With this spirit he wrote that excellent piece, which is entitled 'The Idea of a Patriot King;' in which he describes a monarch uninfluenced by party, leaning to the suggestions neither of Whigs nor Tories, but equally the friend and the father of all.[1] Some time after, in the year 1749, after the conclusion of the peace two years before, the measures taken by the administration seemed not to have been repugnant to his notions of political prudence for that juncture: in that year he wrote his last production, containing Reflections on the then State of the Nation, principally with regard to her Taxes and Debts, and on the causes and consequences of them. This undertaking was left unfinished, for death snatched the pen from the hand of the writer.

Having passed the latter part of his life in dignity and splendour, his rational faculties improved by reflection, and his ambition kept under by disappointment, his whole aim seemed to have been to leave the stage of life, on which he had acted such various parts, with applause. He had long wished to fetch his last breath at Battersea, the place where he was born; and fortune, that had through life seemed to traverse all his aims, at last indulged him in this. He had long been troubled with a cancer in his cheek, by which excruciating disease he died, on the verge of fourscore years of age. He was consonant with himself to the last; and those principles which he had all along avowed, he confirmed with his dying breath, having given orders that none of the clergy should be permitted to trouble him in his latest moments.

His body was interred in Battersea church with those of

[1] Goldsmith had previously commented upon this work, and upon Bolingbroke generally: see 'The Bee,' No. VIII., on "The Augustin

his ancestors; and a marble monument erected to his memory, with the following excellent inscription[1]:—

HERE LIES
HENRY ST. JOHN,
IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE
SECRETARY OF WAR, SECRETARY OF STATE,
AND VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE:
IN THE DAYS OF KING GEORGE I. AND
KING GEORGE II.
SOMETHING MORE AND BETTER.
HIS ATTACHMENT TO QUEEN ANNE
EXPOSED HIM TO A LONG AND SEVERE PERSECUTION;
HE BORE IT WITH FIRMNESS OF MIND.
HE PASSED THE LATTER PART OF HIS TIME AT HOME,
THE ENEMY OF NO NATIONAL PARTY,
THE FRIEND OF NO FACTION;
DISTINGUISHED (UNDER THE CLOUD OF A PROSCRIPTION,
WHICH HAD NOT BEEN ENTIRELY TAKEN OFF,)
BY ZEAL TO MAINTAIN THE LIBERTY,
AND TO RESTORE THE ANCIENT PROSPERITY,
OF GREAT BRITAIN.
HE DIED THE 12TH OF DECEMBER, 1751.
AGED 79.[2]

In this manner lived and died Lord Bolingbroke, ever active, never depressed, ever pursuing fortune, and as constantly disappointed by her. In whatever light we view his character, we shall find him an object rather properer for our wonder than our imitation; more to be feared than esteemed, and gaining our admiration without our love. His ambition ever aimed at the summit of power, and nothing seemed capable of satisfying his immoderate desires, but the liberty of governing all things without a rival. With as much ambition, as great abilities, and more ac-

Age in England." Our author's idea of a "patriot king" seems to have been something like that of Bolingbroke; see several places in the Works.—Ed.

[1] The epitaph was written by Bolingbroke himself. The MS., in his own hand, is in the British Museum, with the Mallet MSS.—Ed.

[2] "Aged 79" is Goldsmith's text. It should read aged 73; see note at p. 182. The date of Bolingbroke's death is also variously given. The early Memoir, 1752, had Nov. 15. Walpole comes close to Goldsmith, saying, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, of Dec. 12: "Lord Bolingbroke is dead, or dying, of a cancer, which was thought cured by a quack plaster." Macknight also adopts Dec. 12, while Cooke and Wright give Dec. 15, and Mr. Harrop, 1884, has "December, 1751."—Ed.

quired knowledge than Cæsar, he wanted only his courage to be as successful; but the schemes his head dictated, his heart often refused to execute; and he lost the ability to perform, just when the great occasion called for all his efforts to engage.

The same ambition that prompted him to be a politician, actuated him as a philosopher. His aims were equally great and extensive in both capacities: unwilling to submit to any power in the one, or any authority in the other, he entered the fields of science with a thorough contempt of all that had been established before him, and seemed willing to think every thing wrong, that he might show his faculty in the reformation. It might have been better for his quiet, as a man, if he had been content to act a subordinate character in the state; and it had certainly been better for his memory as a writer, if he had aimed at doing less than he attempted. Wisdom in morals, like every other art or science, is an accumulation that numbers have contributed to increase; and it is not for one single man to pretend, that he can add more to the heap than the thousands that have gone before him. Such innovators more frequently retard than promote knowledge; their maxims are more agreeable to the reader, by having the gloss of novelty to recommend them, than those which are trite only because they are true. Such men are, therefore, followed at first with avidity, nor is it till some time that their disciples begin to find their error. They often, though too late, perceive that they have been following a speculative enquiry, while they have been leaving a practical good: and while they have been practising the arts of doubting, they have been losing all firmness of principle, which might tend to establish the rectitude of their private conduct. As a moralist, therefore, Lord Bolingbroke, by having endeavoured at too much, seems to have done nothing; but as a political writer, few can equal, and none can exceed him. As he was a practical politician, his writings are less filled with those speculative illusions, which are the result of solitude and seclusion. He wrote them with a certainty of their being opposed, sifted, examined, and reviled; he therefore took care to build them up of such materials as could not be easily overthrown: they prevailed at the

times in which they were written, they still continue to the admiration of the present age, and will probably last for ever.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.[1]

In the name of God, whom I humbly adore, to whom I offer up perpetual thanksgiving, and to the order of whose providence I am cheerfully resigned: This is the Last Will and Testament of me, Henry St. John, in the reign of Queen Anne, and by her grace and favour, Viscount Bolingbroke. After more than thirty years' proscription, and after the immense losses I have sustained by unexpected events in the course of it; by the injustice and treachery of persons nearest to me; by the negligence of friends, and by the infidelity of servants: As my fortune is so reduced at this time, that it is impossible for me to make such disposition, and to give such ample legacies as I always intended, I content, therefore, to give as follows:—

My debts, and the expenses of my burial in a decent and private manner at Battersea, in the vault where my last wife lies, being first paid, I give to William Chetwynd of Stafford, Esq. and Joseph Taylor, of the Inner Temple, London, Esq. my two assured friends, each of them one hundred guineas, to be laid out by them as to each of them shall seem best, in some memorial, as the legacy of their departed friend; and I constitute them executors of this my will. The diamond ring which I wear upon my finger, I give to my old and long-approved friend, the Marquis of Matignon, and, after his decease, to his son, the Count de Gace, that I may be kept in the remembrance of a family whom I love and honour above all others.

Item, I give to my said executors the sum of four hundred pounds in trust, to place out the same in some of the public funds, or government securities, or any other securities, as they shall think proper, and to pay the interest or income thereof to Francis Arboneau, my valet-de-chambre, and Ann his wife, and the survivor of them; and after the decease of the survivor of them, if their son, John Arboneau, shall be living, and under the age of eighteen years, to pay the said interest or income to him, until he shall attain his said age, and then to pay the principal money, or assign the securities for the same, to him; but if he shall not be living at the decease of his father and mother, or shall afterwards die before his said age of eighteen years, in either of the said cases the said principal sum of four hundred pounds, and the securities for the same, shall sink into my personal estate, and be accounted part thereof.

[1] The Will, the appended remarks, and the extracts from Chesterfield which follow, are not in the separate edition of the 'Life,' published in 1770; nor are they in Percy's reprint, 1801. They have generally been given since, though the extracts from Dr. Maty's Life of Chesterfield, 1777, show they were not part of Goldsmith's work.—Ed.

Item, I give to my two servants, Marianne Tribon, and Remi Charnet, commonly called Picard, each one hundred pounds; and to every other servant living with me at the time of my decease, and who shall have lived with me two years or longer, I give one year's wages more than what shall be due to them at my death.

And whereas I am the author of the several books or tracts following, viz.:—'Remarks on the History of England, from the Minutes of Humphrey Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.' 'A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to Caleb Danvers, Esq.' 'The Occasional Writer. Numb. 1, 2, 3.' 'The Vision of Camilick.' 'An Answer to the London Journal of December 21, 1728, by John Trot.' 'An Answer to the Defence of the Inquiry into the Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.' 'A Final Answer to the Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication.' All which books or tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of 'Four Letters on History,' &c. which have been privately printed, and not published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy, or the liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books or tracts, or letters: Now, I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to David Mallet, of Putney, in the county of Surrey, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books or tracts, and letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said David Mallet the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease.[1] And I further give to the said David Mallet, all the books which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

[1] Mallet was so sanguine in his expectations of profit from this bequest, that he rejected the offer of three thousand pounds, made to him by Millar the bookseller, for the copyright. He had afterwards reason to repent of his refusal, for the first edition of Bolingbroke's collected works was not sold off in twenty years. It was when this edition first appeared that Dr. Johnson pronounced the memorable sentence upon the noble author and his editor:—"Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward; a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death!"—B. [The story just given (see Boswell, Standard Lib. edit., 1884, i. 208), which dates March 6, 1754, the very day Mallet published his 5 vols. 4to edition of Bolingbroke, is, it is curious to note, somewhat discredited by Boswell himself at a later date, 1758 (vol. i. p. 251), where, in a quotation from Burney, Johnson is made to declare, when asked if he had seen Warburton's book against Bolingbroke's Philosophy:—"No, Sir; I have never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore am not interested about its confutation." In addition, Mr. Peter Cunningham has pointed out that the above severe denunciation of Bolingbroke and his editor appeared in print in April, 1755, in an anonymous poem called 'The Birth Day of Folly' (p. 14), where it is said to have been uttered by "a gentleman." Of course the "gentleman" may have been Dr., then Mr. Johnson; but, taking Johnson's declaration of 1758 into account, it may also be that Boswell has, in the above anecdote, saddled

All the rest and residue of my personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, I give to my said executors; and hereby revoking all former wills, I declare this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal the twenty-second day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one.

HENRY SAINT JOHN, BOLINGBROKE.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of OLIVER PRICE and THOMAS HALL.

Proved at London, the fifth day of March, 1752, before the worshipful Robert Chapman, doctor of laws and surrogate, by the oaths of William Chetwynd and Joseph Taylor, Esquires, the executors named in the will, to whom administration was granted, being first sworn duly to administer.

March, 1752. WILLIAM LEGARD, PETER ST. ELOY, HENRY STEVENS, } Deputy Registers.

In Dr. Maty's Life of Lord Chesterfield, he mentions that he had seen Lord Bolingbroke for several months labouring under a cruel, and, to appearance, incurable disorder. A cancerous humour in his face made a daily progress; and the empirical treatment he submitted to not only hastened his end, but also exposed him to the most excruciating pain. He saw him, for the last time, the day before his tortures began. Though the unhappy patient, as well as his friend, did then expect that he should recover, and accordingly desired him not to come again till his cure was completed, yet he still took leave of him in a manner which showed how much he was affected. He embraced the Earl with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter,—and he knows best what to do. May he bless you." And in a letter from Chesterfield to a lady of rank at Paris,[1] he says, "I frequently see our friend Bolingbroke, but I see him with great concern. A humour he has long had in his cheek proves to be cancerous, and has made an alarming progress of late. Hitherto it is not attended with pain, which is all

the doctor with a not very elegant or liberal piece of criticism which does not properly belong to him. It is notable, too, that Johnson, afterwards, in his 'Lives of the Poets,' while unable to give Mallet (or Malloch) much of a character, either as a writer or as a man, bestows nothing of the above very severe censure.—ED.]

[1] Dated "Babiole, Aug. 1, 1751, O.S."—ED.

he wishes; for as to the rest he is resigned. Truly, a mind like his, so far superior to the generality, would have well deserved that nature should have made an effort in his favour, as to the body, and given him an uncommon share of health and duration."

The last scene is thus lamented, in a letter to the same lady:—"Are you not greatly shocked—but I am sure you are—at the dreadful death of our friend Bolingbroke? The remedy has hastened his death, against which there was no remedy, for his cancer was not topical, but universal, and had so infected the whole mass of his blood, as to be incurable. What I most lament is, that the medicines put him to exquisite pain—an evil I dread much more than death, both for my friends and myself. I lose a warm, an amiable, and instructive friend. I saw him a fortnight before his death, when he depended upon a cure, and so did I; and he desired I would not come any more till he was quite well, which he expected would be in ten or twelve days. The next day the great pains came on, and never left him till within two days of his death, during which he lay insensible. What a man! what extensive knowledge! what a memory! what eloquence! His passions, which were strong, were injurious to the delicacy of his sentiments; they were apt to be confounded together, and often wilfully. The world will do him more justice now than in his lifetime." [1]

[1] This letter was dated "London, Dec. 30, O.S., 1751." Maty left the name of Chesterfield's correspondent a blank. Lord Mahon gave it for the first time as Madame la Marquise de Monconseil (Chesterfield's Letters, 1845, vol. iii., p. 159). "Babiole," whence Chesterfield dated the first letter, was at Blackheath. He afterwards called the house "Little Chartreuse." It is now the Ranger's Lodge of Greenwich Park.—Ed.

APPENDIX TO THE LIFE OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[Having mentioned in a preceding note, that Bolingbroke's 'Letters on History,' were addressed to Lord Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, in justice to the memory of the latter nobleman, we publish his remonstrance against their being published, when Mr. Mallet, to whom Lord Bolingbroke had bequeathed the property of all his works, was preparing them for the press. We add also Mallet's reply, declining to suppress anything "my Lord Bolingbroke had deliberately prepared for the press."—Ed.]

LETTER.

LORD HYDE TO DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

"Paris, *March* 7, N.S. 1752.

"I learn from England, sir, that Lord Bolingbroke has left his manuscripts to you. His friends must see with satisfaction those title-deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great Lord Bacon;[1] and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity, has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the designation and choice of the author himself.

[1] Johnson ('Lives of the Poets') says of this work: "A new edition of the works of Bacon being prepared, 1750, for the press, Mallet was employed to prefix a life, which he has written with elegance, perhaps with some affectation; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that, when he afterwards undertook the life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher."—Ed.

"What works of his you may have for the public I know not. That for which I was solicitous (because I believed it would be most instructive to the world, and might be most for his honour) he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the History of the great Transactions of Europe from the time when he began to consider and to know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a *Summary Review*, which I had the good fortune some time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the study of history.[1] You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of Letters upon History, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to himself; but it is the sketch of Lord Bolingbroke. He will probably have told you, that those letters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr. Pope, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off, by a private press, some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr. Pope kept, and sent another to Lord Bolingbroke. Sir William Wyndham, Lord Bathurst, Lord Marchmont, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Lyttelton, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any other copies given, except to myself —who have always preserved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own,—observing not only the restrictions which Lord Bolingbroke himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become public from that copy, which is in my possession. I enlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to Lord Bolingbroke, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has entrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularity; and at the same time I think it my duty, to the memory of Lord Bolingbroke, to myself, and to the world too, to say something more to you in relation to this work.

"It is a work, sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me to say, that for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution. The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the

[1] See *ante*, p. 217.—Ed.

greatest faults; but the faults of superior minds are the least indifferent, both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the fame of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good order of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord Bolingbroke's mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of *religion* particularly, (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions upon that subject chiefly), his passions were there most strong; and I will venture to say, (when called upon, as I think, to say it) what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents. His passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superior reason from seeing, that, even in a political light only, he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in men's minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to public order and to private peace, without suggesting to men's minds a better, or indeed any system.

"You will find, sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.[1] While this work remained in the hands only of those I have mentioned, (except, as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation), I have otherwise been silent upon that subject. But I must now say to you, sir, that, for the world's sake and for his, that part of this work ought by no means to be communicated further. And you see, that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made public, it will be censured,—it must be censured,—it ought to be censured. It will be criticised, too, by

[1] The passages in the 'Letters on History' which created so much excitement on their first publication, and which have blotted Bolingbroke's fame ever since, constituted a sub-section of Letter III., headed "Of Sacred History." Most editions of Bolingbroke's Works now omit them.—Ed.

able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case, I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of this work, (as a good citizen of the world) for the world's peace, and, (as one entrusted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke) not to raise new storms to his memory.—I am, sir, your very humble servant,

"HYDE."

LETTER.

DAVID MALLET, ESQ. TO LORD HYDE.

"MY LORD,—I received a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your lordship has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more unhappiness than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

"The book was printed off before your lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works which my Lord Bolingbroke had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it should be printed exactly according to the copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

"Upon the whole, if your lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant some public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ entirely from those of your noble friend; even in this case I am sure you will do

it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderness to his memory that the particular regard he always bore you can deserve. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord," &c.[1]

[1] The original of Lord Hyde's letter is with the MS. of Bolingbroke's philosophical works in the British Museum. Mrs. Mallet gave the MS. and its Appendix of letters to the Museum to justify her husband's integrity as editor. Mallet, however, has been very much censured for not suppressing these portions of the 'Letters on History' and other objectionable parts of his author's works; but we suppose he would not have escaped blame had he suppressed them.—Ed.

CRITICISMS.

[This collection of the critical reviews of Goldsmith is in the main that of Sir James Prior, published in 1837; but each article has been re-read, and put in accord with its original. Prior claimed for his collection that the articles were therein "now first collected;" but the *Critical Review* items had been previously collected by Messrs. Isaac Reed and Thomas Wright, in 1798. To Prior's and Reed and Wright's thirty-five articles we have added a few, but most of these were indicated by Prior, though he did not print them. The evidence for the authenticity of the pieces will be found set forth in extracts from Prior's 'Life of Goldsmith,' and in other matter given in our appendix, and in the footnotes.

The Criticisms are all from the *Monthly Review* and the *Critical Review*, the only monthly *Reviews* (as distinguished from the *Magazines*) in London at the time. The articles are arranged chronologically, and will be found to date, in the case of the *Monthly Review*, from April, 1757, to December, 1759, and, in the case of the *Critical Review*, from November, 1757, to March, 1760; though there seem to be reasons for believing that Goldsmith contributed a few things to the *Monthly Review* before April, 1757, the date of his formal engagement upon that Review, see note at p. 233, and the appendix. In Goldsmith's Memoranda in our vol. i. (p. 481) there is a receipt for £3 3s. for "Critical and Monthly," together with some speculation by Prior as to its meaning. For further particulars relative to our author's connexion with the two Reviews, see vol. i., pp. 17, 445-7, and elsewhere.

Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith's criticisms that "it is seldom safe to contradict" them (see the quotation from Johnson's 'Life of Parnell,' *ante*, p. 156), and with a few exceptions—notably of some of the perverse utterances upon Shakspere and Milton (in other parts of his works)—this judgment may stand. Perhaps, however, as the criticisms, or most of them, are the very earliest of the printed writings of our author, it will be safest to view them rather as early indications of the genius which was afterwards to shine forth in the 'Traveller,' the 'Vicar,' and his other leading works, than as writings demanding attention upon their intrinsic critical merits alone.

Other criticisms of Goldsmith will be found in our collection of the Prefaces, in the 'Enquiry Into Polite Learning,' the 'Belles Lettres' essays, and the Essays generally.—Ed.]

CRITICISMS.

Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes.[1]

[From the *Monthly Review*, April, 1757.]

Remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes, particularly of Scandinavia, designed as a Supplement and Proof of the Introduction to the History of Denmark. By Mr. Mallet, Copenhagen, 1756. 4*to*. 178 *pages*.

If all the brilliancy of sentiment which so dry a subject may require to its support, and all the laborious assiduity which may be necessary in the solution of its intricacies, demand applause, Professor Mallet must deserve it, who has so happily united both. The learned on this side the Alps have long laboured at the antiquities of Greece and Rome, but almost totally neglected their own; like con-

[1] At the head of this article in the *Monthly Review* appears the following editorial notification:—"The following paper was sent us by the gentleman who signs D., and who, we hope, will excuse our striking out a few paragraphs, for the sake of brevity." The signature "D." here mentioned may be a mistake for G., as Prior suggests, or it may refer to the communication signed D. in the February review, commencing the series of notices of "Foreign books," of which the present upon Mallet is one. Anyhow, the present criticism is marked in Griffiths' private copy of the *Monthly Review*, now in the Bodleian Library, as having been written by Goldsmith. See Appendix. The markings of Goldsmith's articles in Griffiths' own copy of the *Review* commence with the April number of 1757, the date of the commencement of our author's engagement to write for Griffiths, as detailed in our 'Life,' vol. i., p. 17, &c. Another article, a very short one, on 'The Rival Politicians,' is also marked as by Goldsmith in the same number (p. 363); and we think a third article there, a Letter on Saxe's 'Art of War,' may likewise be by him, though the latter has not Griffiths' mark. See the last-mentioned article in the present collection.—Ed.

querors who, while they have made inroads into the territories of their neighbours, have left their own natural dominions to desolation.

The cause of this our author ascribes; first, to the disadvantageous idea we have conceived of the Celtes in general, an idea entirely groundless, and which offers no reason for not studying those antiquities to which our manners, our government, our laws, are continually calling us back. Secondly, to the few monuments of Celtic mythology which have reached our times. "To draw this subject from obscurity, we ought, in some measure, to give new life to those poetical mythologists, our ancestors; we should consult them, and attend, in the frightful gloom of their forests, to those mysterious incantations in which is concealed the whole system of their religion and morality."

In France, Spain, and England, the ravages of time, or of more destructive zeal, have left few remains of this sacred poesy. The countries of the north, who were more slowly converted from superstition, still preserve those valuable monuments. Here is to be found the 'Edda,'[1] first wrote in Iceland after the abolition of the Celtic religion there. This was a work designed for the use of those young Icelanders who intended to become scaldes or poets. Odin and Friga, genii and fairies, served as machinery to northern poetry then, as Grecian mythology does to ours now; and though they had abandoned the religion, yet the poets found it necessary to retain the knowledge of these fabulous divinities. The author of the Edda, therefore, has given his countrymen an abridgment of this mythology, with a poetical dictionary to explain words or metaphors that may be too sublime. A translation of this work Mr. Mallet now lays before the public. There were two books of this name: the first was composed by Sæmund Sigfusson, born in Iceland, about the year 1057; but being too

[1] Percy, in his Introduction to Mallet, 'Northern Antiq.,' 1770, vol. ii., p. xxiv., says:—"This name of Edda hath frequently exercised the penetration of the etymologist. The most probable conjectures are, that it is derived from an old Gothic word signifying *grandmother*. In the figurative language of the old poets, this term was, doubtless, thought proper to express an ancient doctrine." Later writers translate "Edda," from the Icelandic *great-grandmother*.—ED.

voluminous and obscure in many respects, Snoro Sturleson, about a hundred and twenty years after, abstracted from the collection of Sæmund a system of poetical mythology both easy and intelligible. The Celtic religion, as our author clearly evinces in the work preceding this, was at first extremely simple; yet even this did not long hold its simplicity. Though nothing can be more express than some passages in the Edda concerning the supreme government of ONE God, yet those Intelligences who are supposed to act by his commands receive in it too much veneration; their assistance seems nearer than that of a Deity, whose very name calls to our imagination the immense distance between him and his creatures: yet must we still remember (says Mr. Mallet), that the Edda is but a poetical mythology, in which the real opinions of those times are set off with all the luxuriance of a heated imagination.

A King of Sweden, says the Edda, named Gylfe, astonished at the respect his subjects paid to some people who had newly come from Asia, was resolved to travel to Asgard, habited like an old man, and under the fictitious name of Gangler, with intention to improve by the journey.

On his arrival there, he was introduced into a magnificent palace, where he had a long conference with three kings, Har, Jafnar, and Tredie, whom he found seated on thrones in one of the inner apartments. These conferences are comprised in thirty-three fables, of which the first part of the Edda is composed. There we see those remarkable passages already hinted at with relation to the Supreme Being. Gangler demands, "Who is the supreme of gods?" Har replies, "Him whom we call Alfader, i.e. Father of all." Gangler again asks, "What has he done to make his glory appear?" Har replies, "He lives eternally. He governs his dominions, and things great and little, with great care." Jafnar adds, "He has made the heaven, the earth, and the air."—"He has done more than making an heaven, or an earth," continues Tredie; "he has made man, and infused into him a living soul, which, even after the body is reduced to dust and ashes, shall continue to exist for ever."

The three first fables abound in allegories, as extraordi-

nary as an imagination the most fruitful of wonders could possibly conceive, on the formation of the earth, and the creation of man. Here may be perceived, however, striking resemblances of the doctrine of Moses, with respect to the luminous matter before that of the sun and moon; as also of the deluge, and the history of the giants spoken of in Genesis. Our author, in his notes, takes care to point out these similitudes; and remarks, that of all the known systems, that of the ancient Persians most approaches the mythology of the Edda: an observation which greatly serves to confirm what several learned men have advanced, that anciently there was no difference between the Persians and Celtes.

The fourth fable describes Odin as father of gods and men, and who by his virtue has produced all things. Friga (or the earth) is his daughter, and wife, on whom he begat his son Thor. This doctrine of the union of the Deity with the earth, is of great antiquity. It has been generally received in all the Celtic nations; nay, the Greeks themselves adopted the same sentiments, as appears by the history of Saturn and Rhea. And here our author ingeniously remarks, that though in this mythology the concourse of Deity and matter produced the universe, yet there is a vast difference, according to the Celtes, in these two principles. The Supreme God was eternal. By him matter was made, and consequently had a beginning. The name also of Thor, their son, signifies, in the language of the north, thunder; and our Thursday even now is called by the Flemish, *donderdag*, or the day of thunder.

Nothing, however, can be more ridiculous than the system of physics that runs through the whole Edda, particularly the sixth fable. A horse with his shining mane scatters light, and illuminates the earth and air. Two little children, with a pitcher suspended at the end of a stick, accompany the moon, and occasion its eclipses. The sun runs very swiftly; for two wolves, ready to devour him, continually follow. In this fable we have the origin of a custom received among us, the source of which seems to have been forgotten. The Edda gives the night preeminence over the day; it precedes, and out of it the day is produced. Hence we say "this day se'nnight," for

seventh night; "fortnight," for fourteenth night. Thus customs taken from forgotten opinions are often erroneously attributed to the effects of chance or caprice.

The eighth fable takes for its title, The Holy City, or the Residence of the Gods. In it we hear of Odin demanding a draught of the Fountain of Wisdom, but obliged to pawn one of his eyes for the grant. Thus, we see the father of heaven wanting an eye, which Mimis keeps as a pledge in his own possession, and every morning bathes it with hydromel. A strange allegory this; and, what is worse, we want the key for its solution. In this fable also we find a complete theory of Fairyism. "Three virgins whose names, as in the Celtic language, are Past, Present, and Future, as fates, dispense the periods of man's life; but there are several who assist at his birth, and decide his future fortunes." Fairies, according to the conjectures of our author, were deified prophetesses, for the Celtic women excelled in every sort of superstition, particularly in augury; and perhaps those who were most distinguished in this art, were raised to the rank of gods. The ninth fable treats of Thor, son to the father of the universe, who conquered the giants, who performed many wonderful exploits, and whose palace was called an asylum against fear. He too, like the Persian Mithras, was the symbol of fire, and like him a merciful divinity, a mediator between God and man.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth fables, in the histories of Loke and Loup Fenris, we have the principle of evil characterized in the most perspicuous and striking manner. Loup Fenris is represented as a being educated by the gods, till they perceived, "that he every day most surprisingly increased in stature, and till the oracles had apprised them he should one day be their foe. Accordingly they united to bind him, and the execrations he then poured forth were most horrible; since when, the foam issues from his mouth in such abundance, that it forms a river called Vam, that is to say, vices;—but this monster will break his chains at the twilight (*crepuscule*) of the gods, in other words, at the end of the world."

But the great event which the Edda never loses sight of, is the future destruction of the world; and the description

of it, in the thirty-third and thirty-fourth fables, is to the last degree sublime and picturesque. Take an instance in the following sketch. "Loup Fenris advances, opening his enormous jaws, the lower of which descended to earth while the upper was lifted to heaven, and would have aspired even above the heavens, could it find room. Destroying flames burst from his eyes and nostrils; he vomits floods of poison, that overwhelm the air and the waters in the inundation. In the midst of this tumult the heaven divides, and the genii of fire come riding through the chasm." We are displeased to find Odin, the father of all, perish in the dreadful catastrophe. This contradicts his eternity; but we are not to expect precision in poetical mythology.

Vodar, his son, however, became at last victorious, and reduced all things to order. And, says the Edda, when this world shall be consumed by flames, again shall spring from the sea another earth, beautiful, pleasing, and clothed with landscapes of unceasing verdure.

The author, in a note at the end of the last fable, gives us the doctrine of the Edda, stripped of its poetical ornaments and its adventitious allegories: "And though," says he, "the Edda should have no other merit than that of informing us what the Celtes thought of futurity, even for this it might deserve to be saved from oblivion." [1]

[1] Paul Henry Mallet was, as Goldsmith in the text indicates, a pioneer of the study of Scandinavian literature, &c., and this review was probably his introduction as such to England. Thirteen years later Bishop Percy translated the 'Introduction to the History of Denmark,' under the title 'Northern Antiquities,' &c., and this is still a standard work. An edition by I. A. Blackwell forms a volume of *Bohn's Antiquarian Library*. Mallet was born at Geneva in 1730, and was Professor of History there. He visited Denmark as tutor to the prince who was afterwards King Christian VII. He became professor at Copenhagen, a member of several European academies, correspondent of the French Academy of Belles Lettres, &c. He died in 1807.—Ed.

BURKE ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

[From the *Monthly Review*, May, 1757.]

A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful. 8vo. 3s. *Dodsley.*[1]

THERE are limits prescribed to all human researches, beyond which if we attempt to explore, nothing but obscurity and conjecture lie before us, and doubts instead of knowledge must terminate the enquiry. The genius, not the judgment, of an author may appear in the too abstracted speculation; he may contribute to the amusement, but seldom to the instruction of the reader. His illustrations may perplex, but not enlighten the mind; and, like a microscope, the more he magnifies the object, he will represent it the more obscurely.[2]

There is, perhaps, no investigation more difficult than that of the passions, and other affections resulting from them. The difference of opinion among all who have treated on this subject, serves to convince us of its uncertainty. Even the most eminent philosophers have sometimes taken novelty, not truth, for their conductor; and have destroyed the hypothesis of their predecessors without being able to establish their own. It often happens, indeed, that while we read the productions of such a philosopher, though we condemn the reasoner, we admire the writer. Yet still learning, taste, and perspicuity, can lay claim but to a subordinate degree of esteem, when they are employed in contradicting truth, or in the investigation of inextricable difficulties.

Our author thus, with all the sagacity so abstruse a subject requires; with all the learning necessary to the illus-

[1] Edmund Burke's famous work, published anonymously in 1756, when he was twenty-six years of age, and but newly arrived in London as a student at the Temple. About a year later he started for his publisher, Dodsley, the even wider known *Annual Register*, which he edited for several years.—ED.

[2] Compare Letter LXXXIX. of the 'Citizen of the World,' and elsewhere.—ED.

tration of his system; and with all the genius that can render disquisition pleasing; by proceeding on principles not sufficiently established, has been only agreeable when he might have been instructive. He rejects all former systems, and founds his philosophy on his own particular feelings. He has divided the whole into sections, with the contents of each prefixed; a method peculiarly necessary in works of a philosophical nature; as such divisions serve for resting places to the reader, and give him time to recollect the force of his author's reasoning.

The Sublime and the Beautiful have, through inadvertency, or ignorance, been frequently confounded, and mistaken one for the other. What in its own nature is sublime, has the appellation of beauty; and what is beautiful, is often called sublime. This, as the author remarks, must necessarily cause many mistakes in those whose business it is to influence the passions; since, by being unacquainted with the difference between the sublime and the beautiful, they cannot happily succeed, unless by chance, in either. The design of the work then is, to lay down such principles as may tend to ascertain and distinguish the sublime and the beautiful in any art, and to form a sort of standard for each.

The author first enquires into the affections of the sublime and beautiful, in their own nature; he then proceeds to investigate the properties of such things in nature as give rise to these affections; and lastly, he considers in what manner these properties act to produce those affections, and each correspondent emotion.

All our passions have their origin in *self-preservation* and in *society;* and the ends of one or the other of these they are all calculated to answer. The passions which concern self-preservation, and which are the most powerful of all the passions, turn mostly on pain or danger. For instance, the ideas of pain, sickness, and death, fill the mind with strong emotions of horror; but life and health, though they put us in a capacity of being affected with pleasure, make no such impression by the simple enjoyment.

When danger or pain immediately affect us, they are simply terrible, and incapable of giving any delight; but when the idea of pain or danger is excited, without our

being actually in such circumstances as to be injured by it, it may be delightful, as every one's experience demonstrates. This pleasing sensation, arising from the diminution of pain, and which may be called hereafter *delight*, is very different from that satisfaction which we feel without any pain preceding it, which may be, in the sequel, termed *positive pleasure*, or, simply, pleasure. Delight acts by no means so strongly as positive pleasure; since no lessening, even of the severest pain, can rise to pleasure,[1] but the mind still continues impressed with awe; a sort of tranquillity shadowed with horror. When we have suffered from any violent emotion, the mind naturally continues in something like the same condition, even after the cause which first produced it has ceased to operate; as the fashion of the countenance and the gesture of the body, in those who have just escaped some imminent danger, sufficiently indicate.

Whatever excites this delight, whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, without their actual existence, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner

[1] To prevent any interruption of the author's chain of reasoning, whatever remark may happen to occur to us, in the course of our epitome of his performance, we shall subjoin it as a note. Thus with regard to his distinction between delight and pleasure, we may here observe, that most of the real pleasures we possess, proceed from a diminution of pain. Our author imagines, that positive pleasure operates upon us, by relaxing the nervous system; but that delight acts in a quite contrary manner. Yet it is evident, that a reprieve to a criminal often affects him with such pleasure, that his whole frame is relaxed, and he faints away: here, then, a diminution of pain operates just as pleasure would have done, and we can see no reason why it may not be called pleasure. To put our objections in another light—all wants that immediately affect us, are in some degree painful. If upon offering any enjoyment to the mind, it feels no consciousness of the want, no uneasiness for the fruition of the pleasure proffered, we may safely conclude it will find no great degree of pleasure in its possession. How vainly do delicacies solicit the appetite of him who feels not a want from hunger! What various methods are tried to create this pain only, that the voluptuary may enjoy a greater pleasure by its diminution! Hence, if what the author himself allows to be pleasures are increased by preceding pain, why may they not be produced from it? In fact, pleasure and pain may be found positively subsisting without relation to each other; but then they may also be found mutually to produce each other.—GOLDSMITH.

analogous to terror, is the source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion the mind is capable of feeling.[1]

The second head to which the passions are referred, in relation to their final cause, is society. There are two kinds of society; the first is the society of the sex, the passion belonging to which is called love; it contains a mixture of lust, and its object is the beauty of women. The other is the great society with man, and all other animals; but this has no mixture of lust, though its object be beauty.[2] The

[1] Our author, by assigning terror for the only source of the sublime, excludes love, admiration, &c. But to make the sublime an idea incompatible with those affections, is what the general sense of mankind will be apt to contradict. It is certain, we can have the most sublime ideas of the Deity, without imagining him a God of terror. Whatever raises our esteem of an object described, must be a powerful source of sublimity; and esteem is a passion nearly allied to love: our astonishment at the sublime as often proceeds from an increased love, as from an increased fear. When, after the horrors of a tempestuous night, the poet hails us with a description of the beauties of the morning, we feel double enjoyment from the contrast. Our pleasure here must arise from the beautiful or the sublime. If from the beautiful, then we have a positive pleasure, which has had its origin, contrary to what the author advances, in a diminution of pain. If from the sublime, it is all we contend for, since here is a description, which, though destitute of terror, has the same effect that any increase of terror could have produced.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] Self-interest, and not beauty, may be the object of this passion: it is not from beauty in the man, we cement friendships; it is not from beauty in animals, that we value and maintain them; nor from the beauty of vegetables, that we improve them by culture: were this the case, there would be no society betwixt the deformed of mankind; we should entertain an abhorrence of every ill-looking, though useful and inoffensive animal; receive the painted snake to our bosom, and the spotted panther into our dwelling. Even in vegetables, we prefer use to beauty: *alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.* Reason, not sensation, certainly suggests our ideas of this species of beauty, and from the dictates of reason it is we admit of new connections. The infant, new to the world, finds all beauty in colour: as he grows older, shape, smoothness, and several other adventitious ideas are superadded, which his reason, not his senses, have suggested. Some, even among the adult, have no idea of what is called beauty in animals with which they are not conversant, as the beauty of horses, dogs, &c.; but an acquaintance with these animals, and a knowledge of their fitness, by particular symmetries, &c., to answer their own or our purposes, soon discover to us beauties of which we could otherwise have had no conception. Hence a great part of our perceptions of beauty arises not

passions belonging to the preservation of the individual, which are capable of affecting us with the strong emotions of the sublime, turn wholly on pain and danger, but those of society, on our desire of enjoyment; hence, as the sublime had its rise in pain, so beauty has its source in positive pleasure.

The passion caused by the great and the sublime in *nature*, when these causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment; by which all the motions of the soul are suspended, with some degree of horror. Whatever also is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling, or contemptible, that may be dangerous. To heighten this terror, obscurity, in general, seems necessary. When we know the full extent of any danger, when we accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Thus, in Pagan worship, the idol is generally placed in the most obscure part of the temple; which is done with a view of heightening the awe of its adorers. Wherefore it is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it affecting to the imagination. Nay, so far is clearness of imagery from being absolutely necessary to influence the passions, that they may be considerably operated upon, as in music, without presenting any image at all. Painting never makes such strong impressions on the mind as description, yet painting must be allowed to represent objects more distinctly than any description can do; and even in painting, a judicious obscurity, in some things, contributes to the proper effect of the picture. Thus, in reality, clearness helps but little towards affecting the passions; as it is, in some measure, an enemy to all enthusiasm whatsoever.[1]

from any mechanical operation on the senses, capable of producing positive pleasure, but from a rational inference drawn with an eye to self-interest, and which may, in many instances, be deduced from self-preservation. Therefore, some ideas of beauty have their origin in self-preservation.—GOLDSMITH.

[1] Distinctness of imagery has ever been held productive of the sublime. The more strongly the poet or orator impresses the picture he would describe upon his own mind, the more apt will he be to paint it on the imagination of his reader. Not that like Ovid, he should be

All general privations are great, because they are terrible; as vacuity, darkness, solitude, silence. Greatness of dimension is a powerful cause of the sublime. Infinity is another source; though perhaps it may be resolved into magnitude. In all objects where no boundary can be fixed to the eye, as in the inside of a rotund, there must necessarily arise the idea of greatness. Another source of greatness is difficulty. When any work seems to have required immense force and labour to effect it, as in Stonehenge, the idea is grand. Magnificence, too, or a great profusion of any things which are splendid or valuable in themselves, is sublime.

With respect to colours, such as are soft or cheerful (except, perhaps, a strong red, which is cheerful), are unfit to produce grand images. An immense mountain, covered with a shining green turf, as the author expresses it, is nothing in this respect to one dark and gloomy. The cloudy sky is more grand than the blue; and night more sublime and solemn than day; therefore, in historical painting, a gay or gaudy drapery can never have a happy effect: and in buildings, where an uniform degree of the most striking sublimity is intended, the materials should consist of sad and fuscous colours; and as darkness is productive of more sublime ideas than light, the inside should have all that gloom which may be consistent, at the same time, with showing the particular beauties of the architecture. Sounds also have a great power in producing the sublime: the noise of cataracts, raging storms, thunder; these overpower the soul, suspend its action, and fill it with terror. A sudden beginning also, or ceasing of sound, puts all our faculties on their guard. Low, tremulous,

minute in description; which, instead of impressing our imagination with a grand whole, divides our idea into several littlenesses. We only think the bold yet distinct strokes of a Virgil far surpass the equally bold yet confused ones of Lucan. The term *painting*, in poetry, perhaps implies more than the mere assemblage of such pictures as affect the sight; sounds, tastes, feelings, all conspire to complete a poetical picture: hence, this art takes the imagination by every inlet, and while it paints the picture, can give it motion and succession too. What wonder, then, it should strike us so powerfully! Therefore, not from the confusion or obscurity of the description, but from being able to place the object to be described in a greater variety of views, is poetry superior to all other descriptive arts.—GOLDSMITH.

intermitting sounds, and the yelling of animals, all, as they inspire some degree of horror, conduce to exalt us into the sublime. Smells and tastes, particularly the ideas of excessive bitters or intolerable stenches, have some, though but a small share, in our ideas of greatness.

With respect to feeling, the idea of bodily pain in all the modes and degrees of labour, anguish, torment, is productive of the sublime; and nothing else in this sense can produce it. Hence, every cause of the sublime, with reference to the senses, evinces that the sublime is an idea belonging to self-preservation: that it is therefore one of the most affecting we have; that its strongest emotion is an emotion of distress, and that no positive or absolute pleasure belongs to it,

Beauty is that quality, or those qualities, of bodies, by which they cause love, or some passion similar to it. This idea cannot arise from proportion, since in vegetables and animals there is no standard by which we can measure our ideas of proportion; and in man, exact proportion is not always the criterion of beauty; neither can it arise from fitness, since then all animals would have beauty; for every one seems best adapted to its own way of living; and in man, strength would have the name of beauty, which, however, presents a very different idea. Nor is it the result of perfection, for we are often charmed with the imperfections of an agreeable object. Nor, lastly, of the qualities and virtues of the mind; since such rather conciliate our esteem than our love. Beauty, therefore, is no creature of reason, but some merely sensible quality acting mechanically upon the human mind, by the intervention of the senses. I shall consider, therefore, says the author, in what manner those sensible qualities are disposed in such things as, by experience, we find beautiful, or which excite in us the passion of love, or some correspondent affection.

First, then, the qualities of beauty, as they are merely sensible qualities, are comparative smallness. Thus the diminutives of every language express affection. In the animal creation, exclusive of our own species, it is the small we are inclined to be fond of. Secondly, they must be smooth; a quality so essential, that few things are beautiful that are not smooth: in trees and flowers, smooth

leaves are beautiful, smooth slopes in gardens, smooth streams in landscapes. Thirdly, to have a variety in the direction of parts. Fourthly, to have those parts not angular, but melted, as it were, into each other. Fifthly, to be of a delicate frame, without any remarkable appearance of strength. Sixthly, to have its colours clear and bright, but not very strong and glaring. Seventhly, or if it should have any gloomy colour, to have it diversified with others. In sounds, the most beautiful are the soft and delicate; not that strength of note required to raise other passions, nor notes which are shrill, or harsh, or deep. It agrees best with such as are clear, even, smooth, and weak. Thus there is a remarkable contrast between the beautiful and the sublime: sublime objects are vast in their dimensions; beautiful ones comparatively small. Beauty should be smooth and polished; the Great, rugged and negligent. Beauty should not be obscure; the Great ought to be dark and gloomy. Beauty should be light and delicate; the Great ought to be solid, and even massive.

The author comes next to consider in what manner the sublime and beautiful are produced. As the sublime is founded on pain and terror, which are but different degrees of an unnatural tension of the nerves, whatever produces this tension must be productive also of the sublime; but how any species of delight can be derived from a cause so apparently contrary to it, deserves to be considered.

As the body, by inactivity, contracts disorders, so labour is necessary to prevent those evils. Labour is an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles, and as such resembles pain, (which consists in tension or contraction) in every thing but degree. Thus, as common labour, which is a mode of pain, is the exercise of the grosser, a mode of terror is the exercise of the finer parts of the system. In this case, if the pain or terror be so modified as not to be actually noxious, they are capable of producing delight, since they serve to put the machine into motion. In visual objects, the eye labours to take in their great dimensions; and by a parity of reasoning, we may extend this to every sense in its reception of sublimity. Darkness has, by general consent of mankind, and perhaps by its own painful operation on the sensory, been accounted terrible; too

great a dilatation of the pupil of the eye, caused by darkness, may be offensive to the mind, as being primarily so to the organs of the body; and hence this sensation is so well fitted to produce sublimity.[1]

Beauty, as we may gather from the attitude of any person beholding a beautiful object, arises from a quite contrary cause to the sublime, viz., from an universal relaxation of the nervous system. Hence smoothness, which has no asperities to vellicate the parts, nor cause a sensation of pain, is beautiful. Sweets also, which, when reduced to their proper salts, assume a globular figure, and may be called the smooth in taste, must consequently relax, that is, be beautiful to the sense which they respectively affect. Smallness and colour may be accounted for on the same principles.

*** Thus have we given an abstract of the more material parts of a performance which seems to have cost the author much study and attention; and which, with all the charms of style, is branched out more extensively on the subject than any modern work of this kind within our recollection. A writer who endeavours to penetrate beyond the surface of things, though he may be sometimes too minute, and at others even erroneous, will, however, clear the way for succeeding adventurers; and perhaps make even his errors subservient to the investigation of truth. If we have, in a very few instances, attempted to point out any mistake or oversight in this very agreeable author's principles, not a captious spirit of controversy, but a concern for truth, was the motive: and the ingenious enquirer, we are persuaded, is too much a philosopher to resent our sometimes taking a different course in pursuit of the game he has started.[2]

[1] The muscles of the uvea act in the contraction, but are relaxed in the dilatation of the ciliary circle. Therefore, when the pupil dilates, they are in a state of relaxation, and the relaxed state of a muscle is its state of rest. In an amaurosis, where these muscles are never employed, the pupil is always dilated. Hence darkness is a state of rest to the visual organ, and consequently the obscurity which the author justly remarks to be often a cause of the sublime, can affect the sensory by no painful impression; so that the sublime is often caused by a relaxation of the muscles, as well as by a tension.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] Prior remarks upon Goldsmith's criticism of Burke upon this occa-

THORNTON AND COLMAN'S CONNOISSEUR.

[From the *Monthly Review*, May, 1757.]

The Connoisseur. By Mr. Town, Critic and Censor General. 4 *vols.* 12*mo.* 12*s.* *Baldwin.*[1]

WHEN fate or fortune calls from us the friend whose society has contributed towards the pleasure or the happiness of our lives, how gladly do we substitute in his room all that remains of him! We find consolation in every pledge of friendship he has left behind, and cherish every relic that reminds us of our past satisfaction. The Connoisseur has taken leave of the public, and every admirer of good taste and good humour must regret his departure; but he here commits to their patronage a new edition of his late publications, and we doubt not their welcome reception of them will evince their regard to his memory.

This writer may be styled the *Friend* of Society, in the most agreeable acceptation of the term; for he rather converses with all the ease of a cheerful companion, than dictates, as other writers in this class have done, with the affected superiority of an author.[2] He is the first writer since Bickerstaff,[3] who has been perfectly satirical yet perfectly good-natured; and who never, for the sake of decla-

sion:—"Whether he knew the author personally at this time is doubtful; that he may have been informed of his name, and remembered him as a college contemporary, is probable." *Vide* 'Life of Goldsmith,' vol. i., p. 229. Sir James Prior wrote the 'Life of Burke' as well as that of Goldsmith.—ED.

[1] *The Connoisseur* was an essay paper edited and chiefly written by Bonnel Thornton and George Colman, when they were young men. It ran from Jan., 1754, to Sept. 30, 1756, when its 140th and last number was published. Cowper wrote a few essays in this paper, notably No. 119, "On keeping a Secret," and Nos. 111, 115, 134, 138.—ED.

[2] Mr. Forster suggests that we have here, "possibly," a reference "to the defective side of that lectureship of society, to which the serious and resolute author of the *Rambler* had been lately self-appointed perpetual professor." If so, the fact did not prevent Goldsmith from warmly commending the *Rambler* two years later in the 'Bee:' see our vol. ii., p. 392.—ED.

[3] Swift may be meant, he having written as Isaac Bickerstaff before Steele did so in the *Tatler*.—ED.

mation, represents simple folly as absolutely criminal. He has solidity to please the grave, and humour and wit to allure the gay: in a word, as the manners of the times which he represents differ from those of the preceding, so his method of treating them is different from that of former essayists.[1]

* * * * *

N.B. The Reader will find a former specimen of this work in the Appendix to the tenth volume of our Review; and a sketch of its character in the fourteenth volume.[2]

HOME'S TRAGEDY OF 'DOUGLAS.'[3]

[From the *Monthly Review*, May, 1757.]

Douglas, a Tragedy; as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden. 8*vo.* 1*s.* 6*d.* *Millar.*

WHEN the town, by a tedious succession of indifferent performances, has been long confined to censure, it will naturally wish for an opportunity of praise; and, like a

[1] Here follows a quotation from Mr. Town's address to his readers, which we omit. In this reprint of Goldsmith's criticisms we shall omit the long quotations from the books criticised, giving, however, references for such as would like to trace the points especially noted by the reviewer.—ED.

[2] This notification may be by Griffiths, or the *Monthly's* "grey mare," Mrs. Griffiths. The former articles alluded to are not likely to have been by Goldsmith. The tenth and fourteenth vols. of the *Review* would date 1754 and 1756 respectively. In 1754 our author was on his wandering tour abroad; and 1756 was the year of his arrival almost penniless in London.—ED.

[3] By the Rev. John Home, b. 1722, d. 1808. Beside this tragedy, he wrote 'Agis,' the 'Siege of Aquileia,' the 'Fatal Discovery,' 'Alonzo,' and 'Alfred;' also a 'History of the Rebellion of 1745.' 'Douglas' was offered to Garrick for Drury Lane, but refused. It was then, Dec. 14, 1756, successfully produced at Edinburgh. It appeared on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre on March 14, 1757, Barry playing Norval and Mrs. Woffington Lady Randolph (called Lady Barnard at Edinburgh). Mrs. Siddons afterwards played Lady Randolph, which was a favourite part with her. Genest says:—"Excellent, however, as the tragedy of 'Douglas' is, it owes its present popularity in a great degree to Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Siddons, one of whom brought it into

losing gamester, vainly expect every last throw must retrieve the former. In this disposition, a performance with but the slightest share of merit is welcomed with no small share of applause: its prettinesses exalt us into rapture; and the production is compared, not with our idea of excellence, but of the exploded trash it succeeds. Add to this, that the least qualified to judge are ever foremost to obtrude their opinions: ignorance exclaims with excess of admiration; party roars in its support; and thus the trifle of the day is sure to have the loudest voices and the most votes in its favour; nor does it cease to be "the finest piece in nature," till a newer, and consequently a finer, appears, to consign it to oblivion.

Do these men of applause, who can so easily be brought

"To wonder with a foolish face of praise."

deserve our envy, or our censure? If their raptures are real, none but the ill-natured would wish to damp them; if fictitious, stupidity only can sympathize with their pretended felicity.

As in company, the loudest laugh comes generally from the person least capable of relishing the conversation,[1] so in criticism, those are often most easily pleased whose sensations are least exquisite in the perception of beauty. The glutton may like the feast, but the delicacy of the epicure alone can distinguish and enjoy the choice, the disposition, the flavours, that give elegance of spirit to the entertainment.

To direct our taste, and conduct the poet up to perfection, has ever been the true critic's province; and though it were to be wished that all who aim at excellence would endeavour to observe the rules he prescribes, yet a failure in this respect alone should never induce us to reject the

repute and the other kept it so." See Letter XXI. of the 'Citizen of the World,' where the play criticised by Goldsmith in the assumed character of the Chinese Philosopher is supposed to have been this play of 'Douglas.' The 'Citizen' letter originally appeared in the *Public Ledger* of March 21, 1760.—Ed.

[1] Compare line 122, 'Deserted Village:'—

"And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,"

published thirteen years later.—Ed.

performance. A mechanically exact adherence to all the rules of the drama is more the business of industry than of genius. Theatrical lawgivers rather teach the ignorant where to censure, than the poet how to write. If sublimity, sentiment, and passion, give warmth and life and expression to the whole, we can the more easily dispense with the rules of the Stagyrite; but if languor, affectation, and the false sublime, are substituted for these, an observance of all the precepts of the ancients will prove but a poor compensation.

We would not willingly have applied this last observation to the performance now before us; but when a work is obtruded upon us as the consummate picture of perfection, and the standard of taste,

"Ne quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi!"

Let candour allow this writer mediocrity now; his future productions may probably entitle him to higher applause.

With respect to his present tragedy, we could, indeed, enter on a particular examen of the beauties or faults discoverable in the diction, sentiment, plot, or characters; but, in works of this nature, general observation often characterizes more strongly than a particular criticism could do; for it were an easy task to point out those passages in any indifferent author, where he has excelled himself, and yet these comparative beauties, if we may be allowed the expression, may have no real merit at all. Poems, like buildings, have their point of view, and too near a situation gives but a partial conception of the whole. Suffice it, then, if we only add, that this tragedy's want of moral, which should be the ground-work of every fable; the unfolding a material part of the plot in soliloquy; the preposterous distress of a married lady for a former husband, who had been dead near twenty years; the want of incidents to raise that fluctuation of hope and fear which interest us in the catastrophe, are all faults we could easily pardon, did poetic fire, elegance, or the heightenings of pathetic distress, afford adequate compensation: but these are dealt to us with a sparing hand.

However, as we have perceived some dawnings of genius in this writer, let us not dwell on his imperfections, but

rather proceed to show on what particular passages in his performance we have founded our hopes of his brightening, one day, into stronger lustre.

Those parts of nature, and that rural simplicity with which the author was, perhaps, best acquainted, are not unhappily described; and hence we are led to conjecture, that a more universal knowledge of nature will probably increase his powers of description. The native innocence of the shepherd Norval is happily expressed; it requires some art to dress the thoughts and phrases of the common people, without letting them swell into bombast, or sink into vulgarity: a fault generally charged upon the English authors, who are remarked by their neighbours of the continent to write too much above, or too much below, every subject they undertake to treat upon.

Glenalvon's character is strongly marked, and bears a near resemblance to Shakspear's 'Richard.' It is thus delineated in the first act:—

"*Anna.* Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir?
Lady Randolph. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.
Subtle and shrew'd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself;
And he with ease can vary to the taste
Of different men, its features. Self-denied,
And master of his appetites he seems:
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.
Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.
Yet is he brave, and politic in war."—

The following passage is an oblique panegyric on the Union, and contains a pleasing gradation of sentiment. The lines marked in italics demand particular distinction.

"*Lady Randolph.* War I detest: but war with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, and there an ideal line
By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar,
As twins are to each other,—
Both for their valour famous through the world.
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,

And if they must have war, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict:
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay."

It may not be improper to observe, before we take our leave of this performance, that it was first acted with great applause in Edinburgh; but made its appearance in England under a peculiar disadvantage: the commendation a man of taste and learning had bestowed on it,[1] previous to its representation here, perhaps raised too much expectation in some, and excited a spirit of envy and critical prejudice in others. Possibly, indeed, that gentleman, in some degree, sacrificed his taste to his friendship. However, if this was the case, he will sustain no great loss with regard to his reputation, since he may gain as much on the one hand, as he can lose on the other; the worst that can be said amounting only to this, that the benevolence of his disposition prevailed over the rectitude of his judgment.

[1] In the Dedication to his 'Four Dissertations,' &c., a work mentioned in the *Review* for February last, p. 122. [This note appears in the *Monthly Review*, but it may not be by Goldsmith. See note 2, p. 249, *ante*. The 'Four Dissertations' referred to as reviewed was David Hume's 'Four Dissertations: 1. The Natural History of Religion: 2. Of the Passions: 3. Of Tragedy: 4. Of the Standard of Taste. The book was first published in 1757. Hume's panegyric was in the Dedication of the volume, "To the Reverend Mr. Hume [*sic*], Author of Douglas, a Tragedy." This Dedication does not always appear with the 'Four Dissertations' as now published, and indeed it seems it was suppressed with regard to a portion of the first edition. Hume at first yielded to the advice to suppress it, and then resolved to have it published (*vide* Green and Grose's edit. of Hume's Essays, 1875, vol. i., p. 65). In it Home was told that he possessed "the true theatric genius of Shakspear and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one, and the licentiousness of the other."—Ed.]

On Smollett's History of England.

[From the *Monthly Review*, June, 1757.]

A Compleat History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748. *Containing the Transactions of one thousand eight hundred and three years. By T. Smollett, M.D.* 4*to.* 4 *vols.*[1] 3*l.* 3*s.* *Rivington and Fletcher.*

When the Historian relates events far removed from the age in which he writes, when evidence is become scarce, and authorities are rendered doubtful, from the obscurities which time has thrown upon them, he ought, above all things, to be careful that his narration be as amply authenticated as the nature of his researches will allow. Strictly speaking, the eye-witness alone should take upon him to transmit facts to posterity; and as for the historians, the copyists, the annotators, who may follow him, if possessed of no new and genuine materials, instead of strengthening, they will only diminish the authority of their guide: for, in proportion as History removes from the first witnesses, it may recede also from truth; as, by passing through the prejudices, or the mistakes, of subsequent compilers, it will be apt to imbibe what tincture they may choose to give it. The *later* historian's only way, therefore, to prevent the ill effects of that decrease of evidence which the lapse of years necessarily brings with it, must be, by punctually referring to the spring-head from whence the stream of his narration flows; which at once will cut off all appearance of partiality, or misrepresentation. As in law, the rectitude of a person's character is not alone sufficient to establish the truth of a fact, so in history, not merely the writer's testimony, be our opinion of his veracity ever so great, but collateral evidence also is required, to determine every thing of a questionable nature. The fundamental materials for the general history of any country are the public records,

[1] Three volumes only are as yet published, but we are assured the fourth will be delivered to the purchasers of the whole, without any additional expense.—Note in the *Monthly Review*.

ancient monuments, and original historians of that country; and in proportion as they are slighted by the compiler, these venerable originals themselves may fall into neglect, and possibly in the end, even into irretrievable oblivion:—and when *they* are gone, in vain may we look for an enlightening ray to guide us through the darkness of antiquity: we must then be content with the uncertain gleam with which an erroneous or partial leader is pleased to conduct us.

There were of old, and still are, indolent readers, who turn to an author with the design rather of killing than improving their time; and who, scared at the serious face of instruction, are rather attracted by the lively, florid style of a Florus, than the more substantial disquisitions of a Polybius. With such readers, every step an historian takes towards determining the weight of evidence, or the degrees of credibility, is an excursion into the regions of dulness; but while the writer proceeds in his narrative, without reflection, they continue to read without reflecting: and his history enlightens them just as much as romance would have done; for they are equally unconcerned about truth in either.

Truth should be the main object of the historian's pursuit; *elegance* is only its ornament: if, therefore, we see a writer of this class plume himself upon his excelling in the last, and at the same time slighting the evidences that ought to ascertain and support the first, suspicion will naturally arise, and the author's credit will sink in proportion.

With respect to the History now before us, the compiler does not pretend to have discovered any hidden records, or authentic materials, that have escaped the notice of former writers; or to have thrown such lights upon contested events, or disputed characters, as may serve to rectify any mistaken opinions mankind may have entertained with respect to either. His care is rather to disburthen former histories of those tedious vouchers, and proofs of authenticity, which, in his opinion, only serve to swell the page, and exercise the reader's patience. He seldom quotes authorities in support of his representations; and if he now and then condescends to cite the testimony of former

writers, he never points to the page, but leaves the sceptical reader to supply any defect of this kind, by an exertion of that industry which the author disdains: and thus on the veracity of the relator are we to rest our conviction, and accept his own word for it that he has no intention to deceive or mislead us.

That this author, however, has no such design, may be fairly presumed from his declining all attempts to bias us by any remarks of his own. Determined to avoid all *useless disquisitions*, as his plan professes, he steers wide indeed of that danger, and avoids all *disquisition* as *useless*. A brief recital of facts is chiefly what the public is to expect from this performance. But, with submission, we think the ingenious author might have afforded us something more. He has undoubted ability; and he well knows that a moderate interspersion of manly and sensible observations must have greatly enlivened his work, and would hardly have been deemed superfluous by such readers as have any turn for reflection.

With respect to the style of this historian, it is in general clear, nervous, and flowing; and we think it impossible for a reader of taste not to be pleased with the perspicuity and elegance of his manner. But what he seems principally to value himself upon, and what his patronizers chiefly mention in praise of his performance, are the Characters he has summed up at the close of every reign. Here, however, we cannot fall in with the ingenious Doctor's admirers.—But we forbear to enlarge, and shall therefore proceed to enable our readers, in some measure, to judge for themselves, by a few specimens, taken from such parts of the History as, we apprehend, the author's friends will think we do him no injustice in selecting. The character of James the First is thus drawn by our historian.[1]

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We shall conclude with the following summary of the qualifications required in an historian. His learning, says Bayle, should be greater than his genius, and his judgment stronger than his imagination. In private life, he should have the character of being free from party, and his former

[1] Here follow the "Characters" of James I., Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II., given in Smollett's 'History.'—Ed.

writings ought always to have shown the sincerest attachment to truth. I ask several questions, says the same author, who the historian is? of what country? of what principles? for it is impossible but that his private opinions will almost involuntarily work themselves into his public performances. His style also should be clear, elegant, and nervous. And lastly, to give him a just boldness of sentiment and expression, he should have a consciousness of these his superior abilities.—As to the first requisites, how far our author is possessed of them, his former productions will abundantly demonstrate; but in the last, he seems to have fallen short of none of his predecessors.[1]

Charlevoix's History of Paraguay.

[From the *Monthly Review*, June, 1757.]

Account of a new work entitled, Histoire du Paraguay,[2] par Le R. P. François Xavier de Charlevoix,[3] de la Compagnie de Jésus.

To the Authors *of the* Monthly Review.

The pleasure we find in modern history arises either from the accuracy and veracity of the historian, or from our being unacquainted with the country he describes. In this last respect we look upon the accounts of the traveller as new discoveries, and, in some measure, pardon any improbabilities, by considering the hazards he must have

[1] When Smollett published this history he was already popular through his most famous novels, 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' &c. Mr. Forster thought that the above review "has evident marks of the interpolation of Griffiths, though that worthy's more deadly hostility to Smollett had not yet begun." ('Life of Goldsmith,' 1854, vol. i., p. 114.) However this may be, the review as a whole comes sufficiently near to Goldsmith's later expressed views on the function of the historian. See the prefaces to his own Histories in our vol. v., &c.—Ed.

[2] In three volumes 4to, Paris, 1756.—Note in *Monthly Review*.

[3] Father Charlevoix was born at St. Quentin, in 1684, and died in 1761. He also wrote histories and descriptions of Japan, New France, &c.—Ed.

encountered in procuring us any information whatsoever. Of all accounts, those of the missionaries, as they depart most from truth, stand most in need of this indulgence: the dangers they have undergone should be set in the opposite scale, against the improbabilities they relate; and though we cannot allow them the praise of having given us good accounts, yet it is some merit in them to have given at least *some* account. We are certainly obliged to them for bringing us acquainted with countries, which the badness of climate, the difficulty of access, or the unfavourable disposition of the inhabitants, would still conceal from those whose only motives to a knowledge of them were curiosity or avarice. But such is in general the credulity of these religious adventurers, or so much do they endeavour to impose upon ours, that we often wish they who pretend to teach others the truth, had been better acquainted with it themselves.

What has been said of the relations of the missionaries in general may with propriety, be applied to the author of this performance: a work rather calculated to defend the Jesuit missionaries from the reproach of avarice, or of disaffection to their temporal sovereigns, than to give us a distinct view of a country hitherto so little known. It is hard to say, whether the natural or the civil history of Paraguay, as related by this author, most abounds with improbability. In the one, we are told of birds fighting with serpents, and, upon being wounded, having recourse to an herb, which immediately heals the wound, and gives them strength to renew the combat: also of serpents, who, having swallowed more than they can digest, turn their bellies to the sun, which rotting the skin, the birds light upon, and carry away the remains of the surfeit, and thereby restore health to the reptile. In the other, we hear of missionaries miraculously cured of mortal wounds, travelling twelve days' journey in less than one; bringing down rain; and routing armies at the word of command. Yet, in spite of all this absurdity, the subject is no less curious than uncommon; and some readers, no doubt, may be pleased with an extract from those parts of the history less chargeable with the idle tales above hinted at.

Paraguay (so called from a river of that name) is

bounded on the north by the lake des Xarayes, and the provinces of Santa Cruz and Charcas; on the south by the straits of Magellan; on the east by Brazil; and on the north by Chili and Peru. It must not be supposed (says the author) but that in a country of such vast extent, watered by an infinite number of rivers, covered with immense forests, and chains of mountains of an almost immeasurable length, some of which lift themselves above the clouds; in a country whose valleys are all subject to inundations more extensive and lasting than are to be met with elsewhere, and which abounds in lakes and marshes, where the stagnating waters putrifying, corrupt the air; in fine, where the cultivated parts bear no proportion to those uncultivated;—in such a country, it must not be supposed that there can be a sameness of climate, or uniformity in the characters and manners of its inhabitants.

What may be said of this people in general is, that they are all, more or less, of an olive complexion; are rather above than below the middle size; have thick legs, large joints, and round flat faces. The men and children, especially in the warm countries, go all naked; and even the women cover only those parts which decency requires should be concealed. The inhabitants of every country, however, have different manners of adorning, or rather disfiguring, themselves; which often give them a shocking appearance. Some, notwithstanding, make caps, and other parts of dress, from the most beautiful feathers of birds, which have a fine effect. The author further informs us, that they are almost all naturally stupid, savage, perfidious, voracious, and addicted to drunkenness, without precaution or forecast, even with respect to the necessaries of life; that they are lazy, and indolent, to the last degree, except in some places; that pillage and revenge often render them furious, without making them brave; that they are generally cowards; and that even such of them as have preserved their liberty, owe it solely to those inaccessible parts of the country which they inhabit.

In those vast plains which extend from Buenos Ayres to Chili, and also very far southward, the horses and kine left there by the Spaniards, upon their first abandoning that

settlement, have multiplied to such a degree, that in the year 1628 a good horse might have been purchased for two needles, and a cow in proportion; but at present the price is increased: however, no vessel, for thirty years past, has left the port of Buenos Ayres, without taking forty or fifty thousand skins on board. There are some hunters, who only bring away the tongues and the fat: the latter, in that country, serving instead of butter and oil.

How great soever our ideas of the increase of those animals may be, yet still they will be enlarged, if we consider the infinite number of dogs, lions, and tigers which prey upon the wild cattle, and destroy incredible numbers of them.[1] It is said that the lion does not wait the approach of danger, like the tiger, but hunts for his diversion, and after killing eight or ten, feasts only upon one. But the wild dogs destroy most; and yet, such is the stupid barbarity of the inhabitants, that they only reproach those who would attempt to lessen the number of these mischievous animals! The manner of hunting the wild cattle is singular enough: a number of hunters assemble on horseback, in the midst of one of those large plains where there is the greatest store of game, and then separating, each cuts, with a hatchet, the hinder legs of every beast he overtakes; upon which the animal falls to the ground. The hunter continues the pursuit, cutting away to the right and left, as long as he finds cattle to pursue. Thus each hunter, it is said, can kill eight hundred in an hour; which, however, seems an exaggeration. Upon attempting to escape, the wounded animals only obstruct one another, so that their destroyers have often time to refresh themselves, and begin again. In fine, after some days spent in this violent exercise, they return by the road they came, and carry away all that they think convenient of the animals they have slain.

The cotton shrub is a native of this country. Besides

[1] Goldsmith has been called to account for locating tigers in America ('Deserted Village,' line 355; see our vol. ii., p. 43). Père Charlevoix is responsible for the lions and tigers introduced above. Goldsmith evidently does but recite the details of his author. Perhaps, however, the lion meant is the puma, or "American lion," the tiger being the jaguar, or "American tiger."—Ed.

maize, manioc, and potatoes, which make the greatest part of the food of those Indians who do not lead a wandering life, there are several fruits and simples found here, unknown to the Europeans. No country abounds more with serpents of various kinds, and their apes are almost of human stature. Foxes are common in some provinces, and they have hares that are extremely tame, and whose skins are beautifully mottled.

Westward of the river of Paraguay (Rio de la Plata) lies the extensive province of Guaycurus, the greatest part of which is uninhabitable; for in the wet season the ground is swampy, and in the dry so parched, that the soil opens in large fissures, and the inhabitants would perish for want of water, did they not retire to the neighbourhood of those lakes that never dry up; the waters of which are, however, extremely unwholesome.

Among the customs peculiar to this people, that of the children being held in the greatest dependence till they arrive at the age of fourteen is one. Before that time, every person exercises authority over them; but at this age, they are pierced with a certain instrument in several parts of the body: an operation which, though extremely painful, they demand with eagerness, and sustain with intrepidity; and then they receive their liberty, and their name.

Their discipline in war is extremely strict; and besides that which they continually wage with the Spaniards, they are generally embroiled every year with some of their neighbours. They never attempt to face the enemy in the open plain, but have a thousand stratagems to lead him into defiles, where they may fall upon him with advantage, as their only weapons are the arrow, the hatchet, and a cutlass made of bone.

In the kingdom of Tuccuman, farther west than Guaycurus, it is somewhat remarkable that those parts which approach the line are coldest, which is owing to their lying in the neighbourhood of exceeding high mountains. Those who inhabit the northern parts of this country are mostly subsisted by fishing; those who live more to the south, by hunting. In general, they are of smaller stature, and more stupid than the other Americans; and some of them

have no other habitations than caves dug under ground, from whence they never stir till hunger obliges them. Their ordinary beast of burthen is a sheep, almost as big as a camel, and of surprising strength. Lions and tigers infest the country, but the first are small, and not very dangerous; the latter are in no country so large or so fierce: the Indians set fire to the woods, and kill them with their arrows as they attempt to avoid the flames.

The country of Chaco is remarkably subject to inundations, which proceed from the melting of the snow in the great neighbouring mountains. These inundations are often so sudden, that the inhabitants are obliged to embark in their canoes or to climb trees, and remain there till the flood subsides. But these inconveniences are recompensed by the advantages which ensue; for scarcely has the deluge passed away, when the plains of Chaco put on the appearance of the most beautiful parterres, and, beheld from the mountains, form a prospect that, perhaps, nothing in nature can equal. To what advantage, continues the author, might all this turn, were the country inhabited by an industrious people, whose labours might correct the inconveniences to which it is subject, and who knew how to avail themselves of its natural advantages! But the inhabitants of Chaco are contented with slightly stirring the earth after it has been flooded; which, notwithstanding the little pains taken, affords all the necessaries of life in great abundance.[1]

We are told of an amphibious animal which infests the country of Tapé, somewhat resembling a ram, but with the teeth and claws of a tiger, which it surpasses in ferocity. The Indians never behold these creatures without terror; and when they leave the lakes (which they often do in numbers) there is no other method of avoiding their fury than by climbing a tree; which, however, does not always afford protection: for this terrible animal sometimes roots up the tree, which, falling, delivers up the unhappy victim; or perhaps he waits at the foot of it, till the Indian, spent with hunger, can no longer support himself, but falls a prey to his merciless enemy.

The Jesuit missionaries, by a long succession of pretended miracles, by perseverance, by every stratagem that policy

could suggest, have brought most of the inhabitants of this extensive country to embrace the Roman Catholic religion; have brought them from their forests and caves, into social communities; have induced the Indians, formerly poor, and who had hardly wherewith to maintain themselves, now to pay tribute, and support the luxury and grandeur of the king of Spain; and have centered out the country into little republics, as the author calls them, where the Jesuit and his assistant are generally absolute.

In short, if the accounts here given are to be believed, the Indians are now brought into the most civilized state, and have the necessaries and luxuries of life in almost as great plenty and elegance as the Europeans themselves.

The author, towards the end of the third volume, corrects a passage in the account of Anson's Voyage round the World, where it is affirmed, that the bay of St. Julian receives a very large river which issues from a great lake. In the said voyage are also given two plates of the bay. F. Charlevoix, from a variety of observations, particularly those of Father Quiroga, who went round the bay, and examined it with the greatest exactness, affirms that it receives not even the smallest rivulet.

The greatest part of this performance affords little to engage the attention of the English reader. It is chiefly to be regarded as an ecclesiastical history, calculated rather for those countries which still retain the most bigoted superstition, than for the perusal of such as choose to examine into prodigies before they believe them. Yet, with all the absurdities with which it is replete, it will possibly have its desired effect; for it can sink the reputation of the Jesuits no lower than it is already sunk among the wise of all nations; and it may greatly exalt their character for holiness, among the ignorant and superstitious. I am, &c.

B.[1]

[1] See the note to the next article, which was a previous letter to the *Monthly Review* signed "B."—Ed.

Saxe's Memoirs of the Art of War.

[From the *Monthly Review*, June, 1757.]

Reveries, or Memoirs upon the Art of War, by Field-Marshal Count Saxe. Illustrated with copper-plates. To which are added, some original Letters, upon various military subjects, wrote by the Count to the late King of Poland, and M. de Folard, which were never before made public. Together with his Reflections upon the propagation of the human species. Translated from the French. 4*to.* 14*s.* *Nourse.*

As we have already given an abstract from the original French of this performance, there remains little to be said on occasion of its present appearance in our own tongue. The work, we imagine, has not in the least suffered by passing into a different language, as the translator hath executed the whole with accuracy and elegance. We shall give as a specimen, part of the twelfth chapter, relative to the qualifications necessary for the commander in chief of an army.[1]

* * * * *

We should not conclude this article without mentioning the beauty of this edition, and the exactness with which the plates are copied.[2]

[1] Here follows the extract, filling nearly three pages of the *Monthly Review*.—Ed.

[2] This article is duly marked in the Bodleian copy of the *Review* as by Goldsmith. We reprint it now (it being one of the reviews omitted by Prior and Cunningham) chiefly to call attention to the reference to the "abstract" mentioned as "already given." There seem to be grounds for thinking that Goldsmith also wrote this "abstract," though it is not marked in the Bodleian copy of the *Review*. The "abstract" is in the number of the *Review* with which Goldsmith commenced his work for Griffiths, that, namely, for April, 1757; it is in the form of a letter, "To the Authors;" it is in the "Foreign Books" section; and it is signed "B," after which signature comes:—"N.B.—Since the receipt of the preceding Letter, a translation of the work it relates to has been published, by Mr. Nourse; which will be duly noticed in a future Review." The article on Charlevoix in our preceding pages is, it will be seen, in the same Letter form, and is signed "B." It also,

De Polignac's "Anti-Lucretius."

[From the *Monthly Review*, July, 1757.]

Anti-Lucretius, of God and Nature; a Poem. Written in Latin by the Cardinal De Polignac. *Rendered into English by the Translator of Paradise Lost.*[1] *4to. 2s. Manby.*

It is a doubt whether the Cardinal de Polignac be better known to the statesmen of Europe as a politician, or to the learned as a poet: it is certain his talent of persuasion in both capacities was extraordinary; and it is somewhat surprising, that amidst such a multiplicity of state negociations, as might seem sufficient to engross all his attention, he found leisure for the intricate disquisitions of philosophy. As neither his editor nor our translator have mentioned what first gave rise to this poem, it may not be improper to mention it here: "A seeming chance," as we are told, "first put Polignac upon this undertaking. The author, in his return from Poland, made some stay in Holland, where, becoming acquainted with M. Bayle, he asked him, which of the sects in vogue he professed? Bayle eluded the question, by repeating some lines out of Lucretius; and

like the above mentioned Saxe "abstract," came in the *Monthly Review's* "Foreign Books" section. The "abstract," it may likewise be mentioned, is largely made up of the matter by Saxe upon "the propagation of the human species"—the Marshal's antidote to his devastation theories—which fact, seeing that the present review deals wholly with the "art of war," seems an additional proof of a division of labour in the *two* articles. "J. B.," it will be recollected, was Goldsmith's signature to the 'New Simile' (p. 89, vol. ii.), which may have been written at about the time our author was commencing his work upon the *Monthly Review*. In his essay on 'The English Clergy, and Popular Preachers' (vol. i., p. 274) our author has an extract from "a late writer on the art of war" which may possibly be from Saxe's work here reviewed. —Ed.

[1] The translator was John Dobson, who translated Prior's 'Solomon' into Latin verse, and then did the same for Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' For the latter work, Mr. Benson ("Auditor" Benson, sometime M.P. for Shaftesbury, &c., who erected the Milton monument in Westminster Abbey) gave him £1,000. Though his Latin translations were much admired, Dr. Joseph Warton said his original poetry was very poor. —Ed.

being closer pressed, he made no other answer than that he was a true Protestant. The Abbé still urging him, he answered with some emotion, 'Yes, Sir, I am a true Protestant, and to the utmost extent of the word, for I protest against all that is said or done;" which was followed by another more energetic repetition from Lucretius. The Abbé finding that learned person far gone in the system of Epicurism, or at least of Scepticism, and that these notions were seducingly advanced in his celebrated Dictionary, immediately conceived a design of refuting those errors, and his two relegations (to the States) proved fortunate for the accomplishment."

Certainly nothing can be a more proper antidote than the "Anti-Lucretius" against the mischievous doctrines of that charming poet, but indifferent philosopher, here controverted by our author, It must be confessed Lucretius has more poetic enthusiasm, and more frequently amuses his reader with the glowing descriptions of a fine imagination. Our author, with greater severity, seems always in quest of truth, and never loses the philosopher in the poet. Lucretius strikes his reader with the brilliancy of his arguments; the demonstrations of Polignac operate more slowly, but then they are sure to carry conviction. The one aims at instruction merely to please; the other pleases merely to instruct. In short, the fictions of the disciple of Epicurus seem to acquire additional graces from poetry, while poetry receives new graces from his antagonist, by being employed in the service of truth.

Lucretius has long ago been translated into our language. This, in some measure, implied a necessity for translating his opponent also; and the first book of the Anti-Lucretius in English verse, is here submitted, by the ingenious Mr. Dobson, as a specimen of his abilities for the whole. He certainly seems every way equal to the laborious undertaking, if we may be allowed to judge from this part of his performance now before us. He ever preserves the sense, and very seldom loses the spirit of his original. Sometimes, however, he seems inferior to him in strength; thus, line 32, in the original:

"Incute vim dictis, propriamque ulciscere causam,"

he translates less energetically thus:

"inspire
My song, and vindicate thy sovereign cause."

Where the poet rapturously cries out,

"O utinam, dum te regionibus infero sacris—"

the translator coolly says,

"Were mine the gift, as o'er the sacred clime—"

But that the reader may not rest solely upon our judgment, it may be proper to select a specimen or two of the original, to which subjoining the translation, we shall leave him to determine for himself. The author thus addresses the atheist:

"Si virtutis ëras avidus, rectique bonique
Tam sitiens, quid Relligio tibi sancta nocebat?
Aspera quippe nimis visa est? Asperrima certe
Gaudenti vitiis, sed non virtutis amanti.
Ergo perfugium çulpæ, solisque benignus
Perjuris ac fœdifragis, Epicure, parabas.
Solam hominum fæcem poteras devotaque furcis
Devincire tibi capita, indignæque patronus
Nequitiæ tantum scelerisque assertor haberi;
Cui tales animos viresque atque arma ministras.
Degener ille bonis etenim non ingruit horror
Quem perimis: sibi nec restingui Tartara poscunt,
Quos bene gesta satis tranquillant; ipsaque morum
Integritas, et parta quies moderamine casto
Vindicat à miserâ longæ formidine pœnæ.
His procul anguicomæ strident crepitantque flagellis
Eumenides; procul his æterna incendia fumant."

"Were you with ardent love of virtue fir'd,
And did you thirst for equity and truth,
Why should Religion's sacred laws offend?
She's too severe. Severe she is to those
Whom Vice delights, but not to Virtue's friends.
For Vice, then, Epicurus, you contriv'd
A friendly refuge, to each miscreant kind,
Each perjur'd wretch. Hence to your banners hie
In droves, the dregs and out-cast of mankind.
Hence are you styl'd th' assertor of the base,
Patron of villains; whom you thus supply
With impious courage, and ignoble arms.
For that degen'rate fear, you boast to quell,

Damps not the virtuous; whose ingenuous deeds
Becalm their minds, and chaste integrity
Wraps in soft peace, unconscious of alarms.
From these far distant, hiss and clash their thongs,
The snake-curl'd Furies; distant far from these
Burn the relentless flames that never die."

"Quid si autem invenies quod credimus, ultima cum te
Sustulerit tenebrisque perennibus obruerit nox,
Nempe Deum ultorem, quem non cognoveris antè,
Vel potius notum famâ neglexeris? Eheu!
Horresco reputans: tibi luditur alea, Quinti,
Magna nimis. Quoquò te vertas, fit tua pejor
Conditio nostrâ. Neque enim, si fallimur, hujus
Erroris dabimus poenas: sors æqua manebit
Nos omnes; uno simul involvemur inani:
Tu, si deciperis, contrà; sine fine futurus
Infelix. Cur tanta igitur discrimina tentas?"

"But should you find (what merits firmest faith),
When Death shall wrap thee in her sable shade,
Should you then find, with righteous vengeance arm'd,
That God you knew not once, or known, defied,
I shudder at the thought. Ah! Quintius, rash
Th' adventure; great the hazard you explore.
Shift as you please, in every light appears
Your state far worse than our's. What if we err?
That error no dread punishment attends.
One fate then all involves; we all shall sink
In one vast unessential void absorpt.
Err you? What fatal misery ensues!
Woe infinite!—Such perils who would prove?"

The "Anti-Lucretius" is not a refutation of Lucretius only, but of those in general who seem to have been favourers of Atheism. Democritus, Aristotle, Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinosa, are confuted; and among the number of those whom he has opposed, we are sorry to find Newton, Locke, and Gassendus, whose opinions concerning a vacuum, &c., he has taken great pains to obviate; but his reasonings on natural subjects seem chiefly drawn from the stores of Des Cartes, in whose amusing systems our author had been early initiated; and it is but natural to controvert any opinions that tend to discover the futility of our former researches into nature. If the translator proceeds in this performance (as we sincerely hope he will), some notes added in those places where the author erroneously controverts the great men already mentioned,

would certainly be not less useful than pleasing to the English reader. His vacuums and his gravity of atoms, may be given up to Lucretius, while still our obligations will remain to the author for impugning the rest of his doctrines.[1]

Hanway's Journey; Essay on Tea, Etc.

[From the *Monthly Review*, July, 1757.]

*A Journal of eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames; through Southampton, Wiltshire, &c. With Miscellaneous Thoughts, moral and religious; in sixty-four Letters: addressed to two Ladies of the Partie. To which is added, an Essay on Tea; considered as pernicious to Health, obstructing Industry, and impoverishing the Nation: with an Account of its Growth, and great Consumption in these Kingdoms. With several political Reflections; and Thoughts on Public Love. In thirty-two Letters to two Ladies. By Mr. H*****. The second Edition, corrected and enlarged.*[2] *8vo. 2 vols. 10s. Henderson.*

Mr. Hanway, who has already obliged the public with an account of his travels into distant parts of the world,[3]

[1] Melchior de Polignac was born in 1661, and died in 1741. His 'Anti-Lucretius' was published six years after his death by his friend Charles de Rothelin. Goldsmith has a little more upon Cardinal Polignac, in his 'Memoirs of Voltaire,' *ante*, p. 8.—Ed.

[2] The first edition was printed about a year ago, and presented by the author to his friends only, but not sold.—Note in *Monthly Review*.

[3] Jonas Hanway published, in 1753, 'An Account of the British Trade over the Caspian Sea, with Travels through Russia, Persia, Germany, and Holland.' Of this and the above 'Eight Days' Journey,' Dr. Maxwell reported to Boswell that Dr. Johnson said:—"Jonas acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home" (Boswell, Standard Lib. ed., 1884, vol. ii., p. 122). Hanway, however, did some good as a philanthropist and reformer of manners. In particular he should be remembered as the founder of the Marine Society and (with Mr. Dingley) of the Magdalen Hospital. For his introduction, despite much ridicule, of the use of the umbrella to the streets of London we should also be grateful.—Ed.

here presents the reader with the result of his travels nearer home. This journal was, perhaps, at first designed for the amusement of his friends, and by their too partial applause he might have been tempted to send it into the world; however, he can lose little reputation though he should not succeed in an attempt of such a nature as this; especially as he has already shown himself equal to subjects and undertakings that require much greater abilities. Novelty of thought and elegance of expression, are what we chiefly require in treating on topics with which the public are already acquainted: but the art of placing trite materials in new and striking lights, cannot be reckoned among the excellencies of this gentleman; who generally enforces his opinions by arguments rather obvious than new, and that convey more conviction than pleasure to the reader.

The description of the places through which this journey of eight days was performed, takes up but a very little part of this performance. The reader will find that, in his present travels, the author's mental are much more frequent than his personal excursions; as, through the whole, he takes every opportunity (and sometimes forces one) to indulge his propensity to moralizing. In this capacity, indeed, he shows great goodness of heart, and an earnest concern for the welfare of his country. However, though his opinions are generally true, and his regard for virtue seems very sincere, yet these alone are not, at this day, sufficient to defend the cause of truth; style, elegance, and all the allurements of good writing, must be called in aid; especially if the age be in reality, as it is represented by this author, averse to every thing that but seems to be serious.

In these Letters, which may with more propriety be styled Essays, or Meditations, the author informs the two ladies of his party concerning every thing that happened upon the journey, (though, it is to be supposed, they wanted no information in that respect), and on every occurrence he expatiates, and indulges in reflection. The appearance of an inn on the road suggests to our philosopher an eulogium on temperance; the confusion of a disappointed landlady gives rise to a letter on resentment; and the view of a company of soldiers furnishes out materials for an essay

on war. But he seems to reserve his powers till he comes to treat of Tea, against which he inveighs through almost the whole second volume; assuming the physician, philosopher, and politician. To this plant he ascribes the scurvy, weakness of nerves, low spirits, lassitudes, melancholy, "and twenty different disorders, which, in spite of the faculty, have yet no names, except the general one of nervous complaints." Nay, (as the author exclaims) our very nurses drink tea! and, what is more deplorable still, they drink *run* tea, that costs not above three or four shillings a pound! The ladies spoil their teeth and complexions, and the men have lost their stature and comeliness, by the use of this pernicious drug: our time is consumed in drinking it; our morals injured by the luxuries it induces; our fortunes impaired in procuring it; and the balance of trade turned against us by its importation. To remedy these evils, the author, though he allows us to continue the use of our porcelain cups, and our sipping, would substitute in the place of tea, several very harmless herbs of our own growth, such as ground-ivy, penny-royal, horehound, trefoil, sorrel, not forgetting cowslip flowers, whose wine, he tells us, is a powerful soporific; and, truly, if this be the case, the infusion might have some good effects at many a tea-table.

"It is the curse of this nation," exclaims our author, "that the labourer and mechanic will ape the lord; and therefore I can discover no way of abolishing the use of tea, unless it be done by the irresistible force of *example*. It is an epidemical disease; if any seeds of it remain, it will engender an universal infection. To what a height of folly must a nation be arrived, when the common people are not satisfied with wholesome food at home, but must go to the remotest regions to please a vicious palate! There is a certain lane near Richmond, where beggars are often seen, in the summer season, drinking their tea. You may see labourers who are mending the roads drinking their tea; it is even drank in cinder-carts; and, what is not less absurd, sold out in cups to hay-makers. He who should be able to drive three Frenchmen before him, or she who might be a breeder of such a race of men, are to be seen sipping their tea!

"Was it the breed of such as these,
That quell'd the proud Hysperides?"

Were they the sons of tea-sippers who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, or dyed the Danube's streams with Gallic blood? What will be the end of such effeminate customs extended to those persons who must get their bread by the labours of the field?

"From the pride of imitating their betters, and the habit of drinking this deluding infusion, nurses in general, in this part of the island, contract a passion for this bitter draught, which bears down all the duties of humanity before it! Nor are these alone distempered with this canine appetite for tea; you know it to be almost literally true in many instances; every mistress of a family knows it to be true of their servants in general, especially the females, who demand your submission to this execrable custom; and you submit as if the evil was irremediable; nay, your servants' servants, down to the very beggars, will not be satisfied unless they consume the produce of the remote country of China. They consider it as their Magna Charta, and will die by the sword or famine, rather than not follow the example of their mistresses. What would you say, if they should take it into their heads not to work without an allowance of French wine? This would not be thought a more extravagant demand now, than tea was esteemed forty years ago. Consider the tendency of these pernicious and absurd customs!

"Look into all the cellars in London, you will find men or women sipping their tea in the morning or afternoon, and very often both morning and afternoon: those will have tea who have not bread. I once took a ramble for two months, attended only by a servant: I strolled far into several parts of England, and when I was tired of riding, I walked, and, with as much decency as I could, often visited little huts, to see how the people lived. I still found the same game was playing, and misery itself had no power to banish tea, which had frequently introduced that misery. I have been told, that in some places, where the people are so poor that no one family possesses all the necessary apparatus for tea, they carry them to each other's

houses, to the distance of a mile or two, and club materials for this fantastic amusement!

"What a wild infatuation is this! It took its rise from example; by example it is supported; and example only can abolish the use of it. The suppression of this dangerous custom depends entirely on the example of ladies of rank in this country. Tea will certainly be acknowledged a bad thing as soon as you leave off drinking it. No lady's woman, or gentlewoman's chamber-maid, will drink a liquor which her mistress no longer uses. Some indeed have resolution enough in their own houses, to confine the use of tea to their own table; but their number is so extremely small, amidst a numerous acquaintance, I know only of Mrs. T******, whose name ought to be written out in letters of gold."[1]—[Vol. ii., pp. 272-75.]

Thus we see how fortunate some folks are. Mrs. T. is praised for confining luxury to her own table: she earns fame, and saves something in domestic expenses into the bargain! But, to be as much in earnest as Mr. Hanway himself seems to be,—this gentleman appears more desirous of saying every thing that may be said on every subject, than of only selecting all that can be said to the purpose; and by endeavouring to obviate every doubt that might still remain with his reader, he often uses a redundancy of argument, that rather serves to tire than convince us.

When he treats of tea in his assumed medical capacity, he speaks by no means like an adept in physic: indeed, it is not to be expected, that every gentleman can be acquainted with a science that requires so much time and industry in the acquisition, and therefore we may forgive his errors without pointing them out: but if to be unacquainted with the medical art indicates no want of general knowledge, perhaps it argues some want of prudence, to speak of subjects to which our acquirements are not adequate.

Yet, after all, why so violent an out-cry against this devoted article of modern luxury? Every nation that is rich hath had, and will have, its favourite luxuries. Abridge the people in one, they generally run into another; and the

[1] See our Appendix note on beer drinking at this time.—Ed.

reader may judge which will be most conducive to either mental or bodily health: the watery beverage of a modern fine lady, or the strong beer, and stronger waters of her great grandmother?[1]

[Two Novels.]

[From the *Monthly Review*, July, 1757.]

[1] *The Mother-in-Law, or the Innocent Sufferer; interspersed with the uncommon and entertaining Adventures of Mr. Hervey Faulconer.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* 6*s.* *Noble.*

This performance seems to come from the same hand which obliged us with the Guiltless Parricide.[2] For instance: "Madam, having the proverb of her side, escaped only with a bruise or two upon her legs and one shoulder; but her husband, poor man, looked more like a spectre than a living person, when he appeared; for his head was most confoundedly broken against the iron ketch in the ceiling of the landau, besides several severe bruises which lay concealed under the weightier calamity to his noddle; but these failed not to remind him of them soon after the dressing of his skull, by an almost inability to walk for a

[1] Dr. Johnson, a great tea-drinker, had reviewed this book the year before in the *Literary Magazine*, and had severely handled Mr. Hanway for his attack upon tea. See Boswell, Bohn's Stan. Lib., 1884, vol. i., p. 244.—Ed.

[2] *Vide* the first article in the Catalogue for May, 1757.—Note in *Monthly Review*. [The article referred to is very short, and therefore we may find room for it here. Perhaps it also was by Goldsmith:—"*The Impetuous Lover, or, the Guiltless Parricide; shewing, to what lengths love may run, and the extreme folly of forming schemes for futurity. Written under the instructions, and at the request of one of the interested parties. By A. G. Esq.;* 12mo. 2 vols. 6s. Ross. We shall select from the beginning (and it is but reasonable to suppose the author puts the best leg foremost), a short specimen of this performance. 'No sooner *wou'd he* have repeated the name, and thereby recalled before his eyes the *lovely she*, than the whole *flux* of his imagination *bending* again to his beloved Iris, he would condemn his very suspicions as *foundationless*, in that it was impossible for nature itself to form a second, so masterly a Being as the exquisite Iris.' We may add,—or the exquisite author of the 'Impetuous Lover.'"—Ed.

few days after." The story contains the adventures of a couple of true *lovyers*, in indigent circumstances; the lady obliged to go to service; the gentleman, in quest of fortune, to the East Indies. After some vicissitudes, they at length meet again; wallow in riches; and the lady lives to this day under her husband's "wing," as we are told, in Gloucestershire. Where we shall leave them in the full enjoyment of all the felicity that a bounteous author can bestow.

[2] *The Fair Citizen; or the Real Adventures of Miss Charlotte Bellmour. Written by herself.* 12*mo.* 2*s.* *Lownds.*

As Miss Bellmour is now happily married, to the very agreeable Mr. Frankly, we would not interrupt her present felicity by any strictures upon her authorship. But we must beg leave to offer her one hint, at parting, which she may profit from, if she does not too much mistake her talents; viz., that one good pudding is worth fifty modern romances.

[Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon.]

[From the *Monthly Review*, July, 1757.]

Memoirs for the History of Madame de Maintenon, and of the last Age. Translated from the French, by the Author of the Female Quixote.[1] 12*mo.* 5 *vols.* 15*s.* *Millar.*

Unaccountable is the fondness of some French historians, for connecting the revolutions of an age with the Memoirs of persons who neither possessed sufficient power, nor were so deeply engaged in intrigue, as to influence any of its important events. We are at a loss in what class to place such amphibious productions; as they are generally

[1] Mrs. Charlotte Lennox; for whose comedy of the 'Sister,' Goldsmith afterwards, 1769, wrote the Epilogue which appears in his Poems. See our vol. ii., p. 92.—Ed.

an assemblage of truth and falsehood, in which history wears the face of romance, and romance assumes the appearance of history; where the writer's endeavours are equally exerted in rendering trifles important, and subjects of importance trifling. Who but must smile at accounts wherein some little personage, indebted to the historian, perhaps, for notice, takes the lead in a history of Europe, and connects its incidents! It brings to memory the courts of ancient kings, where a dwarf was generally employed as master of the ceremonies.

The work now under view consists, in the original, of fifteen volumes; the first six of which contain Memoirs of M[adame de] Maintenon, regularly connected, in the manner of a history; the next ensuing eight contain this lady's epistolary Correspondence; and the last is made up of letters from the Bishop of Chartres, her spiritual director.

Fifteen volumes, relative to the history of M[adame de] Maintenon, who could ever have expected to see? But never was the Republic of Letters so copiously supplied from the press as at present: *Quo corruptior est status, eo plures sunt leges.* We could with pleasure and emolument have accompanied the lady in her adventures through half a volume, or so; but to be baited with the piety of a female devotee,[1] to be served up with the stale amours of an old monarch, battered with debauchery, through almost fifteen long volumes! The historian may persuade us to pardon the failings of his heroine, but we can never forgive his prolixity in her defence.

The author makes many professions of veracity, and informs us he has rummaged several cabinets for authentic materials; yet still it must be acknowledged, he frequently forgets the historian in the novelist; often giving us

[1] "If you have not got the new Letters and Mémoirs of Madame Maintenon, I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the Letters, I think you will find them very curious and very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion; and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored Madame de Sévigné." See Horace Walpole to Strafford, June 6, 1756, in Cunningham's edition of Walpole's Letters.—Ed.

speeches which are as unlikely to be genuine, as it is improbable that the speakers or hearers should ever divulge such conversation. He frequently contradicts truth, and as frequently himself; sometimes substitutes antithesis to thought, and seems more desirous of being smart than judicious. With all these imperfections, can we expect entertainment in such a writer?—Yet, in spite of his defects, he certainly affords a great deal: his trifles are often made interesting by an engaging manner; his reflections are always sprightly; and his style so peculiarly elegant (though in some places too much laboured), that we easily perceive the subject far beneath the writer's abilities, and though we see not in him much merit as an historian, he possesses many excellences as a writer. In short, such readers as like a great deal of amusement, with a little history and a little truth, will have their taste amply gratified, and their time agreeably spent upon the performance of Mr. Beaumele.[1]

We are at a loss to account for Mr. Voltaire's calling the present performance a romance; he, of all men, should have been cautious of thus stigmatizing a work which bears so strong a resemblance to 'The Age of Louis the Fourteenth.'[2]

[Voltaire's Universal History.]

Letter to the Authors of the Monthly Review.

[August, 1757.]

The number of surreptitious editions which have been published in Mr. Voltaire's name, would make us imagine that both his friends and the booksellers were alike com-

[1] The author was Laurence A. De La Beaumelle, b. 1727, d. 1773, whose 'Mes Pensées' gave such offence to Voltaire. For his Maintenon Memoirs he suffered an imprisonment in the Bastille.—Ed.

[2] Horace Walpole, writing to the Earl of Strafford, July 5, 1757, says:—"Between La Beaumelle and Voltaire, one remains with scarce a fixed idea about that time. I wish they would produce their authorities and proofs; without which I am grown to believe neither."—Ed.

bined against his fame and his property; these, by stealing his manuscripts, and those by publishing his immature productions. I really compassionate this gentleman for his want of discernment in the choice of friends; and their base treatment of him must surely excite the indignation of every lover of literature. It is the same indignation, no doubt, which has so often transported the author himself, even beyond the bounds of truth, and provoked him strenuously to disown some pieces which he afterwards found no difficulty in publicly reclaiming, when the production made its appearance somewhat more methodically. Had his friends stolen his manuscripts but once, or twice, we could have forgiven them; but to make a *trade* of it, as they have done!—our astonishment at their effrontery, even exceeds our pity for the suffering author.

Our surprise is still increased when we consider, that manuscripts are a commodity in which thieves do not much care to deal. We know not what veneration the thieves abroad may have for wit, but, among us, whole reams of poetry, history, and even divinity, would lie as safe in the public highways, as in the garrets of the composers, unless the price paid by the shops for waste-paper should tempt the sons of industry to carry it off.

But the depriving an author of his property, or his fame, is not all the mischief that attends these surreptitious publications: the world may at last be brought to question every thing that appears under his name, and, perhaps, even his genuine productions may, like the rest, be treated as imposture. Shall I repeat an old story? A lady who had heard much of the Marquis de Racan, became very desirous of a personal acquaintance with him, and sent him an invitation to her house. The overture coming to the knowledge of two facetious gentlemen of his acquaintance, they resolved to anticipate the favour intended for the Marquis. Accordingly, two hours before the appointed time, one of them waited upon the lady, and confidently assumed the name of Racan. He was received with every demonstration of respect. On her part, the lady showed the best side of her understanding; talked over all her criticisms; displayed her wit; and was extremely brilliant. On the other hand, she was infinitely charmed with the

conversation of the gentleman; who, however, thought proper to make this first visit but a short one. No sooner had he taken his leave, than his companion, who had waited for the opportunity, also assumes the Marquis's name, and introduces himself with the utmost effrontery. The lady was a little discomposed at the imposture of her former visitant; but the protestations, and well counterfeited indignation of the new one, removing her chagrin, she recovered her good humour, rallied away, and was the best company in the world. The second false Racan had scarce left the well-pleased lady, enjoying all the triumphs of her own vivacity, when the Marquis himself actually arrived. We shall not attempt to describe the confusion of both parties on this occasion. In short, the lady resolved not to hazard a third deception, and the real Racan was refused admittance. The application is obvious.

But, to come to the immediate occasion of this Epistle: viz., a new publication of no less than seven octavos,[1] ascribed to Mr. Voltaire, which, if one may be allowed to judge by the excellence of the performance, is not stolen into the world, though we have no other authority than the bookseller's word for its being genuine. This publication contains the 'Universal History,' or a Survey of the Manners and Customs of all Nations, from the time of Charlemagne; the materials better methodized, more enlarged, and far more accurate, than in the former editions. With this history is connected that of the age of Louis XIV.;

[1] See the concluding paragraph of this article. Horace Walpole wrote to Strafford, July 5, 1757:—"There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, that I think will charm you. I almost like it the best of his works. It is what you have seen extended, and the Memoirs of Louis XIV. *refondues* in it.... From mistakes in the English part I suppose there are great ones in the more distant histories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times. He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last rebellion. I don't believe a quarter of the number were: and he makes the first Lord Derwentwater—who, poor man! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by the way was not above a year-and-a-half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood.—However, he is in the right to expect to be believed; for he believes all the romances in Lord Anson's Voyage; and how Admiral Almanzor made one man-of-war box the ears of the whole empire of China!"—Ed.

and the whole is continued down to the year 1756. The additions are very numerous, particularly in those parts relative to the manners of the East; though even here the author and the public have suffered, it seems, an irreparable loss, in that of the manuscript which contained the history of the Oriental Arts and Sciences; the materials of which, we are told, he was furnished with by a Greek of Smyrna, named Dadiki, interpreter to King George I. The History of the Age of Louis XIV. is increased in this edition more than one-third, particularly in the anecdotes concerning that monarch's reign: and the history of the War of 1741, which in former editions reached no lower than the battle of Fontenoy, is now continued to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

It would be superfluous to add our commendation of those pieces, which, even in their imperfect state, have deservedly gained the approbation of the public. Voltaire's beauties as a writer are many and obvious; his faults few, and those well concealed under the dazzle of his abilities. It is certain Mr. Voltaire often colours too strongly. Fond of characters and anecdotes that may serve to strike the reader, he generally raises or depresses both, as best suits the point of representation he has in view; and if he does not find his facts and personages sufficiently remarkable, or to his purpose, he generally makes them so. His maxims are commonly drawn from too small a number of instances, to be always true; and though as short and comprehensive as those of Tacitus, they are, by no means, so striking. The remarks of Tacitus seem to rise from the narration; those of Voltaire often proceed from the man. The partiality of which he so often accuses the English historians, he himself has not been able to avoid. In fine, he seems to confirm the remark of one of his countrymen, "that poets would make the best historians were they more attached to truth."

In that part of the work now before me, which gives the history of the late Rebellion in Scotland, Mr. Voltaire flourishes away, as follows:— * * * * * * * * *[1]

[1] An extract giving Voltaire's account of Prince Charles Edward Stuart's attempt of 1745 comes here.—Ed.

We shall next give our readers an extract from our author's concise account of the present war:— * * * [1]

The rest of the chapter is taken up with an account of the siege of Port Mahon; where we see the French performing prodigies of valour, scaling those walls, in the face of the enemy, which others would find the utmost danger in descending, even in cool blood. But Frenchmen can do, or say, any thing.

In the anecdotes of Louis XIV. the author presents his reader with some pieces written by that monarch. The following are part of the instructions which he delivered to his grandson, Philip V., upon his departure for Spain. They were penned in haste (as we are told), and with a negligence which discovers the genius and disposition of a writer much better than studied compositions would have done. In these we behold both the father and the king.[2]

* * * * *

Mr. Voltaire has made several additions to his memoirs of the French writers; for instance, those of the great Montesquieu appeared not in the former editions.—

"Charles Montesquieu, president of the parliament of Bourdeaux, born in 1689, published, at the age of thirty-two, his 'Persian Letters,' a work of humour, abounding with strokes which testify a genius above the performance. It is written in imitation of the 'Siamese Letters' of Du Freny, and of the 'Turkish Spy;'[3] but it is an imitation which shows what the originals should have been. The success their works met with was, for the most part, owing to the foreign air of their performances; the success of the 'Persian Letters' arose from the delicacy of their satire. That satire which in the mouth of an Asiatic is poignant, would lose all its force when coming from an European.[4]

[1] Voltaire's account of the war which was afterwards called the Seven Years' War (and ended in 1763) is here given.—Ed.

[2] Here are quoted the whole of the maxims given by Louis XIV. upon this occasion, according to Voltaire's anecdotes of that monarch.—Ed.

[3] The 'Turkish Spy' was put forth as having been written in Arabic. It was written by an Italian named John Paul Marana, who lived in Paris, and died in Italy in 1693.—Ed.

[4] Goldsmith has a similar remark in his review of the 'Letters from an Armenian in Ireland, to his Friends at Trebisonde,' in this same

The genius which appeared in this performance, opened to Mr. Montesquieu the gates of the French Academy, even though it had been reflected upon by him. Yet at the same time, the liberty which he took in speaking of government, and the abuses of religion, induced Cardinal de Fleury to exclude him from the intended honour. However, the author took very politic measures for reconciling this minister to his interests. He published a new edition of this work; in which he retrenched, or softened, all that could be censured by that great man, either as cardinal or minister. The author carried the book, thus altered, to the cardinal; who, though he seldom read, looked over part of the performance. The air of confidence which appeared in the author upon presenting it, together with the instances of some persons of credit in his favour, reconciled the cardinal; and Montesquieu was admitted into the Academy. After this he published his treatise on the grandeur and decline of the Romans, a subject which, though trite, he rendered new, by fine reflection and exquisite colouring; it may be looked upon as a political history of the Roman Empire. His last publication was that of, 'The Spirit of Laws.'"

N.B. Our Readers will find a much fuller account of Baron Montesquieu, and his writings, in the *Review* for February, 1756, in which is given a translation of M. Maupertuis's Eloge on this great man.[1]

*** The seven volumes of Voltaire's works, which are the subject of the preceding article, may be had of Mr. Vaillant in the Strand.

August number of the *Monthly Review* (reproduced further on); and both remarks may have been applied by our author when two-and-a-half years later he was planning the original issue of his 'Citizen of the World' letters.—Ed.

[1] Probably this "N.B." is an editorial addition to the article. See note 2, p. 249, *ante*, and the note at p. 253.—Ed.

Rabener's Satirical Letters.

[From the *Monthly Review*, August, 1757.]

Satirical Letters. Translated from the German of G. W. Rabener, first Secretary to the Treasury at Dresden. 12*mo.* 2 *vols.* 6*s. Linde.*[1]

As humour, in writing, chiefly consists in an imitation of the foibles or absurdities of mankind, so our pleasure in this species of composition arises from comparing the picture in description with the original in nature. In the works of our own countrymen we have frequent opportunities of making this comparison, as the originals are generally before us; but when we read the productions of foreigners, as their portraits are copied from manners with which we are not sufficiently acquainted, so they must often appear forced and unnatural. There is a cast of humour, as well as of manners, peculiar to each country; and this is what makes every nation give preference to its own writers on humorous subjects. Nor is this preference ill-founded; since the several drawings are made from originals widely different from each other: and, as in portrait painting the value of the picture is enhanced by our connexions with the person who sat for it, so here we most approve those pieces the originals of which we are best acquainted with.

The work now under consideration has certainly a vast fund of humour; but, from the reasons here assigned, the mere English reader will think it often obscure, sometimes exaggerated, now and then unnatural. The language of humour is in every country different from that which is used upon common occasions. A single word in Plautus or Moliere, or any writer excellent in this way, shall express more than the longest periphrasis that a translator, who

[1] G. W. Rabener, b. 1714, at Wachau, near Leipsic; d. 1771. He was a friend of Gellert and other eminent men of his time. Only his 'Satirical Letters' appear to have been translated into English. France and some other countries have translations of others of his satires.—Ed.

has not a corresponding word in his language, could employ; and hence it happens that translations from works of this sort are so generally unsuccessful. Foreign humour is an exotic of so delicate a nature, that it most frequently dies in transplanting. We see then in what a disadvantageous light even a good translation must place a Cervantes, a Rabelais, or a Rabener; but should an author suffer his metamorphosis from the hands of a person who seems a *stranger* to the language into which he translates, the man of wit (so excellent in himself), instead of raising our admiration, or our mirth, will be apt to excite only our compassion.

The writer of these Letters, however, discovers such an intimate acquaintance with human nature; his fools so delicately expose their own foibles by endeavouring to hide them; and humour, that neither time, nor place, nor language can alter, is so frequently to be found in him, that we fancy the generality of his English readers will regret their not being able to peruse him in his own language; or, at least that his translator was not able to do him justice in ours.

The design of these Letters the author explains, in his Preface.—* * * * * * * * *[1]

We shall present our readers with a specimen of these Letters; at the same time cautioning them not to be disgusted at the formal titles with which the correspondents honour each other; as the Germans are very ceremonious in this way.

After making some judicious observations on the neglect of parents in not providing proper tutors for their children, he gives us the following Letters between a Nobleman and a Professor in a university.—* * * *[2]

[1] An extract from the Preface is here given.—Ed.
[2] Four pages of extracts conclude the review.—Ed.

LETTERS FROM AN ARMENIAN IN IRELAND.

[From the *Monthly Review*, August, 1757.]

Letters from an Armenian in Ireland, to his Friends at Trebisonde, &c. Translated in the Year 1756. 12*mo.* 3*s.* *Owen.*[1]

THE writer who would inform, or improve, his countrymen under the assumed character of an Eastern traveller should be careful to let nothing escape him which might betray the imposture. If his aim be satirical, his remarks should be collected from the more striking follies abounding in the country he describes, and from those prevailing absurdities which commonly usurp the softer name of fashions. His accounts should be of such a nature as we may fancy his Asiatic friend would wish to know,—such as we ourselves would expect from a correspondent in Asia.[2]

Whether the country our author describes was deficient in materials, and had not national follies enough for general satire, we are not to determine; but certain it is, he has by no means been cautious in his endeavours to preserve the fictitious character he has assumed. This pretended Armenian espouses party, enters into the minutiæ of the politics of Ireland, explains Poynings Act, and pays not a little attention to my Lady Mayoress, the chandler's daughter. While these, and topics more trifling than these, make up the correspondence, in vain is every period stiffened with a *thee* and *thou*;[3] in vain does he

[1] In the title of the British Museum copy (which has no publisher's name), is written, "by Judge H—l—n;" and the Museum catalogue has "[By R. Hellen?]" R. Hellen was a judge of Common Pleas in Ireland. He also wrote, anonymously, 'Observations on a Speech delivered the 26th Day of December, 1769, in the House of Lords in Ireland,' Dublin, 1770, the speech noticed being by the first Marquis of Townshend. In Halkett and Laing's Dict. Anon., &c., Literature, vol. ii., 1883, the Armenian Letters (dated 1757) are attributed to Edm. Sexton Pery.—ED.

[2] See the note at p. 281, *ante*, on the application of these remarks to Goldsmith's own 'Citizen of the World.'—ED.

[3] The use of "*thee* and *thou*" is mentioned by Goldsmith as charac-

swear, or pray, like a zealous Mussulman. He personates a native of the East, just as the frigid * * * * * * * acts the glowing Othello, or the fiery Bajazet.[1]

But though this performance contains little that can be supposed to excite the curiosity of an inhabitant of Trebisonde (and is, consequently, in that respect defective), it contains many things interesting to a native of Britain. The properest means of increasing our own power, by increasing that of a country which contributes to our wealth, are here explained; and the manifest error in politics, of a government which endeavours to enrich one part of its dominions by impoverishing another, and of choosing to have but one flourishing kingdom when it might be possessed of two, is here concisely and prettily exposed.

The author represents the Irish, in general, as hospitable, good subjects, fond of news, given to wine, not so thoughtful as the English, but equally sincere, yet more complaisant. Their women handsome, but generally not so tall or so neat as ours; and vastly proud of their descent, though it may sometimes happen that they have but slight foundation for their vanity. He describes the House of Lords in Ireland as led entirely by the Bishops, who are commonly creatures of the Crown, the other members of that assembly being bred up in too much indolence and ignorance to have any influence as orators. He next mentions the Commons, who being elected for their own, or the king's life, are so much the more liable to bribery, as the emoluments are likely to be of a more lasting continuance. Hence we behold that country involved in all the intricacies of state chicanery; those who should be its guardians, corrupting, and as much corrupted, in their little sphere of power, as we can possibly be in our larger. It is some consolation to think, that if our calamities be as general as some would persuade us they are, our own vices alone have not

teristic of the imitators of Eastern tales, &c., in Letter XXXIII. of the 'Citizen of the World,' p. 126, vol. iii.—Ed.

[1] Arthur Murphy, the dramatist, may be alluded to here. He took to the stage for a brief period, having made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in the character of Othello, Oct. 18, 1754. Wilkinson said that he "had good judgment, but wanted powers for great effects." Barry was the popular Othello of the time.—Ed.

brought them on; our fellow subjects of Ireland having contributed their share.

"Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra."

In a Letter concerning the Dublin University, he informs us, that the noblemen and men of fortune bred there are excused from learning morality, as they can graduate without any skill in that science; the Professors making no doubt but that honesty necessarily springs up with nobility. * * * * * *[1] He mentions also a Printing House belonging to this university, but, at the same time observes, that since it had been built no member of the academy had employed the press with any original work, either of genius or industry.[2]

Take the fourteenth Letter as a specimen of the style and manner of our author. * * * * * * * *[2]

Thus we find the author of these Letters pointing out (in a style which sufficiently distinguishes the European from the Asiatic) several defects in the constitution of his country, and the conduct of its inhabitants; but he seldom shows the methods of remedying the evils he complains of.

THE EPIGONIAD.[3]

[From the *Monthly Review*, September, 1757.]

The Epigoniad. A Poem in nine Books. 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.* *Edinburgh. Hamilton, &c.*

THIS poem, as the author informs us, "is called the Epigoniad, because the heroes whose actions it celebrates, have got the name of Epigones" (*Epigoni*, he should have said),

[1] A page of extracts follows here.—ED.

[2] The foregoing upon Ireland and the affairs of Ireland indicates a measure of reserve on the part of the reviewer, as an Irishman. This article is now first collected from the *Monthly Review;* but it, like most of those we now so venture to reprint, is reported by Prior to bear the mark which shows it to be Goldsmith's in the Bodleian copy of the *Review*.—ED.

[3] By William Wilkie, D.D., the "Scottish Homer," as he has been called. He was born at Echlin, in the county of Linlithgow, in 1721, and died in 1772. Prior says that "While at the university of Edin-

"being the sons of those who attempted the conquest of Thebes in a former expedition."

When the poet carries his readers back into classic antiquity, he seems in a peculiar manner to bespeak the patronage of the learned; for them his labours appear to be calculated, and from them alone he must expect an adequate reward: but then, as he writes for the scholar, it is expected that he himself should be one of the number. Possessed of this advantage, the learned will regard him with fraternal tenderness; and though he may not obtain the highest applause, he is sure at least to meet with indulgence for slight defects. On the contrary, if he be detected of ignorance, when he pretends to learning, his case, indeed, will deserve our pity: too antique to please one party, and too modern for the other, he is deserted by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all, except his enemies.

The Epigoniad seems to be one of these *new old* performances; a work that would no more have pleased a peripatetic of the academic grove, than it will captivate the unlettered subscriber to one of our circulating libraries. "Tradition," says the author, in his preface, "is the best ground on which a fable can be built, not only because it gives the appearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewise because it supplies a poet with the most proper materials for his invention to work upon." We might have expected from this remark, that he had not only taken tradition for the ground of his fable, but employed it also to guide him through the narration; nevertheless, unfortunately, he has not only forsook, but contradicted it, on almost every occasion; and given up the conduct of his poem to an invention barren of incidents, or at best productive of trifling ones.

burgh, he formed intimacies with Dr. Robertson, David Hume, Adam Smith, and John Home, the author of 'Douglas.' Henry Mackenzie, in his Life of the last-mentioned individual, says that Wilkie's friends all spoke of him as 'superior in genius to any man of his time, but rough and unpolished in his manners, and still less accommodating to the decorum of society in the ordinary habits of his life.'" An interesting account of him will also be found in J. H. Burton's 'Life of Hume,' 1846, vol. ii., pp. 25-32. Sir David Wilkie, the painter, is said to have been of William Wilkie's family.—Ed.

Eustathius, in his commentary upon the fourth book of the Iliad, gives us a list of the nine warriors who were called the Epigoni; most of which our author never once mentions in this poem, but, instead of them introduces, not the descendants of those unfortunate heroes who fell before Thebes in a former expedition, but several of their cotemporaries, as Theseus and Nestor, who had no motives of revenge to prompt them to this undertaking. Theseus in particular was not there; for we find in the Suppliants of Euripides, that Theseus went upon a former expedition to Thebes, to procure funeral honours for the seven fathers of the Epigoni, who lay unburied before the walls of that city; and at the end of the same tragedy we are told, that the capture of the city was reserved for the Epigoni alone. Our poet also gives Theseus the conduct of the war, in contradiction to Diodorus Siculus, who affirms, that by the advice of the oracle of Apollo, Alcmæon was constituted generalissimo. He likewise makes Creon king of Thebes; but Creon had been dead four years before; and Eustathius positively says, that Laodamas was at that time their king.

The author's disregard of the traditions of the ancients, is not more flagrant than his neglect of their manners and customs; thus he introduces virgins as priestesses at the altar of Venus (p. 5), talks of Styx as a river of fire (p. 8), gives a nymph the conveyance of winged shoes (p. 9); the caduceus of Mercury he calls his sceptre (p. 75), and instead of the whistle which Virgil describes as pendant from the neck of Polyphemus, our author claps a bag on the giant's back,

> "—— around his shoulders flung,
> His bag enormous, by a cable hung,"

Here is a large bag, and a very strong rope to tie it withal; but we cannot conceive what use the Cyclops had for such a bag, unless he chose to wear it as our physicians wear their swords, merely for ornament.

However, we must acknowledge, though he had been minutely exact, nor ever transgressed in any of the above-mentioned particulars, his subject is of such a nature as could at best have afforded us but small satisfaction. We

speak with regard to our own particular feelings; and some may perhaps wonder when we assign as a reason of our disgust, our being conscious that the poet believes not a syllable of all he tells us. Poets, like flatterers, are only heard with pleasure when they themselves seem persuaded of the truth of all they deliver. Boileau, to convince us that he believes what he writes, avers, that if he has any success beyond his cotemporary poets, it is wholly owing to his being superior to them in point of truth. We have no reason to doubt but Homer, who lived in an age of ignorance, and consequently of credulity, believed, or at least was thought to believe, what he relates: and Virgil, though he might not credit the story of Eneas, yet his countrymen gave credit to it. Witches and enchanters, too, made a part of the popish mythology (if we may so call it) in the days of Tasso: and the subject of Paradise Lost is reverenced with almost universal assent.

As we have nothing to commend in this author's plan, so we have little to praise with respect to his execution. He has, indeed, some good lines, and here and there something of the true spirit of poetry flashes out; but what can be said for such passages as the following?

> "The Gods *assembled met;* and view'd, from far,
> Thebes and the various combats of the war.
> From all apart, the Paphian goddess sat,
> And *pity'd in her heart* her fav'rite state,
> Decreed to perish, by the Argive bands,
> Pallas's art, Tydides' *mighty hands.*" [p. 3.]

That the gods not only *assembled* but *met*, is truly marvellous; and as truly piteous is the distress of poor Venus: —but we are chiefly struck with the Broughtonian[1] idea of Diomed's *mutton-fists;* which the author seems fond of displaying upon most occasions. Thus in another place, p. 13:

> "grasping in his *mighty hand*
> The regal staff."

Again, p. 67:

> "Andremon first, beneath his *mighty hand*,
> Of life bereft, lay stretch'd upon the sand."

[1] An allusion to Broughton the prize-fighter: b. 1704; d. 1789.—Ed.

The hands of Minerva, too, though a lady, were, it seems, cast in the same mould with those of her favourite Tydides, vide page 132, the prayer of Ulysses:

"Great Queen of Arts! on thee my hopes depend:
* * * * * *
By thee my infant arms were taught to throw
The dart with certain aim, and bend the bow:
Oft on my *little hands*, immortal maid!
To guide the shaft, *thy mighty hands* were laid."

Our witty countryman, Butler, says, that

"—— rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses."

And therefore,

"Those who write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time."

Our *handy* poet seems to have profited by this observation; and therefore we need not wonder to see him, like a good steersman, so constantly keep his *hands* to the rudder; of which we have the following, among other instances:—

P. 13. "grasping in his *mighty hand*,
The regal staff, the sign of high command."
* * * * * [1]

"Silent amidst th' assembled peers he stands,
And wipes his falling tears with trembling *hands*." [2] p. 78.
* * * * *

To the foregoing citations we could have added many others of the same sort (viz. from pages 5, 17, 36, idem, 40,

[1] Two pages, giving forty instances of the use of "hand" and "hands" in the 'Epigoniad,' are here given. We reprint two passages only, the second because to it is appended a note by the reviewer. Prior has pointed out that the latter part of this article, including these extracts, is marked in the Bodleian copy of the *Review* with the initial "G," which usually indicated Griffiths' own contributions.—Ed.

[2] The imagery in this couplet being perfectly just, we are somewhat concerned that two such good lines should fall into such bad company.—Note in the *Monthly Review*.

45, 61, 65, 78, 79, 84, 85, 93, 96, 109, 111, 126, 166, 190, 209, 212, 250, 264, 272, 273, 281); but these are more than sufficient to convince the critics at George's and the Bedford,[1] that verses have *hands* as well as *feet*.

Our northern bard frequently seems, indeed, at some loss for a variety of language, which has led him into many disgustful repetitions. Thus, p. 13, Diomed charges Talthybius:

> "to *convene* from tent to tent
> The Kings to Eteon's lofty monument."

Where they meet accordingly, p. 15, and Tydides is exhorted

> "to declare
> What cause *convenes* the senate of the war."
> * * * * *
> "Tydides thus reply'd."
> * * * * *
> "Princes! I have not now the host *conven'd*,
> For secrets by intelligence obtain'd."

It is said this poem is a Scotch production; but, p. 31, we meet with the following notorious *Londonism*:

> "Presumptuous youth forbear,
> To tempt the fury of my flying spear,
> *That* warrior *there* was by my javelin slain."—

That there, and *this here*, had, doubtless, their origin in Cheapside; but how they found their way down to Scotland, is a mystery which our poet is best able to unriddle.[2]

Elsewhere, however, our bard seems more strongly attracted towards the Hibernian shores; particularly where he makes Jupiter apprehensive lest fate should forget to be fatal, and, harlequin-like, jump down her own throat. To explain this enigma, we must give our author's own words; for no others can do him equal justice. Jove's messenger thus addresses Apollo, p. 74:

[1] Coffee-houses. See the notes to the essay on 'Rejoicings for Victory' in the Later Collected Essays of the present volume, and elsewhere.—Ed.

[2] Nevertheless, Wilkie repeated the alleged Cockneyism in his second edition.—Ed.

"Ruler of light! let now thy car descend,
So Jove commands, and night her shade extend,[1]
Else Thebes must perish; and *the doom of fate,*
Anticipated, have an earlier date
Than fate decrees: for, like devouring flame,
Tydides threatens all the Theban name."

But it is no uncommon thing for this poet to employ his celestials in a manner somewhat incomprehensible to mere mortal understandings. Page 76, War, like a brawling brat, who cries and frets himself to sleep in his cradle, rocks *itself* to rest in much the same mood:

"the martial clangors cease,
And war *tumultuous lulls itself* to peace."

As contending countries and cities severally claimed the honour of having produced the author of the Iliad, so, we foresee, will various parts of the British empire contend for that of having given us the author of the Epigoniad. And as the authority of the *Review* will, doubtless, be quoted, in support of the conjectures and proofs that shall in future times be advanced on this occasion, we have been careful to note our several observations with regard to this matter. England, Ireland, and Scotland, have been mentioned; but here comes a line that seems to vacate all their claims, and by its gurgling, or turkey-cock sound, to point out some other part of the world,—but whether Wales, or Germany, or the Cape of Good Hope, let the reader determine. Here it is, taken from p. 114, where Discord is described in her flight from hell:

"Gliding *meteorous*, like a *stream* of *flame*."[2]

But if sometimes a rumbling line chance to offend the nicer ear, it will meet with more frequent opportunities of *lulling itself to peace*, by the help of many a soothing coup-let, like the following, from p. 134:

[1] Wilkie altered this line in his second edition to—

"And silent night her peaceful shade extend."

—Ed.

[2] In his second edition Wilkie altered this to—

'Shot like a meteor, with a stream of flame.'

—Ed.

"In ev'ry art, my friends! you all excel,
And each deserves a prize for *shooting well.*"

P. 248.

"here, in doubtful poise, the battle *hings;*[1]
Faint is the host, and wounded *half*[2] the Kings."[3]

Again, p. 285:

"Rank above rank the living structure grows,
As settling bees the *pendent heap* compose,
Which in some shade or vaulted cavern, *hings*,[4]
Woven thick with complicated feet and wings."

If bad rhymes are to be deemed, as some think they are, a capital defect, our author will be capitally convicted on many an indictment in the court of criticism. For instance, p. 242, we have the following strange couplet:

"*Graceful* the goddess turn'd, and with a *voice*,
Bold, and superior to the vulgar *noise*,
O'er all the field commands"—

The badness of the rhyme in the two first lines is, however, their smallest imperfection: Minerva, sure, will never pardon the *ungraceful* mention he has made of her goddess-ship's vociferation; which, according to the idea here raised, would even silence the loudest water-nymph in the neighbourhood of Thames-street.[5]

But as it may, and not unreasonably, be urged, in our poet's favour, that a few single lines, or couplets, culled from different parts of his work, are by no means to be considered as a fair specimen of the whole, we shall conclude with his entire description of a swimming-match, which, though we have disapproved his choice of the sport,

[1] What country word is this?—NOTE in the *Monthly Review.*
[2] Precisely half?—*Ib.*
[3] Altered in the second edition to—

"While here, in doubtful poise, the battle sways,
And various fates alternately obeys."

—ED.
[4] "Which to some cavern's roof united clings,"

is the line in the second edition.—ED.
[5] Otherwise, would even silence the loudest voiced of the viragos of Billingsgate. This, no doubt, was in the reviewer's mind. Goldsmith was once, it is said (see our 'Life,' p. 16), a "journeyman chemist" at a shop on Fish Street Hill.—ED.

will show the author to somewhat more advantage than, possibly, the reader may expect, from the samples already produced :[1]

* * * * * *

If any should imagine that we have been rather severe upon this author, let it be observed in our excuse, that his presumptuous attack of so superior a character as that of the late Mr. Pope, has justly divested him of all title to favour: read the following extract from his preface.[2]

"The language [of the Epigoniad] is simple and artless. *This I take to be a beauty rather than a defect;* for it gives an air of antiquity to the work, and makes the style more suitable to the subject. *The quaintness of Mr. Pope's expression, in his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, is not at all suitable either to the antiquity, or majestic gravity of his author, and contributes more to make his fable appear vain and absurd, than any circumstance that seems of so little moment could easily be supposed to do.*"[3]

[1] The extract here given—more than three pages long—was from book v., pp. 136-142, of the first edition of Wilkie.—Ed.

[2] This preface, however, upon the whole, shows the author to be a man of more reading and taste than his poem speaks him; and had he published that discourse without the 'Epigoniad,' and committed the latter to the flames, his reputation would have sustained no loss on that account.—Note in the *Monthly Review*.

[3] So Wilkie wrote in the Preface to his first edition, p. xxxix (the italics of course being the reviewer's). From the passage in the second edition the remark upon Pope was omitted. The first edition of the 'Epigoniad' was anonymous; and no doubt Goldsmith as he reviewed it had no knowledge of the author. The second edition, "corrected and improved," and having 'A Dream in the manner of Spenser' added, appeared in 1769, and to this the author put his name. When Dr. Anderson included this author's works in his 'British Poets,' he said :— "Mr. Hume gives the following account of its [the 'Epigoniad's'] reception in London in a letter to Dr. [Adam] Smith, dated April 12, 1792 :— 'The Epigoniad, I hope, will do, but it is somewhat up-hill work. You will see in the *Critical Review* a letter upon that poem, and I desire you to employ your conjectures in finding out the author.' This letter in the *Critical Review* was written by Mr. Hume to recommend the 'Epigoniad' to the public, 'as one of the ornaments of our language.' The success was not answerable to his expectations. Too antique to please the unlettered reader, and too modern for the scholar, it was neglected by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all." The concluding remark here appears to have been taken from the second paragraph of the criticism by Goldsmith above.—Ed.

He must be a tasteless critic, indeed, who could remain unmoved, after perusing so dogmatical a sentence, pronounced by *such a poet*, upon SUCH A GENIUS!

GRAY'S ODES.

[From the *Monthly Review*, September, 1757.]

Odes. By Mr. Gray. 4*to.* 1*s.* *Dodsley.*[1]

As this publication seems designed for those who have formed their taste by the models of antiquity, the generality of readers cannot be supposed adequate judges of its merit; nor will the poet, it is presumed, be greatly disappointed if he finds them backward in commending a performance not entirely suited to their apprehensions. We cannot, however, without some regret behold those talents so capable of giving pleasure to all, exerted in efforts that, at best, can amuse only the few; we cannot behold this rising poet seeking fame among the learned, without hinting to him the same advice that Isocrates used to give his scholars, "*study the people.*"[2] This study it is that has conducted the great masters of antiquity up to immortality. Pindar himself, of whom our modern lyrist is an imitator, appears entirely guided by it. He adapted his works entirely to the dispositions of his countrymen. Irregular, enthusiastic, and quick in transition,—he wrote for a people inconstant, of warm imaginations, and exquisite sensibility. He chose the most popular subjects, and all his allusions are to customs well known, in his days, to the meanest person.[3]

[1] This was the first publication of Gray's odes, 'The Progress of Poesy' and 'The Bard.' The 4to pamphlet was printed for the Dodsleys by Gray's friend and earliest admirer Horace Walpole, at his Strawberry Hill press, then only just set-up.—ED.

[2] Southey qnoted this criticism of Gray, apparently without knowing that it was by Goldsmith ('Life and Works of Cowper,' 1836, vol. i., p. 325; and Bohn's Stan. Lib. ed., vol. i., p. 456). Some similar criticism to that of the article generally will be found in chaps. viii. and xvii. of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and elsewhere in Goldsmith, reflecting upon Gray and his school of poetry.—ED.

[3] The best Odes of Pindar are said to be those which have been

His English imitator wants those advantages. He speaks to a people not easily impressed with new ideas; extremely tenacious of the old; with difficulty warmed; and as slowly cooling again. How unsuited then to our national character is that species of poetry which rises upon us with unexpected flights; where we must hastily catch the thought, or it flies from us; and, in short, where the reader must largely partake of the poet's enthusiasm, in order to taste his beauties. To carry the parallel a little farther: the Greek poet wrote in a language the most proper that can be imagined for this species of composition; lofty, harmonious, and never needing rhyme to heighten the numbers. But, for us, several unsuccessful experiments seem to prove that the English cannot have Odes in blank verse; while, on the other hand, a natural imperfection attends those which are composed in irregular rhymes;—the similar sound often recurring where it is not expected, and not being found where it is, creates no small confusion to the reader,—who, as we have not seldom observed, beginning in all the solemnity of poetic elocution, is by frequent disappointments of the rhyme, at last obliged to drawl out the uncomplying numbers into disagreeable prose.

It is by no means our design to detract from the merit of our author's present attempt: we would only intimate that an English poet,—one whom the Muse has *mark'd for her own*,[1] could produce a more luxuriant bloom of flowers by cultivating such as are natives of the soil, than by endeavouring to force the exotics of another climate: or, to speak without a metaphor, such a genius as Mr. Gray might give greater pleasure, and acquire a larger portion of fame, if, instead of being an imitator, he did justice to his talents, and ventured to be more an original. These two

destroyed by time; and even they were seldom recited among the Greeks without the adventitious ornaments of music and dancing. Our Lyric Odes are seldom set off with these advantages, which, trifling as they seem, have alone given immortality to the works of Quinault.—NOTE in the *Monthly Review*.

[1] So printed in the *Monthly Review*. The words in italic seem to be meant for a quotation from the line "And Melancholy marked him for her own," in Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard,' which was published six years before the present 'Odes.'—ED.

Odes, it must be confessed, breathe much of the spirit of Pindar; but then they have caught the seeming obscurity, the sudden transition, and hazardous epithet, of his mighty master; all which, though evidently intended for beauties, will, probably, be regarded as blemishes by the generality of his readers. In short, they are in some measure a representation of what Pindar now appears to be, though perhaps not what he appeared to the states of Greece, when they rivalled each other in his applause, and when Pan himself was seen dancing to his melody.

In conformity to the ancients, these Odes consist of the strophe, antistrophe, and epode, which, in each Ode, are thrice repeated. The strophes have a correspondent resemblance in their structure and number; and the antistrophe and epode also bear the same similitude. The poet seems, in the first Ode particularly, to design the epode as a complete air to the strophe and antistrophe, which have more the appearance of recitative. There was a necessity for these divisions among the ancients, for they served as directions to the dancer and musician; but we see no reason why they should be continued among the moderns; for, instead of assisting, they will but perplex the musician, as our music requires a more frequent transition from the air to the recitative than could agree with the simplicity of the ancients.

The first of these poems celebrates the Lyric Muse. It seems the most laboured performance of the two; but yet we think its merit is not equal to that of the second. It seems to want that regularity of plan upon which the second is founded; and though it abounds with images that strike, yet, unlike the second, it contains none that are affecting.

In the second antistrophe the bard thus marks the progress of poetry.

II. 2.

"In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring natives' dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,

She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame."

There is great spirit in the irregularity of the numbers towards the conclusion of the foregoing stanza.

* * * * * *[1]

The second Ode "is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the first, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death." The author seems to have taken the hint of this subject from the fifteenth Ode of the first book of Horace. Our poet introduces the only surviving bard of that country in concert with the spirits of his murdered brethren, as prophetically denouncing woes upon the conqueror and his posterity. The circumstances of grief and horror in which the bard is represented, those of terror in the preparation of the votive web, and the mystic obscurity with which the prophecies are delivered, will give as much pleasure to those who relish this species of composition, as any thing that has hitherto appeared in our language, the Odes of Dryden himself not excepted.

* * * * * *[2]

When the prophetic incantation is finished, the bard thus nervously concludes.

" 'Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptr'd care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night."

[1] Here follow quotations of stanzas II. 3. and III. 2.—Ed.
[2] Here the reviewer quotes I. 2. and I. 3., with four lines of II. 1.—Ed.

Mr. Massey's Translation of Ovid's Fasti.

[From the *Critical Review*, Nov., 1757.]

Ovid's Fasti; or, the Romans Sacred Calendar. Translated into English Verse, with Explanatory Notes. By William Massey, master of a boarding-school at Wandsworth. To which is prefixed a plan of old Rome, taken from Marlianus's 'Topographia Romæ,' neatly engraved by T. Kitchin. 8*vo. Pr.* 4*s. Keith.* [1757.]

It was no bad remark of a celebrated French lady,[1] that a bad translator was like an ignorant footman, whose blundering messages disgraced his master by the awkwardness of the delivery, and frequently turned compliment into abuse, and politeness into rusticity. We cannot indeed see an ancient elegant writer mangled and misrepresented by the *doers into English* without some degree of indignation; and are heartily sorry that our poor friend Ovid should send his Sacred Calendar to us by the hands of Mr. William Massey, who, like the valet, seems to have entirely forgot his master's message, and substituted another in its room very unlike it. Mr. Massey observes in his preface, with great truth, that it is strange that this most elaborate and learned of all Ovid's works should be so much neglected by our English translators; and that it should be so little read or regarded, whilst his Tristia, Epistles, and Metamorphoses, are in almost every schoolboy's hands. "All the critics, in general," says he, "speak of this part of Ovid's writings with particular applause; yet I know not by what unhappy fate there has not been that use made thereof, which would be more beneficial, in many respects, to young students of the Latin tongue, than any other of this poet's works. For though Pantheons, and other books that treat of the Roman mythology, may be usefully put into the hands of young proficients in the Latin tongue, yet the richest fund of that sort of learning is here to be found in the Fasti.* * * * * * * * *[2]

[1] Mad. la Fayette.—Note in the *Critical Review*.

[2] Eighteen more lines from Massey's preface we omit.—Ed.

"That my translation is more diffuse, and not brought within the same number of verses contained in my original, is owing to two reasons: firstly, because of the concise and expressive nature of the Latin tongue, which it is very difficult (at least I find it so) to keep to strictly, in our language; and secondly, I took the liberty sometimes to expatiate a little upon my subject, rather than leave it in obscurity, or unintelligible to my English readers, being indifferent whether they may call it translation or paraphrase; for, in short, I had this one design most particularly in view, that these Roman Fasti might have a way opened for their entrance into our grammar-schools."

What use this translation may be of to grammar-schools, we cannot pretend to guess, unless, by way of foil, to give the boys a higher opinion of the beauty of the original by the deformity of so bad a copy. But let our readers judge of Mr. Massey's performance by the following specimen. For the better determination of its merit, we shall subjoin the original of every quotation.[1]

"The calends of each month throughout the year,
Are under Juno's kind peculiar care;
But on the ides, a white lamb from the field,
A grateful sacrifice, to Jove is kill'd;
But o'er the nones no guardian god presides;
And the next day to calends, nones, and ides,
Is inauspicious deem'd; for on those days
The Romans suffer'd losses many ways;
And from those dire events, in hapless war,
Those days unlucky nominated are." [ll. 71-80.]

Ovid's address to Janus, than which in the original scarce any thing can be more poetical, is thus familiarized into something much worse than prose by the translator:—

"Say, Janus, say, why we begin the year
In winter? sure the spring is better far:
All things are then renew'd; a youthful dress
Adorns the flowers, and beautifies the trees;
New swelling buds appear upon the vine,
And apple-blossoms round the orchard shine;
Birds fill the air with the harmonious lay,
And lambkins in the meadows frisk and play;

[1] But it is hardly necessary to give the original Ovid in the present reprint.—Ed.

The swallow then forsakes her wint'ry rest;
And in the chimney chatt'ring makes her nest;
The fields are then renew'd, the plowman's care;
Mayn't this be call'd renewing of the year?
To my long questions Janus brief replied,
And his whole answer to two verses ty'd.
The winter tropic ends the solar race,
Which is begun again from the same place;
And to explain more fully what you crave,
The sun and year the same beginning have.
But why on new-year's day, said I again,
Are suits commenc'd in courts? The reason's plain,
Reply'd the god; that bus'ness may be done,
And active labour emulate the sun,
With business is the year auspiciously begun;
But ev'ry artist, soon as he has try'd
To work a little, lays his work aside.
Then I; but further, father Janus, say,
When to the gods we our devotions pay,
Why wine and incense first to thee are giv'n?
Because, said he, I keep the gates of heav'n;
That when you the immortal pow'rs address,
By me to them you may have free access.
But why on new-year's day are presents made,
And more than common salutations paid?
Then, leaning on his staff, the god replies,
In all beginnings there an omen lies;
From the first word, we guess the whole design,
And augurs, from the first-seen bird, divine;
The gods attend to every mortal's pray'r,
Their ears and temples always open are." [ll. 173-211.]

Is there a possibility that any thing can be more different from Ovid in Latin than this Ovid in English? *Quam sibi dispar!* The translation is indeed beneath all criticism. But let us see what Mr. Massey can do with the sublime and more animated parts of the performance, where the subject might have given him room to show his skill, and the example of his author stirred up the fire of poetry in his breast, if he had any in it. Towards the end of the second book of the Fasti, Ovid has introduced the most tender and interesting story of Lucretia. The original is inimitable. Let us see what Mr. Massey has made of it in his translation. After he has described Tarquin returning from the sight of the beautiful Lucretia, he proceeds thus:

"The near approach of day the cock declar'd,
By his shrill voice, when they again repair'd

Back to the camp; but Sextus there could find
Nor peace nor ease for his distemper'd mind;
A spreading fire does in his bosom burn,
Fain would he to the absent fair return;
The image of Lucretia fills his breast,
Thus at her wheel she sat! and thus was drest!
What sparkling eyes, what pleasure in her look!
How just her speech, and how divinely spoke!
Like as the waves, rais'd by a boisterous wind,
Sink by degrees, but leave a swell behind:" [ll. 973-984.[1]]

Our readers will easily perceive by this short specimen, how very unequal Mr. Massey is to a translation of Ovid. In many places he has deviated entirely from the sense, and in every part fallen infinitely below the strength, elegance, and spirit of the original. We must beg leave, therefore, to remind him of the old Italian proverb,[2] and hope he will never for the future *traduce* and injure any of those poor ancients who never injured him, by thus pestering the world with such translations as even his own school-boys ought to be whipped for.[3]

[1] The reviewer gives the succeeding seventy-two lines, which we omit here.—Ed.

[2] "*Il Tradattores Tradatore.*"—Note in the *Critical Review.*

[3] In the 'Anecdotes' of Goldsmith, in the *Westminster Magazine* of April, 1774 (p. 167), which have been attributed to Dr. Aikin, we find:—"It was the merit which he [Goldsmith] discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's Fasti by a pedantic schoolmaster, and his 'Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning,' which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollett." Prior wrongly dates the above article November, 1758, instead of November, 1757. Forster gives the right date, but he mistakenly assumes that the succeeding articles in the *Critical Review* on Barrett and Marriott (companion articles as he views them), appeared early in the "new year," *i.e.*, 1758, whereas these articles did not appear till January, 1759. The appearance of this Massey article in the *Critical* before the last four articles by Goldsmith in the *Monthly* is accounted for by the fact that Goldsmith left Griffiths in September, 1757: see 'Life,' p. 17, &c. But, after contributing the above, and something more perhaps, to the *Critical*, our author, in 1758, returned to the *Monthly*, writing for its proprietor, amongst other things, the four reviews dated December, which we print at pp. 304-322. Then came the desperate quarrel with Griffiths, January, 1759, as mentioned in the Letters in our vol. i., pp. 445-6, &c.; after which, and in the same month, January, 1759, Goldsmith resumed his connection with the *Critical Review.*—Ed.

ENQUIRIES CONCERNING THE FIRST INHABITANTS, ETC., OF EUROPE.

[From the *Monthly Review*, December, 1758.]

Some Enquiries concerning the First Inhabitants, Language, Religion, Learning, and Letters of Europe. By a Member of the Society of Antiquaries in London. Printed at the Theatre, Oxford, and sold by Rivington and Fletcher in London. 4to. 6s. sewed. [1758.][1]

EVERY search into remote antiquity inspires us with a pleasure somewhat similar to what we feel upon the recollection of the earlier occurrences of our younger days: dark, indeed, and very confused the remembrance; yet still we love to look back upon those scenes, in which innocence and tranquillity bear, or seem to bear, so great a proportion. But how agreeable soever enquiries of this nature may prove in gratifying our curiosity, the advantage would be trifling if they rested only here. They are further useful in promoting the advancement of other kinds of learning; for, an acquaintance with the causes whence arts and sciences had their rise, will probably direct us to the methods most conducive to their perfection. Nor is the historian less than the philosopher indebted to the antiquarian. It is from that painful collection of opinions, and the seemingly tedious inductions of the last, that the first draws his materials for the ascertainment of truth, gathers order from confusion, and justly marks the features of the age.

It is true, however, that as researches into antiquity are beyond the abilities of the many, so are they calculated only for the entertainment and instruction of the few. The generality of readers regard investigations of this nature as an uninformed rustic would view one of the India warehouses; where he sees a thousand things, which, being

[1] By Francis Wise, Radclivian Librarian. He was born in 1695, and died at Ellesfield, Oxfordshire, October, 1767. Warton took Dr. Johnson to visit Wise in 1754, as Boswell records (Napier's Stan. Lib. ed. 'Life of Johnson,' 1884, i. 211).—ED.

ignorant of their uses, he cannot think convertible to any valuable purpose; and wonders why people travel so far, and run such hazards, to make so useless a collection. Experience would, however, convince him, that from such acquisitions as these, different artists take the materials of their different occupations; and that the mistake lay not in the collectors, but in the observer.

The more polite every country becomes, the fonder it seems of investigating antiquity; yet it happens somewhat unfortunately for this branch of science, that it is always cultivated to most advantage at those times when a people are just beginning to emerge from primeval obscurity. The first writers have the materials of many preceding ages to choose from, and all that remains for their successors is to glean what they have left behind. From hence, therefore, we may infer, the great indulgence that should be shown to a writer, who, in an age so enlightened as ours, continues to cultivate so laborious a part of learning. As his materials, in such a case, are not of his own choosing, he may often seem triflingly minute, many conjectures will be offered upon slight probabilities, and those opinions which he supposes peculiarly his own, may appear to be the repeated observations of former writers.

As to our author in particular, his learning is extensive; and his candour, good sense, and modesty, serve to adorn it. He professes himself not bigotted to any opinion, but willing to have his own examined, though not desirous of controversy: such talents cannot fail of rendering a search after truth pleasing, even though the enquiry should prove abortive.

He draws the origin of the inhabitants of Europe from the northern parts of Asia, anciently called Scythia; whose colonies spreading southward, settled near the Euxine Sea, under the general name of Cimmerians,—by whom, in all probability, the other parts of Europe were afterwards peopled. The first Europeans whose history is transmitted to us are the Greeks, who had their original from Scythia, as appears from what Strabo relates, that the Greeks were anciently called Barbarians; but Scythian and Barbarian were synonymous terms, and consequently, how much so-

ever that polite people might have been ashamed of their rude progenitors, they could be derived from no others. Their very gods, whom they seemed so fond of making natives of Greece, were probably of Scythian original: and it deserves notice, that some of the greatest nations, in all ages, have valued themselves upon being descended from Scythian conquerors. Thus the modern Moguls boast their descent from Tamerlane; almost all the royal families of Europe claim kindred with the Goths; and we may see by our own history, how careful the Saxon princes were to trace up their several pedigrees to Woden. The Greeks, Phœnicians, and Egyptians did the same, only with this difference, they would have it thought that the gods were natives of their respective countries; and there is no doubt but each had as good a right to them as the other. However, whether the Titans, or Gods, were originally Scythians, the posterity of Japhet, or whether they were Phœnicians, descendants of Ham, our author thinks it certain, that they were temporal sovereigns,—that they possessed large territories, and were otherwise greatly interested in the affairs of Europe: that probably, in their times, one common language prevailed over Europe; and that the remains of such a language are still to be found in different places, particularly such as have had no commerce with strangers, but were secured from the inroads of later languages. "Such," says he, "are the mountains of Biscay, the retreat of the old Cantabrian; which is still preserved entire, in spite of all the conquests that kingdom has undergone from Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, and Moors. The old Gallic gave way to the Teutonic, but is still spoken in Armorica, or Bass Bretany. The British sank under the Roman yoke, and would have been utterly extirpated by the Saxons, had it not taken refuge in Wales and Cornwall; in which last place it is now almost extinct. The Highlands of Scotland, and the numerous isles upon that coast, are so many barriers of this ancient language; and above all, Ireland, where it is thought to be preserved most uncorrupt."

To support his reasoning in this particular, the author gives us the following anecdote, taken from his friend, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Fellow of Eton College, &c. "In my

middle age, at a particular friend's house, I found a near relation of his, one Mr. Hutchins, of Frome, just come into England out of Spain, from Bilboa, where he had belonged to the factory the better part of twenty years; who, among other things, told us, that while he was there, some time after the Protestants became entire masters of Ireland, there came over to Bilboa an Irish Roman Catholic priest, that knew neither English nor Spanish. When the person to whom he was recommended, being at a loss what to do, brought him to the English factory, to see if any one there understood Irish; but to no purpose: till some mountain Biscainers, that used Bilboa market, coming to the house where he lodged, and talking together, were perfectly understood by him, and on his accosting them in Irish, he was as well understood by them, to the great surprise of all that knew it, as well Spaniards as English." This, if true, seems a confirmation of the affinity between those languages, that are evidently derived from the same source; viz. the Celtic, which may be styled the universal language of the post-diluvian world, and a sister dialect of the Hebrew:—but the foregoing anecdote has been strongly contested, by a writer in one of the magazines,[1] who denies the fact; asserting, that there is no affinity between the Irish and Biscayan languages, and appealing to all who have any trade or intercourse with Biscay.

Our Enquirer goes on to give an account of the war of the Titans, and of the Cabiric mysteries,[2] which were by that means introduced. He dwells considerably upon this subject, as being the first known æra in the history of Europe, and therefore essential to an enquiry into its language and inhabitants. The result of his reasonings upon this head is, that Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter were powerful princes, sovereigns over a vast empire, comprehending all Europe and great part of Asia; that this empire existed long before those petty kingdoms of Greece, that boasted such great antiquity; that the Titans were masters of all the knowledge derived from the sons of Noah; that they

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1758, p. 482, in a letter to Mr. Urban, signed C. D.—Ed.

[2] Warton shows (Boswell, *ibid.*) how Johnson gleaned some of his Cabiric lore from Francis Wise.—Ed.

had the same religion with the people of the East, *i.e.* either worshipped one God, or, if more, the sun, moon, and stars; and that their descendants in the west were the first who set up the grosser idolatry of paying divine honours to their progenitors.

The Titan language, therefore, our author considers as the vehicle of the first knowledge which dawned in Europe; and supposes that whatever antiquity and learning the Egyptians might have pretended to, it was, in all probability, derived to them from Scythia. The Egyptians pretended to no science till the time of Thoth, or Hermes Trismegistus, who does not appear to have been a native of Egypt; and if we may believe Sanconiathon's history, came no further off than from Phœnicia: "but I rather," says the Enquirer, "suspect he was a Scythian." We have no other certainty of the time when Thoth lived, than what is collected from the book fathered upon him, which calls Uranus and Saturn his ancestors, and from them our author supposes he derived his science. This he thinks antiquity sufficient, and that from this beginning the Egyptians became famous in the following ages, and in their turn were possessed of all the learning then in being. Agreeably to the natural course of things, the arts had their periods; they flourished for a period in one country, and then sunk, and rose in another. The Greeks, to whom we owe all profane history, seemed to have lost their due reverence for it, and thought themselves beholden to other nations for their learning; but a little reflection might have taught them, that their country, from the first ages, was the seat of arts and sciences. Astronomy, for instance, had evidently its origin among the Europeans: the planets are distinguished by Titan names; Uranus, the father of the Titans, is represented as an observer of the stars; Hyperion, one of his sons, is said to have found out the motion of the planets. Atlas, son of Japetus, another Titan, is called the supporter of the heavens; and his brother, Prometheus, is acknowledged to be the founder of the Chaldean astronomy.

The author proceeds to prove, that the Barbaric sphere, so much disputed about by critics, was only the northern hemisphere, cultivated by the Scythians; and he thus con-

cludes his reasonings upon this subject: "Should it be asked how and when the Greeks became ignorant in matters that so much concerned their honour and original, I answer, that their ignorance began to appear at a time when they prided themselves most upon their knowledge: this is often the case with particular persons, and custom and example make it more general. From the just use of reason, men took a pleasure and found their advantage in transmitting to posterity past transactions; at first by the help of memory, and then by some more lasting tokens, such as the setting up of rough stones, which was one of the most ancient methods. But when in time such marks could not be understood without tradition, and where that failed were of no further use, something more significative was required, which perhaps gave birth to sculpture and writing. These began upon stones or trees, with rude delineations of the things intended to be recorded; which by degrees were reduced to more contracted signs and characters, sufficiently intelligible to the learned of the several countries where they were used. In this manner all knowledge was conveyed for many ages; witness the ancient learning of Egypt, and the living instance of the practice in China. When the Greeks had gained the more compendious method of expressing their sentiments by words in alphabetical letters, they soon grew weary of writing by characters, as well they might; and by this means, perhaps, enriched their language, and made it so copious and harmonious as it appears at present. But they seem from that time to have forgot, as useless, what was contained in their former writings, or retained it but very imperfectly, and, as it were, by tradition."

As the Grecian and Roman languages increased, the Titan language proportionably decreased; though it kept its ground a considerable time in the western parts of Europe, where it might still have flourished in a greater degree, had it not been continually exposed to irruptions from the north.

The author next proceeds to consider the Gothic language; a dialect very different from the Celtic, which probably had its origin in the more northern parts of Asiatic Scythia, and partook more of the northern idiom, as the

Celtic had more of the eastern. The people in Crim Tartary, mentioned by Busbequius, as speaking the Gothic or Saxon language, seem to be the old Goths, from whom the language of England is partly derived.

Having thus settled the origin of the inhabitants, language, and learning of Europe, he proceeds to give an account of the origin of their letters also. The invention of these, he supposes, transcending human genius, can only be ascribed to God; from whom Moses first received them upon Mount Sinai: and that Cadmus, who was probably a Jew, conveyed the discovery into Europe. Our author's reasonings on this head are but slightly supported, nor have they even novelty to recommend them, as Mr. Anselm Bayly[1] and others, particularly those of the Hutchinsonian caste, have pre-occupied his conjectures.

As our author has spoiled the Egyptians of their learning, so neither will he allow them an alphabet. Their books, being written in symbolic and hieroglyphic characters, were unintelligible to those nations who knew the use of an alphabet. The Latins, as all authors agree, received their letters from the Greeks, who, at different times, sent colonies into Italy, where they improved their old arts and gave birth to new ones. The Tyrrhenes, or Etruscans, were the first polite people in Italy; and in the early ages of Rome the Roman youth were instructed in the Etruscan language by way of accomplishment. But, adds our author, when a nation is arrived at a certain pitch of politeness, it often becomes a prey to another less civilized. This was the case, continues he, with the Etruscans and Romans. As the one increased in power, the other, who before were held to be the most accomplished nation, sunk in esteem; as is usual with a conquered people.

"The Etruscan language (a species of corrupt Greek) being at length extinct, the materials designed to preserve it were soon destroyed or buried in ruins; the too common fate of monuments, wherever ignorance prevails. Here they underwent a long night of oblivion, till the revival of true

[1] See the next ensuing article. Mr. Bayly's book was published before these 'Enquiries.'—NOTE in the *Monthly Review*. [The article on Bayly followed this upon Wise in the *Monthly Review*, just as it does in the present reprint.—ED.]

learning, which is always accompanied with a veneration for antiquity. These monuments, as time and chance brought them to light, were carefully preserved by persons of curiosity; who, though they understood them not, yet judged that hereafter they might be intelligible to others, and therefore worth preserving. It is more than a century since some of these inscriptions have been made public, and in this last age a new scene of literature has been opened by their means. Whole volumes have been filled with Etruscan sculptures and inscriptions, and attempts have been made to illustrate and explain them."

It does not appear what letters the most ancient Celtæ used in writing; the remains of their language now to be found in books being written in the common character of the country where their descendants lived. The author thinks it may be taken for granted, that they made use of hieroglyphics only, as we said before of the Scythians in general. But the Goths are an exception; for they had an alphabet peculiar to themselves, consisting formerly of sixteen letters, which is thought to be just the number in the Greek and Phœnician alphabets. In short, as all languages, says he, were derived from one, so it is but reasonable to think the same of all alphabets; and their affinity with each other serves to prove that they had all the same source; *viz.* the Hebrew, or Cadmean.

Thus we see through what regions of conjecture, doubt, and palpable obscurity, our truly inquisitive author has explored his way. He catches every gleam of light that an extensive acquaintance with the ancients can afford him; but he often, however, seems to have a favourite hypothesis in view, by which, we doubt, he is biassed somewhat from that truth he professes to investigate. It can no way affect the interests of our religion, though we should not admit the Jewish nation to be that fountain of learning and letters from whence the rest of mankind have been supplied: which would be allowing them greater marks of honour than their best writers ever arrogated to themselves. This way of thinking appears to have been most warmly embraced by Eusebius, and other Christian writers, through a laudable, though perhaps mistaken zeal for a

cause of which they were the champions. But it is more our business to exhibit the opinions of the learned, than to controvert them.

Bayly's Introduction to Languages.

[From the *Monthly Review*, December, 1758.]

An Introduction to Languages, Literary and Philosophical; especially to the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew: exhibiting, at one view, their Grammar, Rationale, Analogy, and Idiom. In three parts. By Anselm Bayly, LL.B.[1] *8vo. 5s. Rivington.* [1758.]

Scaliger assigns the man he would have completely miserable, no other employment than that of composing grammars and compiling dictionaries;[2] perhaps with reason, as there is not, in the whole 'Encyclopædia,' a more laborious, yet a more unthankful study, than that bestowed on the rudiments of language. The labour in other parts of science may be great, but it is also apparent: in this, as in the mine, it is excessive, yet unseen. This consideration may probably have been the cause that few good essays

[1] Afterwards LL.D. He published also, 'Alliance of Music, Poetry, and Oratory,' &c.; and died in 1794.—Ed.

[2] Scaliger's epigram will be found in a note to an 'Essay on Shorthand' in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1748, p. 8—the note no doubt being by Dr., then Mr., Johnson, who had then his Dictionary in his head, but with the "proposals" for it only just published. The following lines are from Murphy's translation of Johnson's Latin verses, 'Know Yourself,' written about 1771, after revising the fourth edition of his Dictionary:—

"When Scaliger, whole years of labour past,
Beheld his lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words pil'd on words a fabric rise,
He curs'd the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long:
And if, enrag'd he cried, Heav'n meant to shed
Its keenest vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write lexicons in endless woe."—Ed.

upon language are to be found among us: men whose talents were equal to such an undertaking, choosing to employ them on more amusing studies; and those who were unequal to the task, showing only by their unsuccessful attempts how much a well-executed performance of this kind was wanting.[1] To echo back the rules of former grammarians, to translate Latin grammars into English, or English grammars into Latin, requires but small abilities, and has been the practice of many late writers in this species of erudition. But to trace language to its original source, to assign reasons for the justness of every rule in grammar, to show the similitude of languages, and at the same time every distinguishing idiom of each, was reserved for the ingenious writer before us.

In the first and second parts of his work we have the rudiments of the four languages referred to in the title explained with the utmost precision and brevity; those rules which serve for one language being adapted, with very little variation, to the other three. Here no technical term is used, till it be first made plain by a definition; and reasons are always assigned for the peculiarities of languages, and usages in syntax.

The third part contains four Dissertations; in which, as these are calculated for entertainment as well as instruction, our author often indulges some peculiarities, ingeniously supported, though very liable to be controverted. The first treats of the possible number of simple sounds in speech, of which he presents us with an alphabet: by these sounds alone he would have children taught to read, being of opinion, that they might learn by this method in a few months, what they are years in acquiring by the other, now in use among us. The author is led from his enquiry concerning the origin of simple sound, into an examination, whether language is the natural result of man's own industry, or whether communicated to him by some superior

[1] Johnson reports as one of Pope's good things (see 'Life of Pope,' Oxford edition of Johnson's Works, vol. viii., p. 311), that—"When an objection, raised against his inscription for Shakespeare, was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied, 'horresco referens'—that 'he would allow the publisher of a dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together.'"—Ed.

power. "If," says he, "in the ordinary course of things, language is transmitted in a constant series from parents to children, we must go back till we arrive at some point of time, wherein the first of the human species, whether one, two, or a thousand, could not receive language in this channel; but it must have been derived to them in as extraordinary a manner as their existence, from the same fountain that gave them their being. We cannot help apprehending but that the first man's creator must be his instructor in languages as well as duty, teaching him how to form articulate sounds and words, giving him knowledge of things, their attributes, actions, and relations, as well as the power of assigning them their names." To the same origin our author attributes the use also of alphabetical writings, and is of opinion, as we have hinted in the preceding article, that the alphabet was first given by God to Moses, on the mount.[1] His reasoning on this head is curious, if not satisfactory; however, we must decline the particulars for want of room.

The second dissertation treats of the changes of sounds in pronunciation; how far they may be imitated in writing; and the chief causes of the variation in words. As we have seen some modern innovations in our language, with regard to spelling, Mr. Bayly may be a useful monitor, to warn writers against such affectation. "Language," says he, "by following pronunciation in writing, may be so altered from itself as to become new, and rendered so vague in its meaning, that books writ even but a hundred years past, have the appearance of being barbarous, and to the surviving generation are scarce intelligible. Pronunciation might be left to take its course, vary ever so much and ever so often; but writing, as being the only preservative of a language, ought to be kept to some standard. Orthography should be steady, be made the guide to orthoepy, or at least a check upon it, and not orthoepy be the guide to orthography. Had such a rule as this, founded in reason and the nature of things, been attended to in all writings, though it is easy to see that it required a knowledge equal to divine to be able to write words truly in the first lan-

[1] See *ante*, p. 310.—Ed.

guage, posterity would not have found so much difficulty as they now do, in understanding them; the etymology and meaning of words would have been more determinate, and the streams of knowledge traced with more certainty up to their fountain head."

The subject of the third dissertation is style, or the art of just writing; that of the fourth, elocution, or the art of speaking: both contain rules that may be useful, hints that are new, and ingenious observations. Upon the whole, the author attempts to give a rational and universal view of language, from its elements through its several combinations and powers, in writing and speaking. He is possessed of learning to examine his subject minutely, and good sense to avoid incurring the imputation of pedantry; so that his book will be found equally useful to the student and entertaining to the critic.

Burton's Greek Tragedies.

[From the *Monthly Review*, December, 1758.]

Πενταλογια; sive Tragœdiarum Græcarum Delectus. 8vo. 7s. Oxford. Fletcher. Sold also by Rivington and Co. London. [1758.][1]

Dr. Burton, whose former productions in the learned languages are more than sufficient proofs of his abilities for an undertaking of this nature, has here presented the public with an edition of five Greek tragedies, indisputably the best in that tongue; and we may venture to add, superior to all that were ever composed in any other. Three of these are the Œdipus Tyrannus, the Œdipus Coloneus, and the Antigone of Sophocles; the first peculiarly excellent for its fine complication of terror and distress, especially towards the catastrophe; the second, for its pathetic opening, which Milton has so happily imitated in his 'Samson Agonistes;' the third, also a master-piece, for what is called by Aristotle the *Των επεισοδιων οικονομιαν*,

[1] By Dr. John Burton; born at Wembworth, in Devonshire, 1696; died rector, or vicar, of Maple-durham, Oxfordshire, 1771.—Ed.

the just disposition of incidents. The other tragedies in this book are the Phœnissæ of Euripides, and the Septem ad Thebas of Æschylus, which, though inferior to those of Sophocles, have, however, with great propriety, a place in this edition. They are introduced with intention to show, (as our editor expresses it) "in materia consimili ingeniorum dissimilium concertatio," the efforts of different geniuses in the same species of composition.

This edition, as we are informed, was long since undertaken; but the death of a young gentleman, who was principally instrumental in forwarding it, occasioned its being for some time discontinued: and it had perhaps been totally suppressed, but for the assistances given the editor by Dr. Markland and Mr. Heath, and the advantage of printing at the expense of the fund bequeathed to the university by Mr. Rolle, for purposes of this nature.

The work is a performance of much less ostentation than use; not being calculated to amuse the critic, but to advance the learner. The notes annexed contain no minute philological disquisitions, which are often still more obscure than the text, and counteract their intention, by increasing that labour which they profess to lessen. Here we have the conduct of the drama laid open, the grammatical difficulties explained, the different readings exhibited, and the text receiving proper light from a just punctuation. Notwithstanding this, the learned editor seems sensible of one objection that may be raised against the present performance, *viz.*, that he has given no Latin translation of the text, as is usual in most editions of the Greek classics. This objection he has taken some pains to obviate. The idioms of the Greek and Latin languages, as he observes, are so different as to render a translation very difficult, if not impossible; but though such a labour were actually effected, it would rather obstruct than promote the ends it seems intended to answer. He who, in learning Greek, has continual recourse to a translation for assistance, is insensibly drawn into a disuse of his grammar and lexicon, the proper guides for introducing him to an intimacy with the language he desires to be acquainted with. "Opibus alieni adjustus nihil de suo promet; nihil demum marte proprio sibi elaborandum esse censebit: et velut in regione

ignota hospes inelegans, ducem secutus aliquando falsum sæpe fallacem, huc illuc temere circumvagabîtur: et cum Græciam universam itinere rapido peragraverit, nihil fere de Græcia, nihil vere Atticum aut quovis modo memorabile, domum reportabit." We should in this respect imitate such as first revived Greek learning in the West; who, without translations, instructed those that afterwards became so eminent for their skill in this enchanting language.

The assistances, however, which are denied in a translation, are amply recompensed here, by the explications of every material difficulty in the text, in notes at the bottom of each page; by a separate phraseology, and by a lexicon of the uncommon words subjoined to the whole. These are the helps offered to the scholar, and we will venture to assert, that the learner who will be at the pains of reading Sophocles with only the assistances here offered him, will know more of the real beauties of the original, and the true structure of the language, than if he spent double the time in poring over a faulty Latin version. The translations hitherto published of Sophocles, will be more apt to lead the scholar astray, than to direct him to the meaning or spirit of the original; for, whether through ignorance of the language they attempted to translate, or through an awkward affectation of elegance, certain it is they are almost always mistaking the meaning of their author.

Though much may be said in commendation of the design and usefulness of the edition now before us, there is room for some objection to the method which our commentator has thought proper to pursue. Not content with the illustrations at the bottom of each page, he adds, by way of appendix, his δευτεραι φροντιδες, or Scholia, which are the result of more mature deliberation. These second thoughts, which were not entered upon, as we are informed, till the other parts of the work were printed off, are not only a further comment upon the original, but sometimes corrections of his former annotations, which they frequently profess to contradict, amend, and explain. This ingenuous way of confessing one's faults, though it should serve to show a man's modesty, may, it is feared, rather tend to prejudice his reputation in other respects. Some may be

apt to remark, that criticisms which could, upon a review, want so much amendment, were prematurely inserted: they may say, that it would have been most prudent in our editor to have kept his work by him till repeated amendments had rendered a palinodia unnecessary. And we may add, though "second thoughts" are generally allowed the preference, yet our annotator, it must be confessed, often corrects himself where there seems very little occasion for correction. Thus, for instance, in Οιδ. Τυρ. τϐ παλαι pro τϐ παλαιϐ. This is otherwise explained in his Δευτεραι φρουτιδες; *scil.* τϐ παλαι γηγουοτος. Perhaps not so well. Compare, in the same manner, his note, and his correction of the first line of the second act.

But instances of this kind are rather to be considered as marks of too much circumspection, than as errors.

As to the edition, upon the whole, it may be numbered among the most correct productions of the British press, some few faults in the accenting excepted. The book is certainly well calculated for the use of schools; and deserves all the encouragement due to the best performances of this kind.

Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.

[From the *Monthly Review*, December, 1758.]

The Tusculan Disputations of Marcus Tullius Cicero. In five Books. A new Translation. By a Gentleman. 8*vo.* 5*s. Whiston.*

The panegyric upon Cicero, which Erasmus hath left us, at the same time that it does justice to the merits of the philosopher, reflects honour on the taste of his encomiast. "I am incapable of determining," says that judicious critic, "whether or not my judgment be improved by time, but certain it is, Cicero never so much pleased me in youth as he now does in my old age. I am now at a loss whether most to admire, the divine felicity of his style, or the purity of his heart and morals. His influence upon me rises almost to inspiration; and I always feel myself a better

man upon every repeated perusal. I make no scruple, therefore, to exhort our youth to spend their hours in reading and retaining his works, rather than in the vexatious disputes, and ill-mannered controversies which at present perplex mankind. For my own part, though I am now in the decline of life, yet as soon as my present undertakings are completed, I shall think it no reproach to seek a renewal of my acquaintance with my Cicero, and an increase of that intimacy which has been for many years interrupted."

How differently does Montaigne express himself on the same subject, when he gives us to understand, that though he finds much entertainment in Seneca or Plutarch, he could never gain any from Cicero. "For," says the Frenchman, "instead of beginning to talk upon the subject proposed, he blunts the edge of curiosity by superfluous divisions; and the time that should be employed in argument is wasted in adjusting preliminaries."

The truth is, Montaigne was, during his whole life, what Erasmus was in his early youth, incapable of thinking connectedly; so that this celebrated essayist only exposed the defects of his own understanding by attempting to detract from the reputation of Cicero. The concurrent testimony of all antiquity, and of modern times, sufficiently confutes him; it being universally agreed, that no philosopher has more forcibly recommended all those generous principles that tend to exalt and perfect human nature.

From hence, therefore, we may infer, how much the public is bound to acknowledge every judicious attempt to translate any part of the works of a writer so justly admired as Cicero. If the translator succeeds in so difficult an undertaking, the motives to virtue acquire a more universal diffusion, and our language makes a valuable acquisition: should he fail in the execution, the great difficulty of the work may, in some measure, plead his excuse, and the usefulness of the design should soften the rigour of censure.

It is not without reason that this elegant Roman has been thought the most difficult to be translated, of all the classics. The translator must not only be master of his

sentiments, but also of his peculiar way of expressing them. He must have acquired a style, correct without labour, and copious without redundancy. The difficulty is not so much to give his sense, as to give it in such language as Tully himself would have spoken, had he been an Englishman. To follow him in a verbal translation, is to catch his words only, and lose his spirit. This *literal* timidity, if we may so express it, where the translator cautiously moves from word to word, for fear of going astray, is still the more unpardonable, as Cicero himself has given us directions to the contrary. "Nec tamen exprimi verbum e verbo necesse erit, ut interpretes indiserti solent." His example also, as well as his precept, teaches us to avoid this error. What liberties does he not take with Plato, Euripides, and others! Their sentiments remain their own, but their language is always expressed in the manner of Cicero. The translator before us has fallen into the error of which we have been complaining; so that Cicero appears in this English dress, not unlike some disguised hero in romance who, though concealed in the garb of a peasant, still moves with an air of superior dignity.

These Tusculan disputations were composed by Cicero when, under the dictatorship of Cæsar, he was excluded from any share in the administration; at which time, as he informs us, he was obliged to substitute retirement and study, to scenes of more active employment. The work is divided into five books; the first of which teaches us how to contemn the terrors of death, and to look upon it as a blessing rather than an evil. The second, to support pain and affliction with a manly fortitude. The third and fourth, to moderate all our complaints and uneasiness under the accidents of life. The fifth, to evince the sufficiency of virtue to make man happy. It was Cicero's custom, in his leisure hours, to take some friends with him into the country, where (to use the words of this very incompetent translator) he used to "order one to propose something which he would have discussed. I disputed (says Tully) on that either sitting or walking. I have compiled *the schools*, as the Greeks call them, of five days, in as many books; it was in this manner. When he who was the hearer had said what he thought proper, I disputed against

him.—To give you a better notion of our disputations, I will not barely give you an account of them, but represent them to you as they were carried on." Perhaps there never was a finer or more spirited dialogue, conducted with greater ease, or managed with more impartiality than this, *in the original.* After having silenced the objections which his antagonist had brought against his doctrine, of death's being no evil, Cicero finally establishes it, with that spirit and energy which his present translator has very impotently endeavoured to preserve: let the reader judge for himself, from the following specimen.

"Should it indeed be our case to know the time appointed by God for us to die, let us prepare ourselves for it with a pleasant and grateful mind, as those who are delivered from a jail, and eased from their fetters, to go back to their eternal and (without dispute) their own habitation; or to be divested of all sense and trouble. But should we not be acquainted with this decree, yet should we be so disposed as to look on that last hour as happy for us, though shocking to our friends; and never imagine that to be an evil, which is an appointment of the immortal Gods, or of Nature, the common parent of all. For it is not by hazard, or without design, that we have a being here; but doubtless there is a certain power concerned for human nature, which would neither have produced nor provided for a being, which, after having gone through the labours of life, was to fall into an eternal evil by death. Let us rather infer, that we have a retreat and haven prepared for us, which I wish we could make for with crowded sails; but though the winds should not serve, yet we shall of course gain it, though somewhat later."

The exordium of the third book is, in the original, one of the finest passages in all antiquity. Let us see how it reads here.

* * * * * *[1]

The classical reader will perceive that the spirit of the original is, in a manner, totally extinguished in this translation. Indeed, such is the "*gentleman's*" obscurity in some places, such are his mistakes of his author's meaning in

[1] We omit the two pages of the translator's text which follow.—Ed.

others, such is the meanness, affectation, and impropriety of his language throughout, that it is really matter of surprise to us, how such a work came into print; especially when we take the poetry into the account, which is below all criticism, and even contempt.

In short, the present performance is so totally destitute of every kind of merit, which might serve to qualify our censure, that we cannot avoid concluding with Cicero, upon another occasion: "Obsecro, abjiciamus ista, et semi-liberi saltem simus; quod assequemur et tacendo et latendo." Ad Att.[1]

Female Conduct. An Essay.

[From the *Critical Review*, Jan., 1759.]

Female Conduct: being an Essay on the Art of Pleasing. To be practised by the Fair Sex, before and after Marriage. A Poem, in two books. Inscribed to Plautilla. By Thomas Marriott, *Esq.* 8*vo. Price* 4*s.* 6*d. Owen* [1759].

This performance is dedicated to her royal highness the Princess of Wales, as the distinguished pattern of female virtue.[2] In the preface, the author gives some account of the poem, and endeavours to anticipate the malevolence of the critics. He expresses apprehension on one subject, which, however, we will venture to say is groundless; that is, "some people will say he is too much a poet." He

[1] Though Lowndes, echoing Goldsmith, pronounces this translation as "destitute of every kind of merit" (*vide* Biblio. Manual, Bohn's edition, vol. i., p. 459), he tells us that another edition appeared in 1828. The author, however, seems to have maintained his anonymity.

The four articles ending with the above review were written by Goldsmith amidst the trouble which, in the following month, ended in the quarrel with Griffiths set forth at pp. 17 and 445-6 of our vol. i. That quarrel, it seems, put an end to our author's work as a contributor to the *Monthly Review*, though it helped him to the better engagement upon the *Monthly's* rival, the *Critical*. See our Appendix notes.—Ed.

[2] Augusta of Saxe Gotha, the widow of Prince Frederick, and mother of George III. Goldsmith wrote, or compiled, as he says, his 'Threnodia Augustalis' on her death in 1772. See the Poems, vol. ii., p. 97.—Ed.

might also have spared his apology, for having used "every art of persuasion and argument, either by repetition, amplification, tale, fable, example, or allegory, and every pleasing manner of conveying precepts and enforcing doctrine." Mr. Marriott needs no excuse for that which cannot be displeasing. This poem, we are informed, is intended for the use and amusement of the female sex only; and the author hopes the salutary precepts and precautions it contains, may prove an antidote to the poison of Ovid, and all modern productions of the like pernicious nature. We hope so too, and commend the author for the morality of his undertaking.

Prefixed to the poem we find an ode on the death of the Duke of Marlborough, together with an imitation of the eighth ode of the fourth book of Horace, intended to be sent to his grace at the beginning of the new year.[1] In this piece, the most remarkable circumstance is this: Mr. Marriott, thinking Horace begins and ends too abruptly, has ventured to introduce the original with two Latin lines of his own composition, and added six at the end, to render Horace more complete. He might, however, have saved himself the trouble of lacing his own lines in the margin: the reader would have distinguished them without this precaution. Perhaps the public may be curious to see this improvement on a Roman classic. He begins, then, in this manner:

"Annus quando novus nascitur, illius
Natalisque dies orbe revolvitur;"—

He concludes thus:

"Orco, Musa, pios eripiens nigro,
Arces, carminibus, tollit ad igneas;
Nomen grande tuum fiet amabilis,
Vatum materies, Musa tuis dabit
Mercedem meritis, Te faciet sacrum,
Sublimem, astra super, Te vehet, ardua."

The poem itself is divided into two books, and contains many curious particulars. His account of Portia's death is very sublime:

[1] Charles, third Duke of Marlborough. He died at Münster, in Westphalia, in October, 1758. Goldsmith pays a tribute to this nobleman in his 'Bee' essay on 'Worldly Grandeur:' see our vol. ii., p. 415.—Ed.

"Fam'd Portia, worthy of her mate, and sire,
Express'd such friendship, when she swallow'd fire;
Soon as she heard of her dear Brutus' death,
Her consort breathless, she disdain'd to breath;
Each instrument of death, to her deny'd,
'Shall Portia be debarr'd from death?' she cry'd,
Then drank live embers, and intrepid died." [p. 36.]

We wish Mr. Marriott would explain the manner in which the ancients *drank live embers*.

In p. 58 he candidly owns, that he has laboured hard in bringing this poem to perfection:

"Hear me, fair pupil, nor despise the bard
Whose muse for your instruction *labours hard*."

In the next page we meet with this curious paradox:

"Her witty child, let the fond mother boast,
You show most wit, when you conceal it most."

This, for aught we know, may be the author's own case; for he seems to have a particular knack at concealing his wit.

There is something so agreeable, yet familiar, in his precepts!—

"Red heels, a wise man's head will ridicule."

"From smart cock'd hat, let no vain streamers fly."

"I only warn you—ne'er your teeth neglect;
White teeth will make amends for each defect."

"To singing add the force of music too."

This is a very necessary injunction; for it is very common to hear singing without music.

"Make not your houses Babels, ah! no more
Let num'rous torches smear th' indecent door!"

"A curtsy makes impression, if made well,
Learn then to curtsy with an air genteel."

Rather than pick out any more flowers of this kind, with which the poem abounds, we will make a few extracts, from which the poet's genius may be more justly estimated:

* * * * * *[1]

[1] Two pages of extracts follow, from pages 233-4-5-7-8 of Marriott's book.—Ed.

He concludes the book with the following imitation of Virgil, at the close of his Georgics.

* * * * * *[1]

To draw a comparison between Ovid and our bard, we may observe, that as one performance of the former was styled *Tristia* from the subject, so this production may deserve the same title from the execution, and be justly denominated *Marriott's Tristia*.[2]

BARRETT'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

[From the *Critical Review*, Jan., 1759.]

Ovid's Epistles translated into English Verse; with Critical Essays and Notes. Being part of a Poetical and Oratorial Lecture, read in the Grammar-School of Ashford, in the county of Kent; and calculated to initiate Youth in the first rudiments of Taste. By St. Barrett, A.M., Master of the said School. 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d.* *Richardson.*

THE praise which is every day lavished upon Virgil, Horace, or Ovid, is often no more than an indirect method the critic takes to compliment his own discernment. Their works have long been considered as models of beauty; to praise them now is only to show the conformity of our taste to theirs: it tends not to advance their reputation, but to promote our own. Let us then dismiss, for the present, the pedantry of panegyric; Ovid needs it not, and we are not disposed to turn encomiasts on ourselves.

It will be sufficient to observe, that the multitude of translators which have attempted this poet, serves to evince the number of his admirers; and their indifferent success, the difficulty of equalling his elegance or his ease.

Dryden, ever poor, and ever willing to be obliged, solicited the assistance of his friends for a translation of these epistles. It was not the first time his miseries obliged

[1] The imitation follows in eighteen lines, as at pp. 275-6 of Marriott's book.—ED.

[2] Marriott replied to this criticism. See the review further on.—ED.

him to call in happier bards to his aid; and to permit such to quarter their fleeting performances on the lasting merit of his name. This eleemosynary translation, as might well be expected, was extremely unequal, frequently unjust to the poet's meaning, almost always so to his fame. It was published without notes; for it was not at that time customary to swell every performance of this nature with comment and scholia. The reader did not then choose to have the current of his passions interrupted, his attention every moment called off from pleasure, only to be informed why he was so pleased. It was not then thought necessary to lessen surprise by anticipation, and, like some spectators we have met at the play-house, to take off our attention from the performance, by telling, in our ear, what will follow next.

Since this united effort, Ovid, as if born to misfortune, has undergone successive metamorphoses, being sometimes transposed by schoolmasters unacquainted with English, and sometimes transversed by ladies who knew no Latin; thus he has alternately worn the dress of a pedant or a rake; either crawling in humble prose, or having his hints explained into unbashful meaning. Schoolmasters, who knew all that was in him, except his graces, give the names of places and towns at full length, and he moves along stiffly in their literal versions, as the man who, as we are told in the Philosophical Transactions, was afflicted with an universal anchylosis. His female imitators, on the other hand, regard the dear creature only as a lover; express the delicacy of his passion by the ardour of their own; and if now and then he is found to grow a little too warm, and perhaps to express himself a little indelicately, it must be imputed to the more poignant sensations of his fair admirers. In a word, we have seen him stripped of all his beauties in the versions of Stirling and Clark, and talk like a debauchee in that of Mrs. ——;[1] but the sex should ever be sacred from criticism; perhaps the ladies have a right to describe raptures which none but themselves can bestow.

[1] Supposed to be in allusion to Mrs., or Miss, Elizabeth Keene; who just previously had published a translation of Dido's 'Epistle to Æneas.' —Ed.

A poet, like Ovid, whose great beauty lies rather in expression than sentiment, must be necessarily difficult to translate. A fine sentiment may be conveyed several different ways, without impairing its vigour; but a sentence delicately expressed, will scarcely admit the least variation without losing beauty. The performance before us will serve to convince the public, that Ovid is more easily admired than imitated. The translator in his notes, shows an ardent zeal for the reputation of his poet. It is possible, too, he may have felt his beauties; however, he does not seem possessed of the happy art of giving his feelings expression. If a kindred spirit, as we have often been told, must animate the translator, we fear the claims of Mr. Barrett will never receive a sanction in the heraldry of Parnassus.

His intentions, even envy must own, are laudable; nothing less than to instruct boys, schoolmasters, grown gentlemen, the public, *in the principles of taste* (to use his own expression,) both by precept and example. His manner it seems is, "to read a course of poetical lectures to his pupils one night in the week; which, beginning with this author, running through select pieces of our own, as well as the Latin and Greek writers, and ending with Longinus, contributes *no little* towards forming their taste." *No little*, reader, observe that, from a person so perfectly master of the force of his own language: what may not be expected from his comments on the beauties of another?

But, in order to show in what manner he has executed these intentions, it is proper he should first march in review as a poet. We shall select the first epistle that offers, which is that from Penelope to Ulysses, observing beforehand, that the whole translation is a most convincing instance, that English words may be placed in Latin order, without being *wholly* unintelligible. Such forced transpositions serve at once to give an idea of the translator's learning, and of difficulties surmounted.

"PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

"This, still your wife, my ling'ring lord! I send;
Yet be your answer personal, not penn'd."

These lines seem happily imitated from Taylor, the water poet, who has it thus:

"To thee, dear Ursula, these lines I send,
Not with my hand, but with my heart, they're penn'd."

But not to make a pause in the reader's pleasure, we proceed:—

"Sunk now is Troy, the curse of Grecian dames!
(Her king, her all, a worthless prize!) in flames.
O had by storms (his fleet to Sparta bound)
Th' adult'rer perish'd in the *mad profound!*"

Here seems some obscurity in the translation: we are at a loss to know what is meant by the *mad profound.* It can certainly mean neither Bedlam nor Fleet-ditch; for though the epithet *mad* might agree with one, or *profound* with the other, yet when united they seem incompatible with either. The *profound* has frequently been used to signify bad verses; and poets are sometimes said to be *mad:* who knows but Penelope wishes that Paris might have died in the very act of rhyming; and as he was a shepherd, it is not improbable to suppose but that he was a poet also.

"Cold in a widow'd bed I ne'er had lay,
Nor chid with weary eyes the ling'ring day."

Lay for *lain*, by the figure ginglimus. Our translator makes frequent use of this figure.

"Nor the protracted nuptials to avoid,
By night unravell'd what the day employ'd.

When have not fancied dangers broke my rest?
Love, tim'rous passion! rends the anxious breast.
In thought I saw you each fierce Trojan's aim,
Pale at the mention of bold Hector's name!"

Ovid makes Penelope shudder at the name of Hector. Our translator, with great propriety, transfers the fright from Penelope to Ulysses himself: it is he who grows pale at the name of Hector; and well indeed he might; for Hector is represented by Ovid, somewhere else, as a terrible fellow, and Ulysses as little better than a poltroon.

"Whose spear when brave Antilochus embru'd
By the dire news awoke, my fear renew'd.

Clad in dissembled arms Patroclus died;
And, 'Oh the fate of stratagem!' I cried.
Tlepolemus, beneath the Lycian dart,
His breath resign'd, and rous'd afresh my smart.
Thus, when each Grecian press'd the bloody field,
Cold icy horrors my fond bosom chill'd."

Here we may observe how epithets tend to strengthen the force of expression. First, her horrors are cold, and so far Ovid seems to think also; but the translator adds, from himself, the epithet icy, to show that they are still colder:—a fine climax of frigidity!

"But heaven, indulgent to my chaste desire,
Has wrapp'd (my husband safe) proud Troy in fire."

The reader may have already observed one or two instances of our translator's skill, in parenthetically clapping one sentence within another. This contributes not a little to obscurity; and obscurity, we all know, is nearly allied to admiration. Thus, when the reader begins a sentence which he finds pregnant with another, which still teems with a third, and so on, he feels the same surprise which a countryman does at Bartholomew-fair. Hocus shows a bag, in appearance empty; slap, and out come a dozen new-laid eggs; slap again, and the number is doubled: but what is his amazement, when it swells with the hen that laid them!

"The Grecian chiefs return, each altar shines,
And spoils of Asia grace our native shrines.
Gifts, for their lords restor'd, the matrons bring;
The Trojan fates o'ercome, triumphant sing;
Old men and trembling maids admire the songs,
And wives hang, list'ning, on their husbands' *tongues*."

Critics have expatiated, in raptures, on the delicate use the ancients have made of the verb *pendere*. Virgil's goats are described as hanging on the mountain side; the eyes of a lady hang on the looks of her lover. Ovid has increased the force of the metaphor, and describes the wife as hanging on the lips of her husband. Our translator has gone still farther, and described the lady as pendent from his tongue.—A fine picture![1]

[1] In the fourth of the 'Belles Lettres' essays (vol. ii., p. 358) will be found some similar remarks upon *pendere*.—Ed.

"Now, drawn in wine, fierce battles meet their eyes,
And Ilion's tow'rs in miniature arise:
There stretch'd Sigean plains, here Simoïs flow'd;
And there old Priam's lofty palace stood.
Here Peleus' son encamp'd, Ulysses there;
Here Hector's corpse distain'd the rapid car."

"Of this the Pylian sage in quest of thee
Embark'd, your son inform'd; his mother he."

If we were permitted to offer a correction upon the two last lines, we would translate them into plain English thus, still preserving the rhyme entire.

The Pylian sage inform'd your son embark'd in quest of thee,
Of this, and he his mother, that is me.

* * * * * * [1]

"Three, helpless three! are here; a wife not strong,
A sire too aged, and a son too young,
He late, *by fraud*, embark'd for Pylos' shore,
Nigh from my arms for ever had been tore."

These two lines are replete with beauty: *nigh*, which implies approximation, and *from*, which implies distance, are, to use our translator's expressions, drawn as it were up in line of battle. *Tore* is put for *torn*, that is, torn by fraud from her arms; not that her son played truant and embarked by fraud, as a reader who does not understand Latin might be apt to fancy.

"Heaven grant the youth survive each parent's date,
And no cross chance reverse the course of fate.
Your nurse and herdsman join this wish of mine,
And the just keeper of your bristly swine."

Our translator observes in a note, that "the simplicity expressed in these lines is so far from being a blemish, that it is, in fact, a very great beauty: and the modern critic, who is offended with the mention of a *sty*, however he may pride himself upon his false delicacy, is either too short-sighted to penetrate into real nature, or has a stomach too nice to digest the noblest relics of antiquity." He means, no doubt, to digest a hog-sty; but, antiquity apart, we doubt

[1] Sixty additional lines of the quotation follow here.—Ed.

if even Powell the fire-eater himself could bring his appetite to relish so unsavoury a repast.[1]

"By age your sire disarm'd, and wasting woes,
The helm resigns, amidst surrounding foes.
This may your son resume (when years allow),
But oh! a father's aid is wanted now.
Nor have I strength his title to maintain,
Haste then, our only refuge, o'er the main."

"A son, and long may heaven the blessing grant,
You have, whose years a sire's instructions want.
Think how Laërtes drags an age of woes,
In hope that you his dying eyes may close;
And I, left youthful in my early bloom,
Shall aged seem, how soon soe'er you come."

But let not the reader imagine we can find pleasure in thus exposing absurdities, which are too ludicrous for serious reproof. While we censure as critics, we feel as men, and could sincerely wish that those, whose greatest sin is, perhaps, the venial one of writing bad verses, would regard their failure in this respect as we do, not as faults, but foibles; they may be good and useful members of society, without being poets. The regions of taste can be travelled only by a few, and even those often find indifferent accommodation by the way. Let such as have not got a passport from nature be content with happiness, and leave the poet the unrivalled possession of his misery, his garret, and his fame.

We have of late seen the republic of letters crowded with some who have no other pretensions to applause but industry, who have no other merit but that of reading many books, and making long quotations: these we have heard extolled by sympathetic dunces, and have seen them carry off the rewards of genius; while others, who should have been born in better days, felt all the wants of poverty, and the agonies of contempt. Who, then, that has a regard for the public, for the literary honours of our country, for the figure we shall one day make among posterity, that would not choose to see such humbled as are possessed only of

[1] Strutt tells of Powel the fire-eater: 'Sports and Pastimes,' 1801, p. 181. He was one of the sights in town and country, and Strutt saw him broil a piece of steak on his tongne, eat molten lead, &c.—Ed.

talents that might have made good cobblers, had fortune turned them to trade? Should such prevail, the real interests of learning must be in a reciprocal proportion to the power they possess. Let it be then the character of our periodical endeavours, and hitherto we flatter ourselves it has ever been, not to permit an ostentation of learning [to] pass for merit, nor to give a pedant quarter upon the score of his industry alone, even though he took refuge behind Arabic, or powdered his hair with hieroglyphics. Authors thus censured may accuse our judgment, or our reading, if they please, but our own hearts will acquit us of envy or ill-nature, since we reprove only with a desire to reform.

But we had almost forgot, that our translator is to be considered as a critic as well as a poet; and in this department he seems also equally unsuccessful with the former. Criticism at present is different from what it was upon the revival of taste in Europe: all its rules are now well known; the only art at present is, to exhibit them in such lights as contribute to keep the attention alive, and excite a favourable audience. It must borrow graces from eloquence, and please while it aims at instruction: but instead of this, we have a combination of trite observations, delivered in a style in which those who are disposed to make war upon words will find endless opportunities of triumph.

He is sometimes hypercritical. Thus, p. 9. "Pope, in his excellent *Essay on Criticism* (as will, in its place, when you come to be lectured upon it, at full be explained), terms this making the sound an echo to the sense. But I apprehend that definition takes in but a part, for the best ancient poets excelled in thus painting to the eye as well as to the ear. Virgil, describing his housewife preparing her wine, exhibits the act of the fire to the eye.

"'Aut dulcis musti Vulcano decoquit humorem,
Et foliis undam trepidi dispumat aheni.'

"For the line (if I may be allowed the expression) boils over; and, in order to reduce it to its proper bounds, you must, with her, skim off the redundant syllable." These are beauties which, doubtless, the reader is displeased he cannot discern.

Sometimes confused: "There is a *deal* of artful and concealed satire in what Oenone throws out against Helen; and to speak truth, there was fair scope for it, and it might naturally be expected. Her chief design was to render his new mistress suspected of meretricious arts, and make him apprehensive that she would hereafter be as ready to leave him for some new gallant, as she had before, perfidiously to her lawful husband, followed him."

Sometimes contradictory: thus, p. 3. "Style," says he, "is used by some writers as synonymous with diction, yet, in my opinion, it has rather a complex sense, including both sentiment and diction." Oppose to this, p. 135. "As to concord, and even style, they are acquirable by most youth in due time, and by many with ease; but the art of thinking properly, and choosing the best sentiments on every subject, is what comes later."

And sometimes he is guilty of false criticism: as when he says, Ovid's chief excellence lies in description. Description was the rock on which he always split: "Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere," as Seneca says of him: when once he embarks in description, he most commonly tires us before he has done with it. But to tire no longer the reader, or the translator, with extended censure; as a critic, this gentleman seems to have drawn his knowledge from the remarks of others, and not his own reflection; as a translator, he understands the language of Ovid, but not his beauties; and though he may be an excellent schoolmaster, he has, however, no pretensions to taste.

Spenser's Faerie Queene.

[From the *Critical Review*, February, 1759.]

The Faerie Queene. By Edmund Spenser. A new Edition, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by Ralph Church, M.A. late Student of Christ Church, Oxon. In four volumes, 8vo. Price 1l. 1s. Faden. [1758.]

It is the remark of Boccalini, that a writer, whose works have passed through a number of editions after his decease, would hardly know his own performances again if he were

to rise from the dead. Critics mistake his meaning, or are desirous of giving a new one of their own. Dunces interpolate the text, and printers, too, add their faults to swell the account: so that the poet at last, like a river which receives a new tincture from every soil through which it flows, makes a very different appearance from that with which he set out.

Perhaps no writer confirms the truth of this remark more than Spenser; for, in proportion as the number of editions of the Faerie Queene have increased, the text has become more precarious; so that it was absolutely necessary to compare subsequent ones with that published by himself, and thus restore his meaning, where it had deviated from ancient correctness and simplicity. Mr. Church, in the edition in view, has completed this undertaking, and merits all the praise due to an exact and cautious editor. Here we see our old favourite rising once more from his faults, and borrowing all the helps of exact punctuation. We can now tread the regions of fancy without interruption, and expatiate in fairy wilds, such as our great magician has been pleased to represent them. There is a pleasing tranquillity of mind which ever attends the reading of this ancient poet. We leave the ways of the present world, and all the ages of primeval innocence and happiness rise to our view. Virgil, and even Homer, seem to be modern, upon the comparison. The imagination of his reader leaves reason behind, pursues the tale, without considering the allegory, and upon the whole, is charmed without instruction.[1]

It is, it must be owned, somewhat surprising, that Spenser, who was so well acquainted with Virgil, should not have adopted the Eneid of the Roman poet, rather than the *Romans* of the *Wises* and *Jongleurs*, his more immediate predecessors. It is true he has endeavoured to soften this defect, by forming his work into an allegory; however, the pleasure we receive from this species of composition, though never so finely balanced between truth and fiction, is but of a subordinate nature, as we have always two passions opposing each other; a love

[1] Compare the estimate of and remarks upon Spenser in the 'Poetical Scale,' (Later Collected Essays) of the present volume.—Ed.

of reality, which represses the flights of fancy, and a passion for the marvellous, which would leave reflection behind.

However, with all his faults, no poet enlarges the imagination more than Spenser. Cowley was formed into poetry by reading him; and many of our modern writers, such as Gray, Akenside, and others, seem to have studied his manner with the utmost attention: from him their compounded epithets, and solemn flow of numbers, seem evidently borrowed; and the verses of Spenser may, perhaps, one day be considered the standard of English poetry.[1] It were happy indeed, if his beauties were the only objects of modern imitation; but many of his words, justly fallen into disuse among his successors, have been of late revived, and a language, already too copious, has been augmented by an unnecessary reinforcement. Learning and language are ever fluctuating, either rising to perfection or retiring into primeval barbarity: perhaps the point of English perfection is already passed, and every intended improvement may be now only deviation. This at least is certain, that posterity will perceive a strong similitude between the poets of the sixteenth, and those of the latter end of the eighteenth century.

To this edition of Spenser's works, the editor has prefixed some account of his life, gleaned from his own and cotemporary writings. There is a strong similitude between the lives of almost all our English poets. The ordinary of Newgate, we are told, has but one story, which serves for the life of every hero that happens to come within the circle of his pastoral care; however unworthy the resemblance appears, it may be asserted, that the history of one poet might serve with as little variation for that of any other.—Born of creditable parents, who gave him a pious education; however, in spite of all their endeavours, in spite of all the exhortations of the minister of the parish on Sundays, he turned his mind from following *good things*, and fell to——writing verses! Spenser, in short, lived poor, was reviled by the critics of his time, and died at last in

[1] Apropos, Prior cites Byron to Lord Holland, Sept. 26, 1812:—"When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure; and now I cannot scribble in any other."—Ed.

the utmost distress.[1] There are some quotations brought in proof of this, from a poem called the Purple Island, which, as the reader may have never seen, we shall beg leave to transcribe. "The poet had been speaking of the discouragements attending learning and the muses:[2]

"'STANZA 17.

"'But wretched we to whom these iron daies
(Hard daies) afford nor matter nor reward!'"

"'19.

"'Witnesse our Colin; whom though all the Graces
And all the Muses nurst; whose well taught song,
Parnassus self, and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd's throng;
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:
Poorly (poore man) he liv'd; poorly (poore man) he di'd.

"'20.

"'And had not that great Hart (whose honour'd head
Ah! lies full low), piti'd thy wofull plight;
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe shall sink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink,
And time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink.

"'21.

"'O! let th' Iambick muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd.'"[3]

[1] "Spenser returned to England with a heart broken by distress, and died at London on the 16th of January, 1598-9. He was buried, according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer; and the most celebrated poets of the time (Shakspeare was probably of the number), followed his hearse, and threw tributary verses into his grave."—CAMPBELL, *Brit. Poets*, edit. 1841, p. 47.—ED.

[2] The reviewer is here quoting from pp. xli-xliii of Church's account of Spenser. The matter is a little involved. The "poet" who "had been speaking," is the author of 'The Purple Island,' which poem is then quoted. "Colin" is Spenser. The stanzas quoted are of Canto I. —ED.

[3] Sir Walter Scott says (Prose Works, 1835, vol. xvii., p. 91), that

"The reader will excuse our tempting his curiosity, by adding, that the author of these agreeable lines is Phineas Fletcher, nephew to Richard Fletcher, bishop of London.[1] * * * "As we have taken the liberty to introduce on this occasion this poet so little known, we can't but add, that he seems to be of Spenser's own turn of mind. At Hilgay[2] 'tis most likely this ingenious and good man past his days, privately and humbly, and with all the modest sentiments with which he every where abounds. We cannot but think of him and love him, when he mentions

'———————— the blushing strawberries,
Which lurk close shrouded from high-looking eyes,
Shewing that sweetness oft both low and hidden lies:'

"And we can't but revere and envy him, when giving us advice:—

'Would'st thou live honour'd? clip Ambition's wing;
To Reason's yoke thy furious passions bring:
Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king!'"

The notes to this edition are mostly imitations or various readings, and sufficiently evince the editor's industry, though they contribute little to enlighten the reader. There is also a glossary of the obsolete terms which are not explained in the notes; and, in short, such helps as are sufficient to understand the poet, without any ostentation of learning in the learned editor.

"Under their auspices [the Earl of Essex and others] Spenser received from Queen Elizabeth a pension of £50 yearly." Prior, quoting this, adds—"It is supposed that some passages in his poems drew down upon his head the wrath of the great Burleigh; the effects of which continued to attend him through life."—Ed.

[1] Phineas Fletcher was also cousin to the more famous John Fletcher, part author of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.—Ed.

[2] Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, says Phineas Fletcher held the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, for twenty-nine years. He was born about 1584, and died about 1650.—Ed.

LANGHORNE'S 'DEATH OF ADONIS,' FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

[From the *Critical Review*, March, 1759.]

The Death of Adonis: a Pastoral Elegy, from the Greek of Bion. By the Rev. J. Langhorne.[1] *4to. 6d. Griffiths.* [1759.]

OF all the different kinds of poetry, elegy has been least cultivated since the revival of letters. We have seen the ancients rivalled, sometimes excelled, in the epic, the ode, or the pastoral; but in elegy they still remain without competitors, and the attempts of Biderman, Fontaine, Deshouliers, and Hammond, serve only to evince their inferiority. This may seem the more surprising, as there is scarcely a beauty in poetry that elegy is not capable of admitting; sometimes replete with pathetic simplicity, sometimes even assuming the bold metaphors of resentment, and often borrowing every ornament that art can bestow: in a word, is tender, passionate, or graceful, by turns. Elegy may be distinguished into three different kinds, as either of these happens to prevail. It is Love, and not the poet, who speaks: like a true boy, he is easily enraged, and as easily appeased; now exulting with success, again melting into tears of disappointment; when angry, threatening impossibilities; when appeased, repenting his insolence with the most abject humility. But whatever the pretences of the moderns, or even of the Latins, may be to this beautiful species of poetry, the little poem before us bears away the prize, and is incontestably the finest production of the elegiac Muse, if we except that of Euripides, in his Andromache. We shall not enter into a disquisition with the grammarians, whether it be an elegy or not, as it wants what they term the characteristic difference of this species

[1] Famous also, with W. Langhorne, as a translator of Plutarch, and author of 'Letters of Theodosius and Constantia,' 'Fables of Flora,' &c. &c. He was born in 1735, and died in 1779. He was a contributor with Goldsmith to the *Monthly Review*, and this poem it will be seen was issued by Griffiths, the publisher of that *Review*.—ED.

of poesy; *viz.* an alternate succession of hexameters and pentameters: be it sufficient to observe, that it unites every charm that a beautiful passion can suggest, and though simple, yet it is *simplex munditiis*. Some modern critics, it is true, have asserted, that plaintive elegy should be entirely unornamented: it might be sufficient to answer, that the practice of the ancients is against them; but nature itself also opposes this doctrine. A despairing lover, it is true, has no occasion to be tricked out like a beau, but yet should be sufficiently beautiful to interest the spectators with favourable sentiments, sufficiently ornamented to seem still desirous of pleasing. Elegy should in some measure resemble the poet's mistress.

Purpureo jacuit semisupina toro
Tamque fuit neglecta decens.

"Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies;
Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow,
In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow!
From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly;
And death dims slow the ghastly-gazing eye.
Kiss, kiss those fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain—ah! give the soothing fondness o'er!
Adonis feels the warm salute no more." [p. 6.]

There is no species of poetry that has not its particular character; and this diversity, which the ancients have so religiously observed, is founded in nature itself. The more just their imitations are found, the more perfectly are those characters distinguished. Thus the pastoral never quits his pipe, in order to sound the trumpet; nor does elegy venture to strike the lyre. It is indeed passionate, but has nothing terrible; nor is there, in the wildest rage of a lover, aught that can excite a stronger emotion than pity.

"But streaming when he saw life's purple tide
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice she cry'd;
Yet stay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiss thee!—hold thee to my heart!
A little moment, dear Adonis! stay!
And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.
That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortur'd breast,
When thou art gone."—— [p. 9.]

Let it not be thought that emotion alone will suffice for making an elegy, and that love will make a greater poet than study and genius. Passion alone will never produce a finished piece; it may, indeed, furnish the most natural sentiments, if we attend its impulses; but it is art alone that must turn them to use, and join the graces of expression.

"Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
In life imprison'd whom the fates confine,
He comes! receive him to thine iron arms;
Blest queen of death! receive the prince of charms.
Far happier thou, to whose wide realms repair,
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.
The smiles of joy, the golden hours, are fled;
Grief, only grief, survives Adonis dead." [p. 9.]

As the philosopher asserted, that he learned the truest philosophy in Homer, so he who would write a perfect elegy, should study the performance before us with the closest application. From one example of this kind, he will learn more than from all the precepts critics have delivered on the subject. He will here perceive beauty in distress, borrowing the language of nature and passion, and adapting sentiments to the subject: the thoughts rising, as of their own accord, without being sought after; the verse flowing with various harmony; the whole combined by a concealed connexion, yet seemingly without order: in short, our idea increasing, by just degrees, to the end of the piece; like those landscapes that rise upon the eye, till they seem to touch the skies.

"Thus Venus griev'd—the Cupids round deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.
Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.
Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,
The purple streams in blushing roses glow,
And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
Their azure heads anemonies shall rear.
But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
Nor count thy sorrows to the desert air.
The last sad office let thy hand supply,
Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye." [p. 10.]

It is not thus that many of our moderns have composed what they call elegies: they seem scarcely to have known

its real character. If a hero or a poet happens to die with us, the whole band of elegiac poets raise the dismal chorus, adorn his hearse with all the paltry escutcheons of flattery, rise into bombast, paint him as at the head of his thundering legions, or reining Pegasus in his most rapid career: they are sure to strew cypress enough upon the bier, dress up all the muses in mourning, and look themselves every whit as dismal and sorrowful as an undertaker's shop. Neither pomp nor flattery agrees with real affliction: it is not thus that Marcellus, even that Marcellus who was adopted by the emperor of the world, is bewailed by Propertius. His beauty, his strength, his milder virtues, seem to have caught the poet's affections, and inspired his affliction. Were a person to die in these days, though he was never at a battle in his life, our elegiac writers would be sure to make one for the occasion. Our lovers too, if they are really in love, seem more solicitous to show their wit than their passion, adopt trifling ornaments, laboured sentiments, and somewhat resemble the lawyer, who cared not whether he gained or lost his cause, provided he could make the court admire his eloquence.

"Je hais ces vains auteurs, dont la muse forcée,
M'entretient de ses feux, toujours froid, et glacée,
Qui s'affligent par art, et foux de sens rassis
S'érigent pour rimer en amoureux transit."—DESP.[1]

With respect to the present translation, from the instances already given, the reader need scarcely be informed, that it is very elegant, and tolerably correct. Several of the minor poets are as yet without translations: we hope that a hint will not be lost.

[1] Boileau-Despreaux.—ED.

GOGUET ON THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF LAWS, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

[From the *Critical Review*, March, 1759.]

De l'Origine des Loix, des Arts, et des Sciences; et de leurs Progrès chez les Anciens Peuples. Par Mr. Le Président Goguet. Three tomes. Printed at Paris, and sold by C. G. Syffert, in Dean-street, Soho. [1758.] [1]

THERE is a prettiness, a neatness, and symmetry of parts in the plan of most French books, which we admire, even while we hold the abilities of the author in contempt. Their specious manner we often mistake for solid erudition, and the superficial elegance of a gentleman frequently passes for the depth, labour, and judgment of the scholar. Such is the happy genius of this lively nation, that the most profound speculations are treated by them with the freedom of a novel; and Descartes and Newton so refined and polished, as to make no ungraceful appearance in the drawing room. This has its good as well as bad effects; it gives lustre to the other accomplishments of the man of fashion, but it banishes true science into cells and cloisters. We should gladly see their writers studied by our beaux, but less closely copied by our authors. It is the privilege of a Frenchman to usher his solemn trifles with the grave visage of philosophy. Their very bagatelles have in them something pleasing, that arrests the judgment, and leaves the reader in suspense whether most to applaud or condemn. This art we may admire, but never imitate. The British writer, who affects formality and method, without profound learning, betrays his ignorance and becomes ridiculous. Nor is he more successful in his attempts to be lively, without a native fund of humour. But the Frenchman, with no great share of either, is sure of being agreeable in both. Energy, accuracy, and industry would seem to characterize

[1] This was the "Foreign Article" of the March *Critical Review*. Antoine-Yves Goguet was born at Paris in 1716, and died there in 1758. His name did not appear in the title of the first edition of the book reviewed.—ED.

the one; beauty, and elegance of drapery, with a certain happiness of design, are the distinguishing marks of the other. By the former, a thought is scrupulously examined in every light; by the latter it is placed with little trouble in the most striking. The one separates, compares, combines, and pursues his subject with pain; the other playfully skims over the superficies, but with an eye so piercing, as, without removing the veil, seems at one glance to dive into the deeps of science. Here a writer is strained and tortured into all the distortions of the Pythian goddess, to utter what he knows; there he talks with a decisive dignity and a graceful eloquence, upon subjects of which he is totally ignorant; nay, he almost persuades us that his facility arises from his knowledge.[1] The author before us will, in some measure, illustrate the truth of these remarks.

Mr. Goguet appears to us rather a writer of genius than of erudition; yet by dint of the former, one would imagine him possessed of the latter. He has spread his learning with so light and masterly a hand, that no part of the performance seems wanting, although in the aggregate it is little more than a shadow or phantom of knowledge. His subject requires depth, and his plan proposes it: but alas! in the execution we find only the skeleton, draught, and outlines of his design remaining to be filled up by some future artist. In three volumes octavo,[2] Mr. President Goguet has comprised a subject, which, in the hands of some writers, would have swelled to ten times the number in folio. If it should please God to turn the heart of a certain learned gentleman to so useful an undertaking, we may soon expect to see Dr. Ratcliff's library replenished with much profound learning, and this stupendous monument of pride converted to better purposes than being the object of stupid admiration of every head as empty as its walls, that now visits *alma mater*.

Our author has here given a history of the rise and pro-

[1] Note: We would here be understood to speak of the general characters of writers; which supposes numberless exceptions on both sides. —*Critical Review.*

[2] The first Paris edition, which this article seems to profess to review, was in 3 vols. 4to.—Ed.

gress of science, which, as he justly observes, may be termed a history of the human mind from its infancy to its maturity, full growth, and perfection. When we first set about reading our historian, when we perused his preface, where he professes to give an accurate view of facts, as first principles; to trace the origin of laws, arts, and sciences, in the manner most agreeable to those principles; and lastly, to connect this variety of different objects in so regular a chain as at one glance to show their mutual influence, we doubted not but the wish of our great Lord Verulam was accomplished. But we reckoned without our host, our author's performance falls infinitely short of the big idea of that noble sage; for with vast pomp of method, and an almost disgusting parade of erudition (having quoted near four hundred authors ancient and modern), he appears to have taken many facts upon slight authority; to have rejected others which are well attested; to have misrepresented some; and, upon the whole, to be injudicious in his choice of facts, and superficial in his reflections. He complains, and with reason, that those who have hitherto pursued this path, have failed in the attempt, through want of ability or industry to examine facts with the necessary minuteness. This seems to be the rock on which he likewise has split; and we fear that such as may henceforward work on the materials he has collected, will have no less cause of complaint. In short, his prefatory promises are performed with the integrity usual in such introductory pieces, and we need not scruple to apply to him what he says of the diligent Pancirollus:[1] "Tout y est hazardé. Les faits les plus faux, et les contes les plus apocryphes y sont adoptés aveuglément. Cet ouvrage prouve une parfaite négligence, jointe à une démangeaison extrême de faire un livre." Indeed, this itch of book making, the *cacoëthes scribendi*, seems no less the prevailing disorder of England than of France. "Scribimus indocti doctique."

Mr. Goguet, after a short sketch of the state of mankind before the flood, begins his history with that great æra, which he continues to the death of Jacob, making this

[1] Prior and Cunningham print the name Paracelsus.—Ed.

period the first division of his performance. Here he treats of the establishment of *positive laws* under two classes, the last of which he calls the *civil law*. He gives a short view of the constitution, government, and laws of the Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Greeks, in the earliest ages. He touches upon their agriculture, and arts necessary to the support of life; shows their origin and gradual progress, but is sparing in his reflections on the causes of their growth and rise. Then he proceeds to the origin of weaving, dyeing, architecture, metallurgy, etching, embossing, carving, sculpture, and designing in general. Under this head he includes the first rise of writing, and its progress to the year 1690, before the birth of our Saviour. Hence he proceeds to the sciences, under which he ranks surgery, anatomy, botany, and pharmacy, which in our opinion, he ought to have placed under the arts. His next division of science consists of arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, mechanics, and geography. Mechanics he treats of after geometry, because to it they owe their perfection. For the same reason astronomy ought to be placed after geometry and mechanics. It is true, that to geometry they both owe their high degree of perfection, but not their birth. The spade, the mattock, and balance were used, and many observations on the heavens made, before geometry came to be applied to discover the powers of the wedge and lever, or the distance and magnitude of the planets. To deep speculation, indeed, they owe their progress; but their discovery seems to be the result of accident, of necessity, and that sort of observation peculiar to the human intellect. Next follows the art of war, upon which Mr. Goguet has spent more pains in being explicit, than upon any of the former topics. Then he comes to the manners and customs of Asiatics and Europeans, without descending to the sub-distinctions of each particular nation; the whole historical part of this period concluding with critical remarks upon it.

[1]To the first volume are annexed three critical disserta-

[1] This paragraph is left out of the reprints of Prior and Cunningham. It deserves to be restored, if only for its reference to Sanconiathon, afterwards to figure so humorously in the character of Jenkinson in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'—Ed.

tions, the first of which we will venture to pronounce a valuable acquisition to the curious. Here he labours to prove the authenticity of that fragment of Sanconiatho, which by many critics is ascribed to the imposture of Philo-Byblos. In support of this opinion our author has displayed great address, candour, and the true spirit of criticism. If he has not fully proved his point, he has at least advanced ingenious arguments and probable conjectures in defence of it, which at this distance of time, is the utmost that is possible. In the second dissertation much labour is bestowed in establishing the genuineness and antiquity of the book of Job; a point we imagined had been sufficiently cleared before. As to the third dissertation it is rather curious than useful. In specifying certain constellations mentioned in the book of Job, Mr. Goguet has made such a parade of critical learning, in the Hebrew, Arabic, and Greek languages, that it would have an appearance of ill nature to deny him the reputation he is so ambitious of gaining.

Having finished this barren disquisition, he proceeds to the second period, *viz.* from the death of Jacob to the establishment of monarchy among the Hebrews. This he has treated in the same order and method as the preceding. The third period contains a space of 560 years, that is, from the end of the former to the return of the Hebrews from captivity; to which are subjoined some curious extracts from Chinese writers, communicated to our author by the learned M. Hautes Rayes. These contain many valuable particulars concerning the history, manners, government, arts, and sciences of the ancient Chinese, to which Mr. Goguet has had frequent recourse in his history.

As it would trespass on our plan to dwell minutely upon each of the above particulars, we must refer our readers to the author. Upon the whole, we will venture to say, that this work, with all its imperfections, has likewise its merit. The arrangement, harmony, and disposition of the several parts are nice and judicious. The style is concise, clear, and not inelegant, and if the reflections are not profound and laboured, they are at least pertinent, and naturally risi[illegible] the subject. It is in every respect well calcu-

lated for such as would be scholars without the trouble of much reading, and think it sufficient *to catch the eel of science by the tail.*[1]

WARD'S SYSTEM OF ORATORY.

[From the *Critical Review*, April, 1759.]

A System of Oratory, delivered in a Course of Lectures, publicly read at Gresham College, London. In two volumes, 8vo. Ward. Price 10*s.* [1759.][2]

IF diction perfectly grammatical, and a method perfectly scientific; if the marks of extensive reading, and an omission of scarce aught that has been formerly advanced on the subject, demand applause, these lectures may assert their claim. Accurate and copious, they contain all that the ancients have delivered on the rhetorician's art, all the rules which commentators have coolly deduced from a careful perusal of the raptures of Demosthenes and Cicero. This, perhaps, was all the praise our author sought; and this much certainly is his due. We will not accuse the lecturer of phlegm, since he only professes to be didactic; nor censure his many repetitions, since to an audience, perhaps, they conduce to perspicuity. They who seek to understand rhetoric, must be contented with the disgusting dryness of names and definitions: those names and proper definitions are supplied here in abundance. If, regardless of the present age, the author has not thought proper to adapt his rules to the differing modes of eloquence of different centuries, he has, nevertheless, been a faithful commentator upon the ancients, whom he appears to have studied, and whose languages he seems perfectly to have

[1] Query, from Pope's

> "How index-learning turns no student pale,
> Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

See 'Dunciad,' bk. i., ll. 279-80, Elwin and Courthorpe's edition, 1882. —ED.

[2] By Dr. John Ward, who was Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College for thirty-eight years. He was born in London in 1679, and died in 1758.—ED.

understood. We would not therefore be thought to object to the execution of the present performance, but to the choice of the subject; not to the lecturer's talents, but the inutility of his task.

In delivering our sentiments upon a former work, which had pretty much the same excellencies and the same defects with this before us, [Lawson's Oratory] [1] we hinted our opinion, that eloquence is more improved by the perusal of the great masters, from whose excellencies rules have been afterwards formed, than by an attendance on the lectures of such as pretend to teach the art by rule, more by imitation than by precept. We shall here, then, take the liberty of pursuing the thought; and as an extract from the work before us can (from the nature of the subject) neither excite the reader's curiosity nor awaken his attention, instead of offering any thing from the author we shall fill up a page with a few observations of our own. We all would be orators: we live in an age of orators: our very tradesmen are orators. Were it not worth while to ask what oratory is? [2]

Oratory is nothing more than the being able to imprint on others, with rapidity and force, the sentiments of which we are possessed ourselves. Thus sometimes even silence is eloquent,[3] and action persuades when words might fail. We may be thus impressed, without being convinced; and our passions are often excited on the side of the speaker, though reason would resist their impulse. "Whatever," says Boileau, "we clearly conceive, we can clearly express; whatever we conceive with warmth, is expressed in the same manner:" when the emotion is strong, the words rise almost involuntarily, to give our feelings all the force of expression. The speaker who calmly considers the propriety of his diction cools in the interval; the spirit is fled,

[1] This introduction to the paragraph is omitted by Prior and Cunningham. The article on Lawson appeared in the *Critical Review* for November, 1758. Perhaps the reference to it here, and the excuse thus afforded to the reviewer for lapsing into "observations of our own," are evidence that the Lawson article is by the same hand.—Ed.

[2] Compare what follows with Goldsmith on oratory in the 'Bee,' vol. ii., p. 420; the 'Essays,' vol. i., p. 270; and elsewhere.—Ed.

[3] The *Review* has "elegant." Prior printed "eloquent," which is no doubt the right word.—Ed.

and, not being moved himself, he ceases to affect his hearers. Should we examine writers of genius on the most applauded parts of their performances, they would readily answer, that those parts have been most admired which they wrote with the greatest ease and the warmest enthusiasm. Thus we see, eloquence is born with us before the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before the rules of grammar. Nature alone is mistress of the art, and perhaps every person who understands the language in which he speaks, who has great interest in the cause he defends, or is warmly attached to his party, might be an orator. This is the reason that the most barbarous nations speak in a style more affecting and figurative than others; they feel with passions unabated by judgment, and tropes and figures are the natural result of their sensations. These strong and vigorous emotions, therefore, can be no where taught, but they may be extinguished by rule; and this we find actually to have been the case. We find no Grecian orator truly sublime after the precepts of Aristotle, nor Roman after the lectures of Quintilian. Their precepts might have guarded their successors from falling into faults, but at the same time they deterred them from rising into beauty. Cool, dispassionate, and even, they never forfeited their title to good sense; they incurred no disgust, and they raised no admiration.

But if rules in general of this kind are of such inutility, how much more must they lead us astray, when we take the precepts given to the orators of one country to direct the pleadings of another; rules drawn from the ancients to direct a modern barrister, would make him thoroughly ridiculous; and yet this custom prevailed in Europe till about a century ago. A lawyer, who even then perceived the absurdity of the custom, hearing his adversary talk of the war of Troy, the beauteous Helena, and the river Scamander, entreated the court to observe, that his client was christened, not Scamander, but Simon.

In fact, those men who have taken so much pains to reduce what is properly a *talent* to an *art*, have but very little advanced the interests of learning: by their means, the mind, attentive to her own operations, mixes judgment with all her enthusiasms; and like a man who is ever reflect-

ing on the danger of every hazardous enterprize, at last is satisfied with the advantages of safety, unconcerned about the rewards attending success.[1]

[Murphy's] Orphan of China.

[From the *Critical Review*, May, 1759.]

The Orphan of China; a Tragedy, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. 8*vo.* *Price* 1*s.* 6*d.* *Vaillant.*[2]

When luxury has exhausted every mode of enjoyment, and is palled by an iteration of the same pursuits, it often has recourse even to absurdity for redress, and vainly expects from novelty those satisfactions it has ceased to find in nature. Like the Asiatic tyrant of antiquity, wearied of the old pleasures, it proposes immense rewards, and eagerly seeks amusement in the new. From the prevalence of a taste like this, or rather from this perversion of taste, the refined European has, of late, had recourse even to China, in order to diversify the amusements of the day. We have seen gardens laid out in the eastern manner; houses ornamented in front by zig-zag lines; and rooms stuck round

[1] The next following article to the above in the *Critical Review* is a favourable notice of Goldsmith's 'Enquiry into Polite Learning.' We extract its concluding paragraph, as bearing upon the relations of the "two Reviews," *i.e.* the *Critical* and *Monthly*. "N.B. We must observe that against his own conviction, this author has indiscriminately censured the two Reviews, confounding a work undertaken from public spirit, with one supported for the sordid purposes of a bookseller. It might not become us to say more on this subject." See Appendix to the Criticisms I. and II. Perhaps what is there said about Goldsmith's introduction to Smollett may show that the latter himself wrote the *Critical's* review of our author's first original book.—Ed.

[2] The first edition of this play has not Murphy's name in the title, though the dedication, to "John, Earl of Bute," discloses it. The tragedy was first performed on April 21, 1759, Garrick and Mrs. Yates playing the two principal characters, 'Zamti' and 'Mandane.' It was played nine times. Goldsmith also notices Murphy and this play, in the 'Bee' "reverie" on the "Fame Machine;" see our vol. ii., p. 391.—Ed.

with Chinese vases and Indian pagods.[1] If such whimsies prevail among those who conduct the pleasures of the times, and consequently lead the fashion, is it to be wondered, if even poetry itself should conform, and the public be presented with a piece, formed upon Chinese manners?—manners which, though the poet should happen to mistake, he has the consolation left, that few readers are able to detect the imposture. Voltaire, than whom no author better adapts his productions to the colour of the times, was sensible of this prevalence of fashion in favour of all that came from China, and resolved to indulge its extravagance. He has accordingly embroidered a Chinese plot with all the colouring of French poetry; but his advances to excellence are only in proportion to his deviating from the calm insipidity of his eastern original. Of all nations that ever felt the influence of the inspiring goddess, perhaps the Chinese are to be placed in the lowest class: their productions are the most phlegmatic that can be imagined. In those pieces of poetry, or novel translations, some of which we have seen, and which probably may soon be made public,[2] there is not a single attempt to address the imagination, or influence the passions; such therefore are very improper models for imitation: and Voltaire, who was perhaps sensible of this, has made very considerable deviations from the original plan.[3] Our English poet has deviated still further, and, in proportion as the plot has become more European, it has become more perfect. By omitting many of the circumstances of the original story, and adding several of his own, Mr. Murphy has given us a play, if not truly Chinese, at

[1] The China craze is further dwelt upon in Letter XIV. of the 'Citizen of the World.'—Ed.

[2] A specimen of this kind will probably appear next season at Mr. Dodsley's, as we are informed.—*Critical Review.* [This was 'Han Kiou Choaan, or the Pleasing History,' a Chinese novel, translated by Goldsmith's friend, Dr. Percy, and published in 1761.—Ed.]

[3] Sir John F. Davis says the original of the 'Orphan of China' (the 'Orphan of Chaou') was "the first specimen of a Chinese play translated into French." He adds that the Jesuit Prèmaire did the translation; and that Voltaire made it "the groundwork of one of his best tragedies, 'L'Orphelin de la Chine.'" Sir John further states that the play "is founded on an event which occurred about a hundred years before the birth of Confucius." (Davis, 'Chinese,' 1836, vol. ii., p. 183.) —Ed.

least entirely poetical. Perhaps it was the intention of this ingenious writer, to show the strength of his imagination in embellishing a barren plot, and, like the artist we have somewhere heard of, who was famous for dressing a pair of shoes into a fricasee, chose rather to have us admire his manner than his materials.

The first error in the plot of this piece is, that the pathos begins without a proper preparation of incident. The most poignant anguish begins in the second act, where Mandane, the only woman of the play, feels all the distress of passion, conflicting between a subject's duty and a mother's tenderness. When the poet thus attempts to move us before his time, the most he can do is to raise an equally moderate degree of pity through the whole, which all his art cannot raise into that fine agony of distress, so common among the great masters of his art. All enthusiasms are of short continuance; nor is it in the power of genius to keep our sorrows alive through five acts, unless it diversifies the object, or, in every act excites some new and unforseen distress; but neither of these the Chinese plot in view admits of.

Shakspear, Otway, and Rowe, seemed to have been perfect economists of their distress (if we may use the expression); they were so sensible of a necessary gradation in this respect, that their characters frequently make their first appearance in circumstances of joy and triumph. They well knew that we are apt to pity the sufferings of mankind, in proportion as they have fallen from former happiness.[1] Othello, therefore, meets the mistress he must soon kill, in all the extasy of a happy lover. Acasto surveys the felicity of his family with the most unreserved degree of rapture; and the father of the Fair Penitent, who soon is to be wretched indeed, begins in a strain of exultation, that forces us almost to envy his felicity.

We have been led into these reflections, from observing the effect the ingenious performance before us had upon the audience the first night of its representation. The whole house seemed pleased, highly and justly pleased; but it was not with the *luxury of woe* they seemed affected: the

[1] Compare the remarks upon tragedy, &c., at p. 399, vol. i.; also those in the 'Poetical Scale,' its 'Sequel,' and 'Our Own Language' in the Later Collected Essays of the present volume.—Ed.

nervous sentiment, the glowing imagery, the well-conducted scenery, seemed the sources of their pleasure: their judgment could not avoid approving the conduct of the drama, yet few of the situations were capable of getting within the soul, or exciting a single tear; in short, it was quickly seen, that all the faults of the performance proceeded from vicious imitation, and all its beauties were the poet's own. And now we are mentioning faults (faults which a single quotation from the play will happily expunge from the reader's memory), the author has, perhaps, too frequently mentioned the word *virtue*. This expression should, in the mouth of a philosopher, be husbanded, and only used on great occasions; to repeat it too often, it loses its cabalistic power, and at last degenerates into contempt. This was actually the case at Athens, so that their Πολυθρυλλετη ἀρετή, as it was called, became contemptible even among the most stupid of their neighbouring nations; and towards the latter end of their government they grew ashamed of it themselves. But, to do the writer ample justice, we will lay one scene against all his defects, and we are convinced that this alone will turn the balance in his favour. Works of genius are not to be judged from the faults to be met with in them, but by the beauties in which they abound.

Zamti, the Chinese high-priest, is informed, that his own son is going to be offered up as the orphan-heir of China; after a short conflict, his duty gains a complete victory over paternal affection: he is willing his son should die, in order to secure his king; but the difficulty remains to persuade his wife, Mandane, to forego a mother's fondness, and conspire also in the deceit.

"*Scene.*—MANDANE. ZAMTI.

* * * * * *[1]

Even in so short a specimen the reader sees a strength of thought, a propriety of diction, and a perfect acquaintance with the stage.[2] The whole is thus in action, filled with

[1] The long scene, filling pp. 30-34, and ending Act ii. of the original, follows here.—ED.

[2] Concerning Arthur Murphy in his little known, and self-suppressed, character of actor, see the note at p. 286, *ante*. Goldsmith speaks of his "theatrical air" in the 'Bee' essay, p. 391, vol. ii.—ED.

incident, and embellished with a justness of sentiment, not to be found even in Mr. Voltaire. The French poet, for instance, seems to speak without detestation of self-murder, and instances the neighbouring Japanese,[1] who find in it a refuge from all their sorrows: our poet more justly brands it as an usurpation of

"[*Zamti.*]——The dread prerogative
Of life and death, and measure out the thread
Of our own beings! 'Tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril—
Be that the practice of th' untutor'd savage;—
Be it the practice of the gloomy north.
Mandane. Must we then wait a haughty tyrant's nod,
The vassals of his will?—no—let us rather
Nobly break through the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of some other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,
And view the deed with wonder and applause.
Zamti. Distress too exquisite!—Ye holy pow'rs,
If aught below can supersede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare, self-impell'd,
Rush to your awful presence;—oh! it is not
When the distemper'd passions rage; when pride
Is stung to madness; when ambition falls
From his high scaffolding;—oh!—no—if aught
Can justify the blow, it is when virtue
Has nothing left to do;—when liberty
No more can breathe at large;—'tis with the groans
Of our dear country when we dare to die.
Mandane. Then here at once direct the friendly steel.
Zamti. One last adieu!—now!—ah! does this become
Thy husband's love! thus with uplifted blade
Can I approach that bosom-bliss, where oft
With other looks than these—oh! my Mandane—
I've hush'd my cares within thy shelt'ring arms?
Mandane. Alas! the loves that hover'd o'er our pillows
Have spread their pinions, never to return,
And the pale fates surround us—
Then lay me down in honourable rest;

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1 "*Idamé.* L'homme était-il donc né pour tant de dépendance?
De nos voisins altiers imitons la constance;
De la nature humaine ils soutiennent les droits,
Vivent libres chez eux, et meurent à leur choix;
Un affront leur suffit pour sortir de la vie,
Et plus que le néant ils craignent l'infamie.
Le hardi Japonais n'attend pas qu'au cercueil;
Un despote insolent le plonge d'un coup-d'œil."
'L'Orphelin de la Chine,' acte v., sc. 5.—ED.

Come, as thou art, all hero, to my arms,
And free a virtuous wife—
Zamti. It must be so—
Now then, prepare thee—my arm flags and droops,
Conscious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve.
[*Dashes down the dagger.*"
[Act v., pp. 75-6.]

This is finely conceived, and exquisitely executed. Subjoined to the play we find a letter, addressed from the author to Voltaire, which we think might have been better suppressed; for though it is written with fire and spirit, and contains many judicious observations, it may subject Mr. Murphy to the censure of having made but an indifferent return to a man, whose sentiments and plan he has, in a great measure, thought proper to adopt. It may be indeed considered as a just retribution on a Frenchman, who had served Shakspear in the same manner; that is, adopted all his beauties, and then reviled him for his faults. Voltaire is entitled to particular regard from our countrymen, notwithstanding the petulance with which he has treated them on some occasions; for he was certainly the first who opened the eyes of Europe to the excellencies of English poetry.[1]

[Formey's] Philosophical Miscellanies.

[From the *Critical Review*, June, 1759.]

Philosophical Miscellanies on various Subjects. To which is prefixed an Account of the Author and his Works, by Himself. From the Original of M. Formey, *Perpetual Secretary to the Royal Academy at* Berlin.[2] 12*mo.* 3*s.* *Hinton.* [1759.]

This volume of miscellanies is prefaced with the author's own account of himself. What he found in his life worthy of thus being made public, it is not easy to determine,

[1] Compare Goldsmith on Voltaire in 'Memoirs,' *ante*, p. 20, and elsewhere.—Ed.

[2] J. H. S. Formey, originally of a French family, was born at Berlin in 1711, and died in 1797. The original edition of his 'Mélanges' was

since all its transactions are comprised in his being bred a divine, in being made professor of eloquence in a university, secretary to a literary society, and having wrote a great many books. There is not, perhaps, in nature a being more fond of flattery than the professor in a college. Accustomed to adulation from their pupils, they expect it from the world; and when Fame does not happen to blow her trumpet sufficiently in their praise, have been frequently found to strengthen the blast themselves. Though their whole lives may have passed away between the fireside and the easy chair,[1] yet how have we seen the press sweat with the uninteresting anecdotes of men who did nothing! But let them pass. They write for minds congenial to their own.

This may serve as a sufficient intimation that Mr. Formey's taste does not entirely correspond with ours. It must be owned his vanity has given some unfavourable impressions, and his eloquence has wiped none of these impressions away. 'Tis true, that by arraigning his gravity or his learning, we incur some danger from the resentment of our brother journalists, and that class of men who are prudently for ever in the right. A theologist, a German, a professor, a journalist, a secretary to an academy, who perhaps could class eight or ten letters to the end of his name; to arraign the talents of such a man; to say, that with all his eloquence he is at best *metaphorically dull*, will perhaps be considered as heresy in the commonwealth of letters![2]

Yet let not his faults be confounded with those of his translator; for these are frequently almost too gross for correction.[3] This gentleman talks of "awakening to a

published at Leyden in 1754. The above is a selection, with the 'Account of the Author' added. Several others of Formey's works were translated into English. See note 2 below.—Ed.

[1] The same words occur in the second letter to Bryanton. See p. 436, vol. i.—Ed.

[2] Nevertheless Goldsmith himself, a little later, translated this author's 'History of Philosophy and Philosophers.' The translation, however, was anonymous. Francis Newbery published it in 1766, the year he published the 'Vicar of Wakefield;' but John Newbery, it seems, paid for the work. See the entry "Translation of Philosophy . . . £20" in Goldsmith's memoranda in our vol. i. p. 483.—Ed.

[3] Prior has altered this word to "conception," and that may be the

vigilancy," in the first paragraph; tells us of the "coction of the ventricles," by which we suppose is meant, in the original, the digestive faculty of the stomach: he translates the exit of the nerves from the medulla spinalis, by the "roots of the marrow." Whenever an English word does not come to his hand, he without further ceremony makes one of his own, such as somnolence, humectating, acrity, acridity, inflammative, machinal, and so forth; all which are delivered with great ease, and much appearance of learning. In short, our German frequently is made to talk unintelligibly, and is thus robbed of one half his reputation; and at best, heaven knows, he has not much to spare! It reminds us of a man, who, selling his horse, assured the buyer that he had but two faults; one was, that he was very hard to be caught, and the other fault—ay, what was that?—he was good for nothing when we had caught him.

The first treatise is entitled, An Essay on Sleep. He raises a controversy whether sleep, which gives rest to our voluntary actions and motions, does not augment the vital and involuntary? This dispute he is at great pains to determine; and Sanctorius [1] and Boerhaave on one side, are marshalled against Gorter, Keil, and Dodart on the other. An acquaintance with modern discoveries in physiology would have prevented his doubts, and taught him to reconcile Keil with Boerhaave. The quantity of matter which goes off by perspiration, though it be sometimes greater, is frequently less than that which is absorbed from the circumambient atmosphere. Thus a man, who, after the fatigue and exercise of the day, weighs himself upon going to bed, will be found some pounds heavier the next morning. While we are awake and in action, we perspire more than we inhale. In that state, therefore, the blood

right word. Yet the author may have meant to say that some of the mistakes were so gross and palpable as not to need correction at his hands.—Ed.

[1] Prior and Cunningham print "Seneca;" but the *Critical Review* has Sanctorius, and that Venetian physician (b. 1561, d. 1636), and his investigations relative to perspiration, are clearly the subjects of the text. N.B.—Goldsmith's medical education is continually cropping up in his writings, and it is always an important factor in determining as to the authenticity of his doubtful works.—Ed.

is deprived of a greater quantity of its fluid than in a state of sleep; the more the blood is deprived of this fluid, the more its stimulus increases. By this means the pulse becomes quicker, and all the vital motions are accelerated. To replenish this waste of fluid, sleep therefore is requisite, which gives the blood a proper degree of fluidity, and regulates the machine.[1]

He next proceeds to consider what it is that sleeps in us. And to this he peremptorily answers, that the cerebrum, which he regards as the source of all our voluntary motions, is at rest; while the cerebellum, by him supposed to be the source of vital motion, continues alive and active. His theory has been so often refuted already, that we must accuse either his candour or learning, in not perceiving the proper objections. Animals deprived of the cerebrum have been seen to perform many of the voluntary motions; a proof that it cannot be the source of such. But to dismiss this essay, let it be sufficient to observe, that where-ever the author attempts physiological explanations, he discovers no great share of knowledge or erudition.

His next essay is upon dreams, where his merit as a metaphysician is somewhat superior to his skill in physiology. In quality of the latter, however, he begins this dissertation with a confused account of the manner in which bodies operate upon the nerves; one time considering them as having a nervous fluid, and another, as being elastic strings, that vibrate to every external impression. However, it is sufficient for his purpose that they serve as conveyances from external objects to the thinking power. The nerves, at their origination from the brain, are supposed to be of much more vivid perception than they are at their extremities, which lie at such a distance from the common sensory. "Hence," continues he, "it is that arise all the acts of imagination during vigilancy; and nothing is more known, than that in persons of a certain habit of body, or who are given up to intense meditation, or agitated by violent passions, these acts of imagination are equivalent to sensation, and even hinder its effects; though

[1] Goldsmith goes into this question in his 'Animated Nature,' vol. ii., pp. 108, &c.—Ed.

otherwise the impression in itself be very far from faint. Those are the dreams of waking men, and there is a perfect analogy betwixt them and the dreams in sleep; both the one and the other depending on that series of inward concussions at the extremity of the nerves, which terminates in the brain; the whole difference is, that whilst awake, we can check this series, break the concatenation, alter the direction, and supersede it, by calling in real sensation; whereas dreams are independent of our will, and it is without the verge of our power either to continue an agreeable illusion, or disperse an hideous phantom. The imagination in a waking person is a policed republic, where the voice of the magistrate appeases confusion and restores order; the imagination in dreams is the same republic in a state of anarchy; and still the passions make frequent attempts against the legislator's authority, even whilst his prerogative is in its full force, and he is in a capacity of asserting his rights."

Our author is of opinion, that there is no period of sleep in which we do not dream, but the images are so confused and faint, as to leave not the least trace upon the memory. So that, properly speaking, to dream is no more than to have a recollection of our dreams. This is a controversy that has employed many to very little purpose. For if, with Mr. Locke, there be a time when the soul is quite insensible, it can never remember such a time, that interval of insensibility being considered as nothing in its period of existence, and consequently will not admit of reasoning about it.

The succeeding essays turn upon the Value and Neglect of the Laws of Conversation: On the Scale of Beings;[1] by which he means, that infinite gradation of beings, from the summit of perfection down to inanimate matter: On the Order of Nature: On the Analogy between the Nourishment of the Soul and that of the Body. On the principles of Happiness and Unhappiness in Marriage: On Moral Liberty: On Lending Money at Interest. The Ob-

[1] Both the *Critical Review* and Prior make one essay of these two. The *Review* prints "laws of conversation on the scale of beings," &c., and Prior has the same, with "in" for on. Our correction is from the book reviewed.—Ed.

ligation of procuring ourselves the Conveniences of Life considered as a Moral Duty. The *nugis addere pondus* is very manifest in this author's manner. Every subject is treated very scientifically, with a great show of argument, which proves nothing; he seems ever upon the wing, yet does not stir an inch. He very conscientiously and methodically divides his subject, surveys it round and round, and then leaves it without stripping off a single obscurity. Need it be added then, upon the whole, that it is one of those performances which generally serve to gain an author the praise of his acquaintance, and yet create no envy in cotemporary writers? The ill-natured must own there is no harm in it, and they who are more generous may, perhaps, allow that it reads *well enough*.

VAN EGMONT'S TRAVELS THROUGH EUROPE, ASIA, ETC.

[From the *Critical Review*, June, 1759.]

Travels through part of Europe, Asia *Minor, the Islands of the* Archipelago, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, *Mount* Sinai, *&c.* * * * *By the Honourable* J. Ægidius Van Egmont, *Envoy Extraordinary from the United Provinces to the Court of* Naples; *and* John Heyman, *Professor of the Oriental Languages in the University of* Leyden. *Translated from the* Low Dutch. *In two vols.* 8*vo.* *Pr.* 10*s.* *Davis and Reymers.* [1759.]

TRAVELS acquire one great part of their merit from being new. Every country seems like the picture in a camera-obscura, continually altering their tints, though the outlines be still the same. A single age introduces new customs and manners, as well as inhabitants. Those who compare the accounts of the travellers of the fourteenth century with those of the moderns, will perceive that even Asia has altered its modes, the inhabitants of many places having almost changed their nature. From every new publication of travels, therefore, the reader has a right to expect recent information, that it at least excels all other accounts by giving, if not more authentic, at least more

modern descriptions. In this respect, however, the purchaser of the book in question will find himself mistaken. These travels have been performed more than an age ago; and we have had several men of better abilities, who have visited and described those countries mentioned in the title-page, later than they. To what purpose, then, a new publication, which contains accounts neither so accurate or so modern as those which have preceded it? Really we know not, unless vainly to add to the number of such descriptions, already too voluminous.

One who sits down to read the accounts of modern travellers into Asia, will be apt to fancy that they all travelled in the same track. Their curiosity seems repressed either by fear or indolence, and all are contented if they venture as far as others went before them. Thus, the same cities, towns, ruins, and rivers, are again described, to a disgusting repetition. Thus, a man shall go a hundred miles to admire a mountain, only because it was spoken of in Scripture; yet what information can be received from hearing, that Ægidius Van Egmont went up such a hill, only in order to come down again? Could we see a man set out upon this journey, not with an intent to consider rocks and rivers, but the manners and the mechanic inventions, and the imperfect learning of the inhabitants, resolved to penetrate into countries as yet little known, and eager to pry into all their secrets, with a heart not terrified at trifling dangers;—if there could be found a man who could unite thus true courage with sound learning, from such a character we might hope much information. Even though all he should bring home was only the manner of dyeing red in the Turkish manner, his labours would be more beneficial to society, than if he had collected all the mutilated inscriptions and idle shells on the coasts of the Levant.[1]

With respect to the gentlemen in view, we have no reason to doubt of their veracity: however, that circumstance alone will not compensate for dry accounts, and observations frequently true, but seldom striking. In copying the

[1] This gives early expression to Goldsmith's often recurring idea for exploring Asia, &c. For its later forms, see the 'Citizen of the World, Letters XXX. (p. 112) and CVIII.; also see our 'Life,' pp. 25, 26, where is quoted Dr. Johnson's ridicule of the scheme.—Ed.

Greek inscriptions, they seem frequently to have mistaken the letters, unless this defect is to be attributed to an error of the press.

As the religion of the Druses in the several parts of the East is not so generally known, we shall give, as an extract, one part of their book, "The first part of the Mysteries of the proper worship of our Maoula." [1]

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MONTESQUIEU'S MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

[From the *Critical Review*, June, 1759.]

Miscellaneous Pieces of M. de Secondat, *Baron* de Montesquieu. 8*vo*. *Pr.* 4*s*. *Wilson and Durham.*

SUCH of our readers as are not in possession of the last splendid French edition of the celebrated Montesquieu, will find this volume a valuable supplement to his other works, as the translation is executed with spirit, though seemingly inaccurate. There is a pleasure arising from the perusal of the very bagatelles of men renowned for their knowledge and genius; and we receive with veneration those pieces after they are dead, which would lessen them in our esteem while living. Sensible that we shall enjoy them no more, we treasure up, as precious relics, every saying and word that has escaped them; but their writings of every kind we deem inestimable. With what eagerness would all the literati of Europe pore over a half-defaced fragment of Plato, Cicero, Homer, or Virgil! Even a trifling poem of Swift or Pope will make a whole edition of their works sell with rapidity, and we now would purchase a warranted original copy of the worst verses Milton ever wrote, at ten times the price which the original copy of the 'Paradise Lost' brought him. We love to pursue genius from its serious occupations to its lighter and more airy amuse-

[1] The words in the translation are "taken from the first letter of one of their books, entitled," &c. The review concludes with an extract, filling more than six pages, which will be found in the book reviewed at vol. ii. pp. 298, *et seq.*—ED.

ments, and to peruse their unformed sentiments, as well as their finished pieces. Seeing their thoughts rise without order, connexion, or art, and destitute of the embellishments of style, and ornaments of learning, is examining them more closely, entering more intimately into their acquaintances, and more strongly marking their original powers. In the one, they address us with the formal and distant air of the superior; in the other, with the ease and familiarity of the friend, where every thing is uttered as it occurs. Studying the outlines of any work of genius, is like watching the progress of infancy to maturity; we trace it growing under the hands of the artist; we imagine ourselves present at every addition and improvement, and congratulate ourselves as if we had been assisting to its final perfection. Where it is broke off unfinished, we lament it as a promising child cut off in the bloom of youth, to the disappointment of all our hopes and wishes.[1]

Cicero observes, that we behold with transport and enthusiasm the little barren spot, or ruins of a house, in which a person celebrated for his wisdom, his valour, or his learning, lived. When he coasted along the shore of Greece, all the heroes, statesmen, orators, philosophers, and poets of those famed republics, rose in his memory, and were present to his sight: how much more would he have been delighted with any of their posthumous works, however inferior to what he had before seen! In just this manner did we receive pleasure from the volume before us. The detached pieces with which we are here presented fall greatly short of the merit of all his other performances; yet still they have the spirit of Montesquieu. His defence of the 'Spirit of Laws' is close, cool, and judicious; sometimes rising to wit, often shrewdly sarcastic; but generally dry, barren, and of such a kind as indicates that the talents of this great man did not lie in controversy. This, perhaps, may be the reason why his elegant panegyrist, D'Alembert, has so slightly touched upon this piece. As to the 'Temple of Gnidus,' we must beg leave to dissent in opinion from that polite encomiast, who, we think, has extolled it greatly

[1] These remarks also constitute an admirable apology, if apology be needed, for the republication of some of Goldsmith's own fugitive and trivial performances, in this and other editions of his works.—Ed.

beyond its merit, and probably from that sympathetic veneration which men of genius ever feel for each other. In our mind, it proves little more than that Montesquieu, to his other great talents, annexed those of fancy and invention. Of the 'Essay on Taste' we have spoken in our last Number; besides which nothing in this collection deserves any particular notice, except D'Alembert's eulogium on our author, his analysis of the 'Spirit of Laws,' both which are fine pieces, and Baron Montesquieu's oration upon being admitted a member of the French Academy. This we shall present to our readers, as a specimen of that fire of genius, which qualified him no less for a poet and orator, than his profound erudition, sound judgment, and vast reach of understanding, for the first of politicians.

* * * * * * [1]

Conjectures on Original Composition.[2]

[From the *Critical Review*, June, 1759.]

Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison. 8*vo*. *Price* 1*s*. 6*d*. *Millar*. [1759.]

One of the oldest and bravest champions in the cause of literature, has here resumed the gauntlet; and Dr. Young, the only survivor of our age of writers, instead of growing

[1] Here follows the oration. The text above, from "Of the Essay on Taste" to the extract, is omitted by Prior. Perhaps he thought it was an editorial interpolation. If it is not that, it may be an indication that the article "in our last Number" is also by Goldsmith. This article is a review of a work entitled 'An Essay on Taste. By Alexander Gerard, M.A. Professor . . . of Aberdeen. With three Dissertations upon the same subject; By Mr. De Voltaire, Mr. D'Alembert, and Mr. De Montesquieu.' 8vo. Millar.—Ed.

[2] An anonymous pamphlet, of which two editions were published in 1759. The reviewer's assumption that it is by Dr. Edward Young, the author of 'Night Thoughts,' &c., is amply borne out by other authorities, as Richardson (to whom the 'Letter' is addressed), Johnson, Boswell, Mrs. Piozzi, &c. The pamphlet, moreover, appears, with the little we have in prose by the author of 'Night Thoughts,' in Dr. Doran's edition of that author's 'Complete Works,' 1854.—Ed.

languid with age, seems to gather strength by time, and kindles as he runs.[1] Some imagery, frequent metaphor, and a glowing imagination, are generally the prerogatives of a youthful author; however, the writer in view seems to invert the order of nature, and as he grows old, his fancy seems to grow more luxuriant. To say the truth, his metaphors are too thick sown; he frequently drives them too far, and often does not preserve their simplicity to the end; thus, when he speaks of men "up to the knees in antiquity saluting the Pope's toe," he mixes images that are in themselves inconsistent; but wherever he falls short of perfection, his faults are the errors of genius; his manner peculiarly his own; and while his book serves, by precept, to direct us to original composition, it serves to impel us by example.

He begins by apologizing for his having, at his time of life, resumed the pen.[2] There was no need of an excuse from one whose genius still subsists in its energy, and whose very defects will have admirers. He proceeds to observe that there are two kinds of imitations, one of nature, the other of authors. The first we call originals, and confine the term imitation to the second: an imitator of the last class he justly ranks infinitely beneath the former. An imitator shares his crown with the chosen object of his imitation: but an original seizes reputation. Fame, fond of new glories, sounds her trumpet in triumph at his birth; but so few books have we dictated by original genius, that if all others were to be burnt, the lettered world would resemble some metropolis in flames, where a few incombustible buildings, a fortress, temple, or tower, lift their heads in melancholy grandeur, amid the mighty ruin. But why, continues he, are originals so few? Not because the writers' harvest is over, the great reapers of antiquity having left nothing to be gleaned after them, but because illustrious examples *engross*, *prejudice*, and *intimidate*.

[1] There is a tradition that Goldsmith met Young at the very outset of his literary career, viz., in 1757-8, when he was employed as a reader of the press at Richardson's printing office. See our 'Life,' p. 17, and vol. iii. p. 538.—Ed.

[2] Young was then nearly eighty. He died on Good Friday, 1765. —Ed.

They *engross* our attention, and so prevent a due inspection of ourselves; they *prejudice* our judgment in favour of their abilities, and so lessen the sense of our own; they *intimidate* us with the splendour of their renown: and thus, under diffidence, bury our strength.

He next asserts, that the truest way of writing like the ancients is to draw from nature. Let us build our compositions with the spirit, and in the taste of the ancients, but not with their materials. It is by a sort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with the writings of the ancients, and not by any particular sordid theft, that we can be the better for those who went before us. Genius is a master workman, learning but an instrument; and an instrument, though most valuable, not always indispensable.

Of genius there are two species, an earlier and a later; or call them infantine and adult. An adult genius comes out of Nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature. Shakspear's genius was of this kind: on the contrary, Swift had an infantine genius, which, like other infants, must be nursed and educated, or it will come to nought. Men are often strangers to their own abilities; genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under disguise, who, while we are lamenting his absence, drops his mask, striking us at once with equal surprise and joy. Few authors of distinction but have experienced something of this nature at the first beamings of their unsuspected genius, on the hitherto dark composition. Let not then great examples, or authorities, browbeat our reason into too great a diffidence of ourselves. Let us reverence ourselves, so as to prefer the native growth of our own minds to the richest imports from abroad, since such borrowed riches serve only to increase our poverty. Admiration of others depresses the admirer, in proportion as it lifts the object of our applause.

He proceeds, by complaining that Pope, who had a genius truly original, if he chose to exert it, was contented with being an humble imitator, and even boasted of his skill at imitation. Swift, on the contrary, not sufficiently acquainted with himself, left truth, in order to be original only in the wrong; and has so satirized human nature, as

to give a demonstration in himself, that it deserves to be satirized. The author then proceeds to characterize Shakspear and Ben Jonson; by the bye, paying his friend, the author of Sir Charles Grandison, some very pretty compliments. Dryden, he justly observes, was by no means a master of the pathos in tragedy. "He had a great, but a general capacity: as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature. A genius implies the rays of the mind, concentred and determined to some particular point; when they are scattered widely they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force to fire or dissolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart reaches ours, so what comes from his head, sets our brains at work and our hearts at ease." He then makes a transition to Mr. Addison, whose tragedy of Cato is observed to be a fine, but not an affecting performance. But though this poet deserved a superiority over cotemporary claims, even by his writings, he infinitely surpassed his rivals for fame in the integrity of his life, and in a glorious circumstance attending his death. Perceiving his last moments to approach, and no help from his physicians, he sent for a youth nearly related to him, finely accomplished, and who felt the utmost distress at separation. The young man came, "but life, now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent: After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, 'Dear Sir! you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred.' May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.'" [1]

As Dr. Young's manner of writing is peculiarly his own, and has already secured him an ample share of fame, we hope to see some succeeding man of genius do justice to the integrity of his life, and the simplicity and piety of his

[1] "In Tickell's excellent Elegy on his friend [Addison] are these lines:

'He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
The price of knowledge! taught us how to die.'

In which he alludes, as he told Dr. Young, to this [the above] moving interview." *Vide* Johnson's 'Life of Addison,' 'Poets,' 2nd ed., 1783, vol. ii., p. 369. The now well-known interview of the youthful Lord Warwick with the dying Addison was first told by Young as above.—Ed.

manners; for in this respect, not Addison himself was, perhaps, his superior. We would, in a word, be much better pleased to see the writers of the rising generation more fond of imitating his life than his writings; his moral qualities are transferable; his peculiarities, as a genius, can scarcely be imitated, except in their faults.

Butler's Remains in Verse and Prose.

[From the *Critical Review*, July and September, 1759.]

The Genuine Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Mr. Samuel Butler, *author of* Hudibras. *Published from the Original Manuscripts, formerly in the possession of* W. Longueville, *Esq.*;[1] *with Notes by* R. Thyer, *Keeper of the Public Library at* Manchester. *In two vols.* 8*vo. Price* 10*s. J. and R. Tonson.* [1759.]

When we consider Butler merely as a poet, and a party poet too, and reflect that poets, in our own time, have been known to excel in one species of composition, and yet have been useless in all other purposes of life, and ignorant in all other pursuits of learning, we bewail, but we are not greatly surprised at, the indigence in which we are told he lived and died. But when we view him by the light in which this publication places him, we are struck with somewhat next to horror at the want of discernment, at the more than barbarous ingratitude, of his cotemporaries.

[1] In the 'Life of Lord Keeper Guilford,' by Roger North (edit. 1826, vol. ii., p. 188), we find that Mr. William Longueville was a friend of the Lord Keeper, and a conveyancing lawyer, and bencher of the Inner Temple. He had, it is stated, raised himself from a low beginning to great eminence in his profession. "He was a master of classic wit, and had the best Latin sentences, from the orators, historians, and poets, at his tongue's end. . . . Mr. Longueville was the last patron and friend that poor old Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' had, and in his old age he supported him. Otherwise he might have been literally starved. All that Butler could do to recompense him, was to make him his heir, that is, give him his remains; but in loose papers, and indigested." It seems also that Butler was buried at the expense of Mr. Longueville. Thyer had the 'Remains' from Clarke to whom they were bequeathed by Longueville's son.—Ed.

When we see him join the humour of Lucian to the philosophy of Plato, and unite the virtue of Socrates with the wit of Aristophanes; when he displays an equal knowledge of men and books; when he adapts reading to reasoning, and all in the cause of liberty and religion, we are apt to bewail, not only the disgrace, but the loss, of our country, that could suffer such a person to be, in a manner, dead to society.

Till the pieces before us were published, Swift could, with some appearance of justice, have disputed with Butler the palm of wit, humour, and observation of life. But we are of opinion, that the question must be now, by the discerning and impartial part of the public, decided in Butler's favour. We cannot, however, say of all the pieces of this collection, as Ovid does of the chariot of the sun, "Materiam superat opus;" for here many of the materials are rich, but the workmanship is rough; they look like pieces of the most precious metal, when they first come out of a beautiful mould; but without the finishing and heightnings, that the hand and the tools of the artist can bestow. Many of them bear manifest indications of genius labouring, but not crushed, under indigence; while some of them have received all the polish that art and judgment can bestow.

The editor has performed his duty with great pertinency, yet modesty, of observation; and this publication is far from being one of those catchpenny subscription-works, which, circulating from one good-natured friend to another, at last picks the pockets of the public. We are tempted to wish, however, that Mr. Thyer's studies had led him a little more than they seem to have done, into those piddling walks of pamphlet and polemical reading, from which alone can be drawn the illustrations of many dark passages of his admirable author; nor can we think he has been always happy in his conjectures.

Through great part of the two volumes before us, we perceive that Butler was no friend to the Royal Society, and the method of philosophising in fashion in his time; and, indeed, as Mr. Thyer observes with great truth, one must own, that the members of that learned body, at their first setting out, did justly lay themselves open to the lashes

of wit and satire. See *Critical Review*, vol. i., p. 42, and vol. iii., p. 124.

The first poem in this collection is entitled 'The Elephant in the Moon,' and is planned upon a humourous story of a mouse getting into a telescope, with which the virtuosos were viewing the moon, and which they instantly pronounced to be an elephant in the moon.[1] The story, which is full of Butler's humour, is told at first in short, and then in long, verse, but generally in the same terms and terminations of rhyme. Each consists of between five and six hundred lines.

The poem which follows is entitled, 'A Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man,'[2] and bears the stamp not only of genius but virtue; with such characteristics of the latter as are impossible to be counterfeited: as for the former, they speak for themselves. In short, this is perhaps the finest and justest satire that any language can produce; and the whole of it has those marks of virtuous indignation, which prove that the poet speaks from the heart. This indignation is levelled equally against the court of Charles the Second as against the fanatics; and the reader is grossly mistaken if he imagines, that because Butler was the author of 'Hudibras,' he favoured either the politics or the manners of the court, to which his writings were so serviceable in its distress.

The satire in question, in enumerating the outward circumstances that create the weakness and misery of man, has the following lines:

> "Yet, as no barbarousness beside
> Is half so barbarous as pride,
> Nor any prouder insolence
> Than that, which has the least pretence,

[1] The victim of this mishap, if it ever occurred, was Sir Paul Neal, or Neile, one of the founders of the Royal Society. La Fontaine has also satirized the philosophers apropos of the affair, in his fable 'Un Animal dans la Lune.' Sir Paul is further said to be the original of Sidrophel, whom Hudibras addresses in his 'Epistle,' though it is generally thought that the Sidrophel of the principal parts of 'Hudibras' is meant for the astrologer Lilly. See Thyer, i. 1; also Bohn's 'Hudibras,' pp. 262, 265. —Ed.

[2] The poem (p. 57, vol. i., Thyer) is merely headed 'Satyr.' The title as given by the reviewer is from Thyer's contents-table.—Ed.

We are so wretched, to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;
To vapour sillily, and rant
Of our own misery and want,
And grown vain-glorious on a score,
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our greatest grace is, not to know
When we shall pay 'em back, nor how;
Begotten with a vain caprich
And live as vainly to that pitch.

"Our *pains* are real things, and all
Our *pleasures* but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But *cures* come difficult and hard;
Our noblest *piles*, and stateliest *rooms*
Are but out-houses to our *tombs;*
Cities, though ere so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the *grave;*
Our *brav'ry's* [1] but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt;
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if w' had gain'd by being lost." [ll. 65-94.]

After some other very fine reflections of the same caste, he concludes in the following noble and spirited strain:

* * * * * *[2]

The satire that follows is, what the author calls, in long verse, and is upon the licentious age of Charles the Second,[3] contrasted with the puritanical one that preceded it. In this satire, which is the sequel of the former, we have the following masterly lines:

"For those, who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away, in masquerade, to *hell;*
Now bring their crimes into the open *sun*,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,

[1] Finery.—*Critical Review.* [This is the gist of a note in Thyer. —Ed.]

[2] The last seventy lines of the poem are here quoted.—Ed.

[3] So Thyer entitles it. The heading of the poem (p. 69, Thyer) is simply 'Satyr.'—Ed.

As *eagles* try their young against its rays,
To prove, if they're of generous breed, or base;
Call *heav'n* and *earth* to witness, how they've aim'd
With all their utmost vigour to be damn'd." [ll. 35-44.]

Speaking of example—

"*Example*, that imperious *dictator*
Of all that's good, or bad to human nature;
By which the world's corrupted, and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise." [ll. 81-86.]

Then follows a satire upon gaming.

The satire that follows is, we dare say, addressed to Sir William Davenant, whose name our editor has been so delicate as to suppress, and is a piece of sterling wit.[1] Speaking of rhyme and sense, he says:

"I, whom a lewd caprich, (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain,
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would say *white*, the verse says *black*;
* * * * * *
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme — —."
[ll. 11-22.[2]]

Speaking of the plague of rhyme, Mr. Pope has nothing in all his works more splendid and musical than the following lines:

[1] The poem in Thyer (p. 86) is simply headed 'Satyr,' as are its neighbours. From Thyer's contents-table, however, it has got to be headed 'Satire: To a Bad Poet,' as in the Aldine Poets edition of Butler. For the supposed suppression (as the reviewer puts it) of Davenant's name, Thyer's volumes seem to afford no better ground than the following note on the two blanks in the poem: "This blank [at l. 22], and another at the close of the poem, the author evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my business therefore to deprive him of that satisfaction." Our reviewer, it will be seen, in what follows, gives the names which he thinks the blanks suppress.—Ed.

[2] Ned Howard.—*Critical Review.* [The Honourable Edward Howard, brother-in-law of Dryden, whose 'British Princes,' an heroic poem, 1669, the 'Usurper,' a tragedy, and other pieces, were very generally ridiculed.—Ed.]

"Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do, or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop." [ll. 59-66.]

He concludes the epistle with the following lines:

"Thou then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach Davenant [1] how ne'er to write again." [ll. 99-102.]

The next poem that follows, entitled 'Repartees between Cat and Puss, at a Cater-wauling in the modern heroic Way,' is levelled at the rhyme-plays of Dryden, (for we cannot think with Mr. Thyer, that Butler could throw his eye so low as upon Settle) and some other writers of otherwise good note; but it is supported with such exquisite humour, and with so just a spirit of ridicule, that it cannot admit of any quotations. Meanwhile, we think, that in this poem we can discover some seeds that were transplanted into the 'Rehearsal,' or from the 'Rehearsal' into it.[2]

The satire that follows is upon our ridiculous imitation of the French, and is worthy of the author of 'Hudibras.' The next poem is inscribed to the famous Ned Howard; and till now has always been given to Waller, and printed

[1] As we have said (note 1, p. 372), Thyer's text has a blank here. Our reviewer has filled in Davenant. Mr. Cunningham thought the poet meant was still Ned Howard, as in line 22.—Ed.

[2] "The ostensible author of the 'Rehearsal' was the witty George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He had, however, the assistance of the witty author of 'Hudibras,' who, while himself starving, amused his misery by ridiculing his contemporaries, Sprat, afterwards bishop of Rochester, and Martin Clifford, the author of a very scurrilous criticism upon some of Dryden's plays. By the joint efforts of this coalition the 'Rehearsal' was produced; a lively piece, which continues to please, although the plays which it parodies are no longer read or acted, and although the zest of the personal satire which it contains has evaporated in the lapse of time." Sir Walter Scott (Prose Works, 1834, vol. i., p. 116).—Ed.

in his works.[1] Then follows a palinody to the same gentleman, in the like vein of wit and humour. The conclusion of the next satire, which is upon drunkenness, is so inimitably fine, and so much in Butler's manner, that we must give it to the reader.

"So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore,
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant, and propagate a *vine*,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the *flood* before had done." [ll. 105-14.]

The poem that follows is entitled, 'A Satire on Marriage;' but is, in fact, levelled against adultery.[2] It is but crude, though charged with our author's spirit, as are the three following poems wrote in Pindaric-ode measures; one upon an 'Hypocritical Non-conformist;' the next upon 'Modern Critics;' and the third, 'To the happy memory of the most renowned Du Val,' the highwayman. This last had been published in the author's life-time. We are sorry Mr. Thyer, in a note upon this ode, should have been so ill-informed, as to compare the fate of Maclean,[3] the modern highwayman, to that of Du Val, in being beloved and lamented by the English ladies. We can assure him seriously, that the fact is false, and all the stories on that head were mere inventions. By-the-bye, Du Val was remarkably handsome, and Maclean was as remarkably ugly.

The satire, by way of panegyric on Sir John Denham, and the many severe touches of our author in other parts of his works against that gentleman, must have been

[1] The title is 'To the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq.,' &c. See previous notes, pp. 372-3. Thyer has a note in support of the theory that this poem is Butler's, and not Waller's.—Ed.

[2] 'A Satyr on Marriage' is Thyer's contents-table title. In the text the poem is headed 'Satyr' merely.—Ed.

[3] Thyer's note on Maclean is as follows.—"The present age can match the French adventurer with an Irish one of equal fame, the celebrated Mr. Maclean, who came to the same ignoble end, by being a hero in the same way, it is said, no less regretted by the fair-sex."—Ed.

founded upon some personal quarrel or disgust, as Mr. Thyer rightly observes. Amongst other things, Sir John is accused of having bought his 'Cooper's Hill,' and of having borrowed 'The Sophy.' But charges of that kind, if not supported by some very strong facts, ought to be discouraged; as they tend to endanger or weaken every author's claim to reputation from his works. "Nuptiæ demonstrant prolem," is an established maxim with regard to the issue of our bodies; and a man's fathering a production, unless it is clearly proved to be illegitimate, ought to establish his claim to the issue of his brains. But the truth is, there are strong presumptions against the knight in point of plagiarism; for his works are so unequal, that some of them, to make use of Martial's expression to a plagiary, seem to say, *Fur es.* Butler might have reasons for his charge that we are ignorant of.[1]

Amongst the several poems that follow, which we cannot particularize, there is a satire upon Plagiaries, which is finished, and in Butler's best manner.

We cannot agree with Mr. Thyer's conjecture, that Oliver Cromwell is meant in the ballad that begins, p. 193;[2] for though Mr. Thyer supports his conjecture by a caricatura of Cromwell's person, drawn by one of his professed enemies, yet we have a much better authority for believing that his face was far from being of the hideous form and complexion there described. There is an original of Cromwell by Cooper extant; and it is attended with a whimsical

[1] On the subject of Denham's unequal merits, see also the 'Poetical Scale,' in the Later Collected Essays to follow.—Ed.

[2] It begins—

"Draw near, good people, all draw near,"

and is titled in Thyer's contents-table 'A Ballad, as 'tis conjectured, upon O. Cromwell.' The heading in the text, however, is merely 'A Ballad.' Thyer has the following note upon it: "To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title, 'The Privileges of Pimping,' but afterwards cross'd it out, for which reason I have not inserted it; and only mention it as a circumstance which may amuse such as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this sort. It does not appear to bear any sense consistent with the subject; but some other critic may perhaps find one; or at least please himself with thinking so." Perhaps the absence of "any sense consistent with the subject" shows that Thyer is in error, as the reviewer thinks, in taking the "ballad" as setting forth a portrait of Cromwell.—Ed.

anecdote which is well-known to the virtuosi, and carries its own evidences along with it. For there are evident marks of creases in the canvas[1] of the painting, and a blue scarf about his armour is unfinished, which is said to have been owing to the usurper's impatience, when he called at Cooper's for the picture; for seeing the head finished, he hastily pulled the piece from the tenter, and clapping it into his pocket, flung into his coach. This painting is conformable to all the accounts of his face that we have from the most impartial hands; and represents it as manly, but somewhat stern, though far from being ugly, far less deformed and hideous, as Butler has painted the subject of this ballad. If we might hazard a conjecture, the poet might allegorically design to satirize some of the committees of parliament, that sat upon the estates of the king's party, and compounded with their owners. Those committees sat in different parts, not only of the kingdom, but of the city.

Amongst the fragments designed by Butler to be inserted in a second part of a satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning, one of them falls foul of Milton, for leaving the merits of the controversy between him and Salmasius, about king Charles's murder, and turning it into a war of words, by accusing Salmasius of writing false Latin. This put us in mind of an epigram of Milton's, beginning—

> "What made Salmasius, that French chattering pie,
> To aim at English and *Hundreda* cry?"

'Tis pity our author did not complete this design. His fragments, like the pieces of marble got together for rearing a building, are of the most exquisite beauty and workmanship. Amongst others, his description of a pedant is equally just and witty. Of pedantry, he says,—

> "For *pedantry* is but a corn, a wart
> Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,

[1] On this Mr. Cunningham says: "Cooper was a miniature painter, and never painted on canvas." Samuel Cooper was a miniature painter, but it may not *therefore* be certain that he "never painted on canvas." Perhaps, however, the portrait mentioned in the text was by Alex. Cooper, Samuel's brother, who, Bryan says, painted "both in oil and in minature."—ED.

A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects;
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain." [Vol. ii., p. 226.]

Next follows a collection of verses, under the title of 'Miscellaneous Thoughts,' which are finely adapted to their subjects, and which, had they fallen into the hands of a poetical trader, might have set him up, and as the saying is, "made a man of him for ever." It is extremely hard, if not disagreeable, to give any thing as a specimen of excellent, where every thing is equally so; but, as we must keep up to our plan, we shall give the first that comes to our hand of these detached verses:—

* * * * * *[1]

Having thus, we hope, given no unsatisfactory account of this curious collection, so far as regards the poetical part of it, we are obliged to defer the prose part, in which Butler will appear with equal, if not superior, advantages, to a future opportunity.

[From the *Critical Review*, September, 1759.]

It is a doubt whether the writings of Butler, or the neglect he met with, be the greatest satire on the age in which he lived: certainly, no man was ever possessed of greater talents for ridicule than he; none had a greater fund of original sentiment, none a more thorough detestation of vice, and none a more ungrateful return from society. A modern French writer, who has translated a part of his works, has justly observed, that he has more thoughts than lines, and perhaps an exuberance of sentiment is his greatest defect: indeed, so closely do they follow each other, that the reader has neither time to relish what is past, nor prepare himself for what is to follow; as in other commodities, their value seems to be diminished by their profusion.

[1] Here are quoted six of the 'Miscellaneous' pieces, p. 228, etc., Thyer, and Aldine Poets edition of Butler, 1866, vol. ii., pp. 266, &c.—Ed.

Of all our English poets, Butler was reckoned the most modest man: his confusion was such, upon a first introduction, that some men imagined him scarce removed from idiotism; when he warmed, however, in conversation, he then began to shine, and what before was pity in the audience, was now turned to admiration. Characters, however, of this kind, are perhaps not so well qualified as others for commencing authors. Impressed with too great a respect for the judgment of the reader, they imagine his sagacity equal to their own, and avoid repetition or explanation, as a tax upon his patience, or an imputation on his skill. In short, they write as Butler has actually written, pour out thought after thought, leave no interstice in the composition void of sentiment, nor even allow a pause for admiration. Such writing as this, and not the affected diffidence expressed in a preface, is the true characteristic of modesty. Here the writer, as in conversation, says but little, and that to the purpose. Butler's manner is, however, now pretty much worn out of use: most readers now take up books merely to be idle; men of this complexion must be met with smiles, instead of the severity of thoughtfulness. As long as the writer continues to divert, so long will they permit him to instruct them; but if he offers to become too concise for their indolence, he then becomes unintelligible: to what purpose, then, should a writer think deeply, when those whom he addresses will not be at the pains of thinking? In short, this sententious manner of the last age somewhat resembles gothic architecture, where the eye of the spectator is presented with a number of parts, each highly finished, and separately pretty, but which, however, diminish the effect of the whole.

If we read the histories of those great men who enlightened or adorned mankind, and, at the same time, perished like Butler by neglect, we shall find their misfortunes owing to the warmth of their friendships, or the virulence of their disgust. Thus Dante, Theodore Gaza, and Cassander, were soured by their distresses at last into misanthropy: it was just so with Butler; we find him, through this publication, pursuing his cotemporary authors, whom he disliked or despised, either with open or concealed satire; he could not tamely bear to see men carry away all

the rewards of admiration, because rich, nor set up as models of politeness, because hung round with titles. Sir John Denham, in particular, has found no quarter; he was one of those who owed most of his reputation to a combination of friends in his favour, and who was as much praised beyond his desert, as his antagonist before us was undervalued. Every wrong disposition of literary honours, Butler seems to have thought as a negative insult upon genius: he opposed the distribution with spirit, was tacitly approved, and left without a reward. How many plants of medicinal virtue do we not find growing among savages unacquainted with their effects!

The writing 'Characters,' as the editor remarks, "was a kind of wit much in fashion in the beginning of the last century." Bruyère seemed to have led the mode, but, to confess a truth, has not been equalled by any succeeding imitator: he has the happy art of varying his manner; when the bare description of nature begins to disgust, he has recourse to a story, and when that has ceased to surprize, he finds refuge in a bon mot. The 'Characters' before us want that entertaining variety, and seem drawn rather after the designs of Theophrastus; and we must do our countryman the justice to own, that his sketches are not inferior to those of the refined Grecian.

His character of a small poet for instance, is as fine a piece of satire and criticism as we have seen united. To give the reader a specimen:—

"A small poet is one that would fain make himself that which *nature* never meant him; like a *fanatic* that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon either in books, or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. Imitation is the whole sum of him; and his vein is but an itch or clap,[1] that he has catched of others; and his flame like that of charcoals, that were burnt before: but as he wants judgment to understand what is best, he naturally takes the worst, as being most agreeable to his own talent. You may know his wit not to be nature, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it; so does he, when he thinks he has got something, that will make him

[1] Clap = a disease.—Ed.

appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse, that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He measures other men's wit by *their* modesty, and his own by *his* confidence. He makes nothing of writing plays, because he has not wit enough to understand the difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and scribble, as chowses [1] do to play with cunning gamesters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of wit, as those that have bad voices are always singing out of tune; and those that cannot play, delight to fumble on instruments. He grows the unwiser by other men's harms; for the worse others write, he finds the more encouragement to do so too. His greediness of praise is so eager, that he swallows any thing that comes in the likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as shot-free against any thing that may lessen his good opinion of himself.—This renders him incurable, like diseases that grow insensible." [Thyer, p. 107-109, vol. ii.]

Were such a number of original thoughts in the possession of a German commentator, what folios might not be the result of his speculations! In short, this performance might serve as a common-place book for such as find more difficulty in thinking than expression; a hundred sentiments may be stolen from it, and yet the plagiary be never detected.

What can be more just than his character of a libeller, whom he describes as one whose whole works treat but of two things, his own malice and the faults of another!

"He is not much concerned whether what he writes be *true* or *false;* that's nothing to his purpose, which aims only at *filthy* and *bitter;* and therefore his language is, like pictures of the devil, the fouler the better. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it), but merely, as a jackdaw steals money, for his pleasure. His malice has the same success with other men's charity, to be rewarded in private; for all he gets is but his own private satisfaction, and the testimony of an evil conscience; for which, if it be discovered, he suffers the worst kind of martyrdom, and is paid with condign punishment, so that at the best he has but his *labour* for his *pains*. He deals with a man as the Spanish inquisition does with heretics, clothes him in a coat painted with hellish shapes of fiends, and so shows him to the rabble, to render him the more odious. He exposes his wit like a bastard, for the next comer to take up and put out to nurse, which it seldom fails of, so ready is every man to contribute to the infamy of another. He is like the devil, that sows tares in the dark, and while a man sleeps, plants weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the government or any great persons, if he has not a special care to keep himself, like a conjuror, safe in his circle, he raises a spirit that falls foul on himself, and carries him to *limbo;* where his neck is clapped up in the hole, out

[1] Chowses = cheats.—Ed.

of which it is never released, until he has paid his ears down on the nail for fees. He is in a worse condition than a school-boy; for when he is discovered, he is whipped for his exercise, whether it be well or ill done; so that he takes a wrong course to show his wit, when his best way to do so is to conceal it; otherwise he shows his folly instead of his wit, and pays dear for the mistake." [Thyer, vol. ii., pp. 281, 282.]

At the end of these two volumes, for which the public are so much obliged to the editor, are subjoined thoughts upon various subjects, still superior to any thing in the foregoing collection. In these the author's peculiar talent shines conspicuously, since his principal merit consists in the strength and justness of his sentiments, without any peculiar skill in arrangement. Had all his works been published, like those of Mahomet, which, we are told, were delivered in single sentences, it is probable his fame would have suffered no diminution. To give an example of his talent this way:

"This age will serve to make a very pretty farce for the next; if it have any wit at all to make use of it."

"The preferment of fools and undeserving persons, is not so much an honour to them, as infamy and dishonour to those that raise them; for when a prince confers honour on those that do not deserve it, he throws it away out of his own stock, and leaves himself so much the less, as he parts with to those that want merit to pretend to it; and by that ill husbandry in time leaves himself none at all, to pay those to whom it is due."

"The worst governments are the best, when they light in good hands; and the best the worst, when they fall into bad ones."

* * * * * [1]

How works of such merit have been so long suppressed as those before us, is indeed somewhat surprising; or how the author himself, in his needy hours, was never induced to turn them to profit, is what we cannot account for: perhaps the rewards of copy-money, as it is called, were not so high then as they are now, and fame might have been the only incentive to publication.[2]

[1] Another page of these "thoughts" is given, as at p. 466 of Thyer's second volume.—Ed.

[2] In the 'Poetical Scale' (in the Later Collected Essays of the present volume), it will be seen that Butler is also ranked very high. Thus he ranks 17 in genius, to Shakspere's 19; 16 in judgment to Shakspere's 14; 16 in versification, to Shakspere's 19; while in learning both authors are estimated at 14, or equal.—Ed.

HORACE MODERNIZED.

[From the *Critical Review*, July, 1759.]

The Twentieth Epistle of Horace *to his Book, modernized by the Author of* Female Conduct, *and applied to his own Book, and intended as an Answer to the Remarks on his Book, made by the writer of the* Critical Review, *and by the writer of the* Monthly Review. 8*vo. Pr.* 6*d. Owen.* [1759.][1]

IT was once a debate among casuists, which we could wish to see revived, whether the contempt offered to great men in disguise ought justly to be resented by them as injurious. After much reasoning upon the matter, Escobar at length determines, that as men they have a right to resent; but as great men they are obliged to forgiveness. This last part of the argument is so applicable to our present purpose, that we cannot avoid urging it in the strongest manner, in expostulating with the great man with whom we are at present unhappily embroiled. We have a right to be forgiven, because we now at last acknowledge the dignity of him from whom (impressed with terror as we are) we ask forgiveness.

A few months ago a poem entitled 'Female Conduct' came from the press, published in the usual manner, without one single mark of the author's importance; and we, in our usual manner, found something in it to praise, and something to reprove. At this time we knew very little of Mr. Marriott, and, in the sincerity of our hearts, wished his dull, well-meaning efforts, success. Soon, however, it was found, that in talking of him we were all in the wrong box, nor paid him half that deference which he claimed as his due. The pamphlet before us, wrote in all the fury of resentment, tells us all about him. By this we are informed,

[1] By Thomas Marriott, the author of 'Female Conduct,' reviewed, at *ante*, p. 322. The *Critical* reviewer is replied to as *Bavius*, and he of the *Monthly* as *Mævius*. Mr. Marriott published a second edition of 'Female Conduct,' "with large additions," in 1760. See the note at p. 385.—ED.

but, alas! too late for redress, that Mr. Marriott is tall; that he is rich; that he is thin and lean; that he laughs when the sun shines; and lastly, that he is the very man who took the two Gregories.[1] Why could he not have told us all this when he published his first pamphlet? No! he slips it out upon the world in obscurity, and, like Peter the Great, is resolved to quarrel with every creature that does not pay homage to his greasy greatness in disguise. Had he put but half what the present pamphlet contains into the preface of the former, it were easy to have clapp'd on a pair of prudential spectacles, and read his poetry into rhyme; for he may be convinced that we sooner would have eaten gunpowder, than have meddled with the author who took the two Gregories.

Though this performance was opened with a thorough resolution not to lose our temper upon the perusal, yet we find it so severe, that we kindle as we read. It is all an orange stuffed with cloves. When fatigued with scolding in prose, he has recourse to rhyme, and when he has teased us sufficiently with English verse, he takes up the cudgels in Latin. All are alike to him, back-sword, single falchion, or quarter-staff; he wields them all with equal dexterity, and no favour. Now he calls us scribblers, anon minor critics, then dull critics, bad-hearted critics. This sure is not polite; yet all this might be borne, but who can be calm when he calls us Bavius? Yes, dear reader, he actually calls us Bavius! Ah, little did we think, that while we censured the writer of 'Female Conduct,' we were only raising the indignation of the author who took the two Gregories.

Yet shall it be left to his own breast, whether he deals candidly with us, or the public. He first writes bad verses, and next he tells the world he does not desire a reputation for poetry. This is very modest either way. Would not any one be induced from such a performance, and with such an invitation, to speak his sentiments without shrinking? In an evil hour we took the author at his word, pitied his performance, and gave him a discharge from Parnassus at his own request; and yet, oh ingratitude!

[1] Highwaymen of Epping Forest. See the note at p. 385.—Ed.

here we have him in a violent passion for our pains. This author is surely a sly one. He invites us to a feast; tells us we are heartily welcome to fall to, and yet is virulently angry with us for eating. Does this become the patron of virtue, this become the avowed champion of the fair sex? Does this become the man who has fought, and consequently vanquished, gamesters, methodists, and Bolingbroke? Oh, vartue, vartue! to what will this degenerate age at length arrive, when the very man who gives a morsel of bread with one hand, picks it from our teeth with the other!

By this time the reader, perhaps, desires to see how our poet treats us in rhyme; and though, by quoting him, we propagate our own disgrace, yet will we be just to him and the public. The Epistle in view is from the author to his own book. Let us suppose him sitting like the man in the primer in his arm-chair, thus addressing the manuscript which he holds between his finger and thumb: "My little book," says he, "you have an eye or a mind to———:" but take it in his own words:

"My book, you have an eye to Temple Bar,
That you may trim in Owen's shop appear;[1]
That you with gilded ornaments may shine,
Polish'd without, and delicate within.
You hate the close restraint of lock and key,
Which to a modest book would grateful be.
But go from me forewarn'd, this lesson learn,
When gone from me you never can return;[2]
When this shall happen, I (who in your ear
Instill'd good counsel which you would not hear)
In your distress will scornful laugh at you,
Like him, who down a rock in anger threw
The ass, that would not his commands pursue.
Who'll strive against his will to save a fool
Whom friendly admonitions can't control?"

The reader at length smokes[3] the champion we have to

[1] W. Owen's, "the Homer's Head, Temple Bar."—Ed.

[2] "We are afraid there is a mistake here, being informed a large bale of this work was sent to Hillingdon for waste paper." *O——n Gregory, jun.* Note in *Critical Review.* [A line towards the end of 'Female Conduct' shows that Mr. Marriott resided at Hillingdon.—Ed.]

[3] *Smokes.* Compare with the extra lines to Goldsmith's 'Description of an Author's Bedchamber,' in his Letter to his brother Henry, vol. i., p. 451, and in the Poems, vol. ii., p. 82.—Ed.

deal with; he will observe what strength of thought and diction, and what a flow of poetry are here! A piddling reader, it is certain, might object to almost all the rhymes of the above quotation; but the less rhyme the more like blank verse, and all know that Milton wrote without such a restraint: but if any reader is for having the above quotation to be rhyme, he has nothing more to do than to read it poetically. Let *key*, for instance, be called *kee*, and then it rhymes with *be;* and let *fool* be called *fole*, and then it answers *control* in the next line. By this means the poetry, which our author, no doubt, meant for blank verse, may serve for either. We have here given but a taste of our bard's performance: those who are pleased with it may indulge themselves to satiety, in a publication, which he promises shortly, of several other modernized works of this kind. We shall beg leave, in all friendship only, to offer this unconquered champion the following motto to his future production,

Κην με φαγης επι ριζαν, ομως ετι καρποφορησω.[1]

[1] The following, from p. xxii. of the Advertisement of 'The Twentieth Epistle of Horace,' &c., gives Mr. Marriott's account of his encounter with "the Gregories," &c., dealt with above.—"N.B. About thirty years ago, the author was attacked by two famous highwaymen, called the Gregories, in Epping-forest, where he was wounded in the breast, but afterwards pursued them, and took one of them, who was condemned and hanged, the other was killed in taking; on that occasion the author modernized the 13th Ode of the second Book of Horace, where that poet piously commemorates his escape from the sudden fall of a tree as he was walking in his Sabine farm; the author intends speedily to publish that modernized Ode, together with several others on several occasions." The commemorative ode in imitation of Horace appeared in the second edition of 'Female Conduct' (1760), with five stanzas specially added, "alluding to the author's having been lately attacked by a gang of Critical Reviewers."—Ed.

[MODERN NOVELS.]

[From the *Critical Review*, August, 1759.]

Jemima *and* Louisa; *in which is contained several remarkable Incidents relating to Two Ladies of distinguished Families and Fortunes. In a series of Letters, by a Lady.* 12*mo*. *Pr*. 3*s*. *Owen*.

THE female muse, it must be owned, has of late been tolerably fruitful. Novels written by ladies, poems, morality, essays, and letters, all written by ladies, show that this beautiful sex are resolved to be, one way or other, the joyful mothers of children. Happy it is, that the same conveyance which brings an heir to a family, shall at the same time produce a book to mend his manners, or to teach him to make love, when ripe for the occasion. Yet, let not the ladies carry off all the glory of the late productions ascribed to them: it is plain by the style, and a nameless somewhat in the manner, that pretty fellows, coffee-critics, and dirty-shirted dunces, have sometimes a share in the achievement. We have detected so many of these impostors already, that for the future it is resolved to look upon every publication that shall be ascribed to a lady, as the work of one of this amphibious fraternity. Thus by wholesome severity, many a fair creature may be prevented from writing, that cannot spell; and many a blockhead may be deterred from commencing author, that never thought. The plan of the work is as follows:

Two misses, just taken home from the boarding-school, are *prodigious* great friends, and so they tell each other their secrets by way of letter. It cannot be expected, and truly it would be out of nature, to suppose persons so young, and so very pretty, capable of writing proper English; so they transgress in this particular almost in every sentence, *you was*, and *they is*, being frequent expressions between them. In the first letter, Miss Jemima Courtly, or Mima, for shortness sake, lets her old and intimate friend know that her mother died when she was eight years old; that she had one brother and one sister; with several other

secrets of this kind, all delivered in the confidence of friendship. In the progress of this correspondence we find she has been taken home for carrying on an intrigue with Horatio, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, and by means of her sister's insinuations, for she happens to be her enemy, confined to her chamber, her father at the same time making an express prohibition against her writing love-letters for the future. This command Miss Mima breaks, and of consequence is turned out of doors; so up she gets behind a servant without a pillion, and is set down at Mrs. Weller's house, the mother of her friend Miss Fanny. Here then we shall leave, or rather forget her; only observing that she is happily married, as we are told in a few words towards the conclusion.

We are next served up with the history of Miss Louisa Blyden, a story no way connected with the former. Louisa is going to be married to Mr. Evanion; the nuptials, however, are interrupted by the death of Louisa's father, and at last broke off by means of a sharper, who pretends to be Miss's uncle, and takes her concerns under his direction. What need we tell *as how* the young *lovier* runs mad; Miss is spirited away into France; she at last returns; the sharper and his accomplices hang or drown themselves; her lover dies, and she—oh tragical! keeps her chamber? However, to console us for this calamity, there are two or three other very good matches struck up; a great deal of money, a great deal of beauty, a world of love, and days and nights as happy as heart could desire; the old butt-end of a modern romance.

GUICCIARDINI'S HISTORY OF ITALY.

[From the *Critical Review*, August, 1759.]

The History of Italy, written in Italian by Francesco Guicciardini, *a nobleman of* Florence. *Translated into English by the Chevalier* Austin Parke Goddard, *Knight of the Military Order of* St. Stephen. *The Second edition. In* 10 *vols.* 8*vo. Price* 3*l. Towers.*

NOTHING can be more just than the character given of Guicciardini by Lipsius, *Inter nostros summus est historicus; inter veteres mediocris:* if compared to modern historians, he will be found superior; if with the ancients, he must be contented with a subordinate situation. It is indeed a little extraordinary why the ancients, particularly the Roman historians, should still remain the uncontested and unrivalled masters of historical excellence. Their experience was then much more confined than ours, since, to their wisdom we can add that of an intervening space of almost two thousand years. The politics of their princes were not so refined, as the law of nations was scarce attended to; and war, which with us is little more than a treaty written in blood, was with them the removing of empires, and the enslaving of millions: still, however, with such limited experience, and in countries governed by such rude masters, Sallust and Tacitus wrote their histories, and left their successors models which they may endeavour to imitate, but if their future efforts be not attended with better success, cannot hope to rival.

That, since the revival of learning the Italians have excelled the rest of Europe in history, is a fact so well known, that it hardly deserves to be insisted upon. Barely to mention the names of Machiavelli, Davila, Nani, Muratori, and several others, will serve to silence opposition: the fact is notorious; the reason of their peculiar excellence is not equally so.

Italy is divided into a number of petty states, whose mutual security lies in their mutual jealousies and distrusts. Here then politicians are formed, and states governed in

miniature; here a man may, and often has, exerted all the stratagems of war at the head of two hundred men, and exhausted all the chicanery of politics in the government of a petty corporation. This was the soil for an historian; here, as in a map, he perceived the excellence and the inconveniences of every species of polity; could point out, with precision, the ineffective attempts of democracy, or the headlong efforts of mistaken monarchy; this was a field for historical speculation; even he that ran might, if he pleased, be a reader.

In this country Guicciardini was bred, and at the time when its petty states might properly be said to be fermenting into form. He had all the advantages that could conduce to a thorough knowledge, both of the facts he relates, and the personages who were concerned in conducting them. He was at once (what seldom happens to be united in the same person), a scholar, a soldier, and a politician; and employed by his country at different times in all those three capacities, with advantage to it, and with honour to himself. His narrative is manly and grave, and his facts are made, as in a well-written play, to rise from each other. His impartiality appears manifest: even his own country, to which he owed so many obligations, is treated with historical justice, and its enemies treated with so much candour, that the reader can hardly say whether the author was of Florence or Pisa. These are a part of his excellences; but it must not be concealed what critics have objected against him on the other hand. He is taxed with being tedious and particular; that he now and then indulges reflection, and retards the events which, in history, should be ever hastening towards the catastrophe. "As for that part of his history," says Montaigne, "which he seems to be most proud of, I mean his digressions and discourses, it must be owned, that some of them have peculiar merit, and are adorned with eloquence and nature; but still he seems in love with them: for, desirous of omitting nothing, and his subject supplying him with more than sufficient matter, he becomes feeble by delay, and his history at length savours of pedantic trifling." Dr. Donne, when talking of the Creation, as delivered by Moses, objects the same faults to our author: "If the history of the be-

ginning of the world," says he, "were written by so prolix an author as Guicciardini, not even the world itself would be able to contain the books written upon its own creation." Yet, notwithstanding the objections of so great men, his history can seem tedious to none but the indolent; and in this class, perhaps, we may rank the two great men now quoted, at least the former confesses himself to be so. There is, through the whole work, especially the first five books, a preparation of incidents, that, instead of being prolix, the reader can scarce lay down the book without an ardent desire of knowing what follows next; and the worst that can be said of his speeches is, that they are fine political harangues, improperly placed.

There is an objection of another nature, which carries more weight, because it unfortunately happens to be true; viz., his representing all the actions of his personages as arising from bad motives. "E fu anche sempre inclinato," says a countryman of his, "à le peggiori, come apare nella sua spessa maledicenza di ciascheduno; la quale appresso alla vulgare malignità gli lià guadagnata estimazion di veridico." He was ever leaning to the worst side of a character, as appears by his giving nobody a good word, merely to appear in the eyes of the vulgar as a speaker of truth. Even the most enthusiastic admirer of Guicciardini must allow that this observation is just, since, in the representation of so many characters, he scarce describes one whose conscience is his motive to action. The persons who figure in his drama are almost all knaves or fools, politic betrayers, or blustering idiots. In short, the history before us may be styled a truly misanthropical performance. To a person inclined to hate the species, what ample matter will it not afford, both for ridicule and for reproof!

We see the history open with the account of a monarch immersed in pleasures, surrounded with flatterers, not only ignorant of the polite arts, but hardly acquainted with the figures of the letters, incapable of discerning merit, or what is as bad, incapable of directing it to its proper sphere. We see such a monarch—for so he represents Charles VIII. of France—resolved to play the conqueror, and plunder kingdoms. Observe how pointed the ridicule is: imagine this man, with a body as deformed as his intellects were

contemptible, of a very short stature, bandy-legged, of a puny constitution and detestable visage, equipped like a hero, clothed in complete steel, mounted upon a mettlesome courser, marching into every town at the head of his army, looking fiercely, with his lance on his thigh, and calling upon the obsequious crowd for homage. To make the picture still more poignant, imagine such a figure in love, and acting the gallant! who can forbear smiling at an account like this, unless his mirth be repressed by considering, that the affairs of his fellow-creatures were subjected to the caprice of such a diminutive idiot?

On the other hand, the Italians whom he came to conquer, are drawn in circumstances even of greater debasement. They meet this army of France without head or conductor, with neither vigour, prudence, nor unanimity; they leave an easy conquest, without striking a blow in defence of their privileges. Yet, let not the reader imagine they were all this time unemployed; they were busily taken up with plots, treaties, politics, and poison. They were too rich or too cowardly, to be soldiers themselves; their armies were therefore composed of mercenaries, who being a mixture of peasants, people in low life, subjects of different potentates, and entirely dependent on their captains, with whom they agreed for a salary, and in whose power it was to detain or dismiss them, they had neither natural nor acquired parts to act gallantly. "The captains were very seldom the subjects of the prince they served, but had a different interest, and separate views; were full of piques and jealousies; their services not commonly limited to a certain time; and being entirely masters of their own companies, they seldom kept the number they were paid for complete." Such is the description of the Italian soldiery. No wonder, then, the country fell an easy prey to the first invader; for we may be assured, that that army will seldom fight well, which has nothing to lose by a defeat.

Yet, notwithstanding the noted cowardice of such troops, they pretended to more personal bravery than those of any other nation beside. Their condottieri, as an historian contemporary with Guicciardini relates, were a set of the most assuming fellows alive. One called himself Cut-head, another Bloody-bones, a third assumed some other frightful

appellation; and yet these fellows would often refuse to be led up to a practicable breach, though guarded only by a few peasants, as timorous as themselves. But let us do them justice; for single combat they were lions, every one of them: cowards in the army, and duellists in peace. Guicciardini relates a combat between thirteen of these Italians and as many Frenchmen, who, as mentioned before, had over-run Italy without opposition. The reader may take the combat in the words of the translator, which will at once serve as a specimen of his language, of the historian's manner of telling a story, and the misplaced abilities of the Italian soldiery.

* * * * * *[1]

With respect to the present translation, as the gentleman has made an apology for his style in the beginning, we shall not take upon us the invidious task of selecting its faults. Be it sufficient to say, it is better done than could reasonably be expected from a person, a great part of whose life was spent in a foreign country. The grand duke of Tuscany, Cosmo III., had invited him to Italy, when but a boy, and there he resided for eighteen years. We could wish to encourage every attempt like this, which serves to make Italian learning better known in England, where it is more generally admired than understood.

The Works of the Rev. Wm. Hawkins.

[From the *Critical Review*, August, 1759.]

The Works of Mr. William Hawkins. 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* *Pr.* 12*s.* *Dodsley.*[2]

In this publication Mr. Hawkins appears under the character of a divine, a critic, and a poet; and in his triple capacity we shall beg leave to consider him.

[1] A long extract is here given from pp. 160-8, vol. iii., of the book reviewed.—Ed.

[2] Mr. Hawkins succeeded Dr. Lowth as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Later, he was rector of Little Casterton, in Rutlandshire, vicar of Whitechurch, Dorsetshire, and Prebendary of Wells. See also the note at p. 398.—Ed.

His first tract in divinity is entitled, 'A rational Enquiry into the Speculative and Practical Principles of the Christian Religion.' A performance not without merit; but the author certainly might have done more, or at least better, had he attempted to do less. In a small tract like this, it was impossible to exhaust the whole subject of divinity, as he has endeavoured to do: it was impossible, in so short a compass, to silence the atheist, the deist of every denomination, the Arian, the Roman Catholic, and all the various sects and opinions among ourselves, which either idleness or ignorance has produced; it was a vain attempt, we say, to confine, in his scanty page, opinions that have already exhausted tomes of undecided controversy. In showing how far reason, unassisted by revelation, can lead us into the nature of Deity and ourselves, he has perhaps given our rational faculties greater sagacity than they merit, as he thinks that reason alone points out the immortality of the soul. His words are, "If man is a being compounded of body and spirit, which we have endeavoured to prove, there is in his nature a principle of existence. A mortal spirit is a contradiction in terms; for the essential difference between body and spirit is, that the latter is not subject to corruption. Without attributing this native principle of incorruption to spirit (if I may so say), we cannot prove the eternity of God, which is asserted by all who admit his existence; for God is not a corporeal being; he therefore exists as a spirit to and from all eternity." Thus he hangs the proof of the eternity of the godhead, *a parte post*, to speak with the schools, upon the same feeble support that he does that of the soul of man; and yet the one is capable of the strongest demonstration, while the other has scarce the shadow of reason to support it, and is obliged to fly to revelation to silence enquiry. The eternity of the godhead, *a parte post*, is proved thus: No being can lose its existence but by an act of power superior to its own; but no being has a power superior to the godhead: therefore he must be eternal. On the contrary, the soul of man may survive the body a thousand years; but what argument can be drawn from reason, that divine power may not then annihilate it? This difficulty ever stuck with the philosophers, nor did their reasonings ever proceed further than to prove the soul

a more vivacious principle than the body. The reasoning of Plato on this head was excessively weak; and yet, perhaps, it was all that reason could do. "We see," says he, "different parts of the body, after death, have different duration; the sinews last longer than the flesh; the bones still longer, and so forth; why then shall not the soul be of greater duration than either?" Thus spake unassisted reason; but revelation has brought our doubts into certainty, and surely it is taking from the latter to ascribe to reason what is not its due. Were our author's arguments enforced against deists or atheists only, we should heartily join issue; but he has chalked out a narrow path for faith to walk by, and sometimes declaims with heat, we had almost said virulence, against many opinions amongst Christians which are purely theoretical, mere speculations, which should serve as play-things to exercise the indolence of theology, rather than as brands to excite its rancour or reproach.

His next tract is, a review of a book entitled A free and candid Examination of the Principles advanced in the Bishop of London's [1] very elegant Sermons, lately published, and in his very ingenious Discourses on Prophecy; wherein the commonly received system, concerning the nature of the Jewish and Christian Dispensations is particularly considered, &c. The Bangorian controversy [2] has not more divided our speculative divines, than the late broached dispute, whether the Jews had any notion of a future state, is likely to do. The Bishop of London, in his Sermons, assumes the affirmative: but he has had many opponents; and now the argument seems kindled up, nor perhaps will be extinguished, till some opinion more new rises, or revives, for a-while to attract the attention. Mr. Hawkins seems to be pretty confident in the advantage of his cause; and this we may venture to say, that he seems to be on the safe side, for he is on the Bishop's; and though he loses his cause, he may gain a vicarage. As for the controversy, so much has been said on both sides, that we must really acknowledge ourselves sceptics in the debate. It is probable, that the Jews were very well acquainted with the doctrine of the soul's surviving after death, from its being

[1] Dr. Thomas Sherlock.—PRIOR.
[2] See also the 'Bee,' at p. 424, in our vol. ii.—ED.

a received opinion in Egypt, and in several nations round them. But how far this doctrine may be contained in the Old Testament, is what perhaps will never be determined, unacquainted as we are at this period with the strict meaning of the language in which it is written. The whole dispute must turn on the import of some Hebrew words; and who is there now alive capable of being a judge in such a controversy?[1] We can know enough, and believe enough, without being acquainted with a syllable of the matter: we could wish our divines would therefore rather turn their arms against the common enemy; and while infidelity is at the gate, not waste the time in civil altercation.

The second volume contains Poetical Prelections, pronounced in the natural philosophy school, in the university of Oxford, of which seminary Mr. Hawkins was a member, and constituted professor of poetry there. His design and method in this course of lectures are thus explained by himself:

"De ratione vero, quâ in sequentibus prælectionibus usurus sum, quæ præfanda censui, quam paucissimis accipite. Ea igitur," &c.[2]—"The method which I shall pursue in the following course of lectures, is briefly as follows. All I have had to say upon dramatic poetry, I have rather treated in a series of critical dissertations than reduced to a system, partly because I chose to deviate from the beaten track, and partly because I know that those who are fond of poetry, are seldom fond of having things treated with a philosophical dryness. One general rule is sufficient to regulate all poetry—a rule borrowed from nature, of which the poet is always an imitator; *let there be nothing monstrous*. If we strictly attend to this, it will be quite unnecessary to perplex you and myself with technical terms, and critical minutia; a subject which can neither inform the

[1] Apart from questions of interpretation, it may be noted that the authorized version of the Old Testament contains several passages which seem to show that a future state was therein taught; as at *Eccl.* xii. 7:—"Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—Ed.

[2] The extract is given in Latin as well as English in the *Critical Review*. We, however, need only give the reviewer's English here. —Ed.

learner, nor please those who are acquainted with poetry. I am not ignorant that the drama is confined by the strictest laws; but I hope soon to be able to show, that we not only may sometimes infringe upon those laws, but that we even ought to do it, if we would ease the reader, and adhere to nature strictly. To be entirely explicit, those who follow the letter of the law must [be] often guilty of injustice, and sometimes commit faults more unnatural and unreasonable than those from which they profess to deter us.

"I am in the mean time perfectly sensible how invidious a task it must be to impugn doctrines established by time, and by Aristotle; a name which critics of a lesser order implicitly admire, a man whose orders they are ever ready to obey. They, however, who teach others are not to refute, but determine, and ever to have that maxim of Horace in their eye:

'Nullius addictus jurare in verbi[1] magistri.'

"It is not the authority of any precept we are to esteem, but the reasons on which it is established. The authority of Aristotle, I will allow, justly stands in the highest esteem among us of Oxford, yet it would be absurd to pay it upon all occasions an implicit obedience. There is no reason why he who is justly accused with error in other sciences, should be our only guide in poetry. However, if any should accuse me of audaciousness or arrogance, that resting npon my own authority alone, of which no man has a meaner opinion, I impugn the doctrines of critics of established reputation, let them know that vanity has been by no means my motive. I desire no fame for being the parent of new opinions; I only aim at defending our great countryman Shakspear, and to show that what have been imputed to him as faults, are often the result of art and invention."

This pretty well serves to give a general idea of his design; which he has treated with some learning, though but little conviction. The rules of the drama were not invented by Aristotle, but the Greek tragedians: those rules they adopted, because nature and the rules were the

[1] Printed "verbi" in the review, and attacked as a blunder in Hawkins's reply. See the reviewer's admission as to the error, &c., in the review of the reply, p. 399.—Ed.

same; and in this whole performance we cannot see an objection to them, but that of Shakspear, and other English poets writing well without being acquainted with them.

It may not be improper to remark some strange inaccuracies throughout this volume; as for instance, *intueramur*, for *intuemur*, p. 14. *Eorum mos erat vulgus mysteria sua celare, neque per allegorias quid* volebant significare. This unintelligible sentence, probably, should have been read thus, eorum mos erat *a vulgis* mysteria sua celare, neque *nisi* per allegorias quid volebant significare, p. 25. *Constantem est absolutam* for constantem & absolutam, p. 31, and several other places equally erroneous.

But let us hasten to his third volume, where, stript of his gown, and descended from the chair of Aristarchus, Mr. Hawkins endeavours to put his own precepts into practice, and enters the lists of fame, divested of those adventitious ornaments, sometimes the rewards of genius, but not unfrequently found the badges of stupidity.

The first performance here is called 'The Thimble;' an heroi-comical poem in five cantos, illustrated with notes critical and explanatory by Scriblerus Secundus. There is nothing in the whole province of writing more difficult to attain than humour: the poet in other subjects walks a broad road, but here he seems to tread along a line, and the slightest deviation undoes him. Humour once missed, most effectually turns the author ridiculous: all the satire he would fondly level at others, is now pointed against himself; and as the tyrant of a tragedy, he is obliged to swallow the poison prepared for another. A disappointed humorist is indeed a most deplorable figure; somewhat like blockheads of vivacity in company, ever grinning without a jest. The whole plot of these five cantos is no more than a young lady happening to prick her finger with a needle. The gods and goddesses were resolved to make a thimble to prevent such disasters for the future. Vulcan accordingly made one, and Venus gave it to the lady's lover, and he brought it to his mistress, and so they were resolved to be married. This is a plot of genuine antique simplicity: however, it is illustrated with a match of shuttlecock and blind-man's buff, by way of episode.

The next is 'Henry and Rosamond,' a tragedy which Mr. Garrick refused, because it was more like a poem than a play. Shakspear, our author's favourite, seems principally imitated; the antiquated turn of his diction being sometimes erroneously preserved.

Then follows 'The Siege of Aleppo,' a tragedy refused at both houses, like the former. This is, by many degrees, the best of Mr. Hawkins's productions, and is a work that really deserves applause; and it will be saying not much, not indeed enough, in its favour to aver, that several worse pieces have been of late accepted by the managers, and exhibited with success. To quote from it would be to injure the author, since its greatest merit lies in the opposition of character, the variety of the distress, and the unexpected catastrophe. As in the former play, so here, he seems to have Shakspear ever in his eye.[1] There are many works more of our author in this publication, in all which we find something to praise. Be it enough to say

[1] In Boswell's 'Johnson,' Napier's Standard Lib. edit., 1884, vol. iv., pp. 271-2, we find the following account of Mr. Hawkins' later encounter with Garrick: "BOSWELL. 'It is easy for you, Mr. Garrick, to talk to an author as you talked to Elphinston; you, who have been so long the manager of a theatre, rejecting the plays of poor authors. You are an old judge, who have often pronounced sentence of death. You are a practised surgeon, who have often amputated limbs; and though this may have been for the good of your patients, they cannot like you. Those who have undergone a dreadful operation, are not very fond of seeing the operator again.' GARRICK. 'Yes, I know enough of that. There was a reverend gentleman (Mr. Hawkins), who wrote a tragedy, the *Siege* of something, which I refused.' HARRIS. 'So, the siege was raised!' JOHNSON. 'Ay, he came to me and complained; and told me, that Garrick said his play was wrong in the *concoction*. Now, what is the concoction of a play?'—(Here Garrick started, and twisted himself, and seemed sorely vexed; for Johnson told me, he believed the story was true.) GARRICK. 'I— I— I— said, *first* concoction.' JOHNSON (smiling). 'Well, he left out *first*. And Rich, he said, refused him *in false English:* he could show it under his hand.' GARRICK. 'He wrote to me in violent wrath, for having refused his play: "Sir, this is growing a very serious and terrible affair. I am resolved to publish my play. I will appeal to the world; and how will your judgment appear?" I answered, "Sir, notwithstanding all the seriousness, and all the terrors, I have no objection to your publishing your play; and, as you live at a great distance (Devonshire, I believe), if you will send it to me I will convey it to the press." I never heard more of it; ha! ha! ha!'"—According to the Garrick Correspondence, 1831-2, vol. ii., p. 6, Garrick really wrote "*first* concoction."—ED.

in general, that Mr. Hawkins was not born a poet, or that imitation has spoiled him.[1]

[From the *Critical Review*, March, 1760.]

A Review of the Works of the Rev. W. Hawkins, *late Professor of Poetry in the University of* Oxford: *And of the Remarks made on the same in the* Critical Review *for* August, *and in the* Monthly Review *for* September, 1759. *In a Letter to the Authors of both Reviews. By an impartial Reader.*[2] 8*vo. Price* 1*s. Kinnersley.* [1760.]

The present review of the works of Mr. Hawkins is supposed to be written by a friend; but when we come to examine the performance, this friend appears pretty plainly to be no other than Mr. Hawkins himself. It seems his works, in three volumes, had passed in review before us, in our critical capacity, some months ago, and we thought them but *indifferent;* they paraded it a second time before the profound authors of the *Monthly Review*,[3] and they thought them *indifferent;* they solicited the public attention in the usual methods of publication, and if we may judge by the success, there also they were thought but *indifferent:* so many witnesses in one story would probably have convinced any reasonable being of his own mediocrity. Mr. H., however, was not to be convinced; he has undertaken to review his own writings; has published a comment that almost no body will read, upon writings that almost no body has read; has survey'd himself on all sides, and thinks himself on every side invulnerable. "O te, Bolane, cerebri felicem fecerunt Divi!"

A man who reviews his own works is indeed a curiosity, and the reader is undoubtedly impatient to hear in what

[1] The next article, it will be seen, is on a reply to the above criticism. —Ed.

[2] The Letter is signed 'Veridicus,' which the catalogue of the British Museum Library says is a pseudonym for the Rev. W. Hawkins.—Ed.

[3] A very guarded reference to Goldsmith's old associates of the *Monthly Review*.—Ed.

manner he treats himself. Our reviewer, therefore, sets off with informing us, that he is "apt to believe the candid and judicious reader will acknowledge his style, whether Latin or English, in verse or in prose, to be pure, easy, fluent, manly, and eloquent. It is sometimes, perhaps, too voluble and diffusive; but, I think, seldom so as to be perplexed and unintelligible. In short, I presume, in this respect, Mr. H.'s Miscellanies are fit to lie upon the same shelf with the works of the most celebrated modern writers, either in our own or the Latin tongue. It will be but justice to our author to add, that he sufficiently sustains the compound character both of a verse and prose writer; the merits of each are as distinct as may be; nor does the one seem to be a whit the worse for the other." The reader now sees the great difference between us and this gentleman: he is for putting his own works upon the same shelf with Milton and Shakspeare, and we are for allowing him an inferior situation; he would have the same reader that commends Addison's delicacy, to talk with raptures of the purity of Hawkins; and he who praises the 'Rape of the Lock,' to speak with equal feelings of that richest of all poems, Mr. Hawkins's 'Thimble.'

But we, alas! cannot speak of Mr. H. with the same unrestrained share of panegyric that he does of himself; and though we despise the crowd upon other occasions, yet we must join them in this instance, and leave this gentleman to his self-applauding singularity. We allowed him, indeed, some small share of merit in a former article; and this is most certain, that whatever he may say of our partiality, or our malevolence, the manner in which his works were treated then, betrayed neither; but bore a greater share of indulgence than our duty to the public should, in strict justice, have permitted. In whatever places we were good-natured enough to make no objections, this gentleman has imagined we had nothing to object: we passed over the merits of his style in silence, and he has thought proper to regard this as a symptom of malevolence, which was in reality the strongest instance of our moderation.

After he has sufficiently *bedunced* us through several

pages, he at last has the tenderness to answer our particular objections, and that with sufficient prolixity. In this dispute, he at least has the advantage of being as tedious as he thinks proper; because he seems no way solicitous about trespassing on the reader's patience. We must, on the other hand, study conciseness, because we write in order to be read.

The first material objection which he endeavours to answer, is that made to his endeavouring to prove by reason alone, the immortality of the soul. We thought, at the time we objected, and still think, that we are obliged to revelation alone for any evidence in this matter; and that those philosophers, who were guided only by reason, vainly endeavoured to prove that immortality which it is our duty to believe. Plato, who is said to have dogmatized more on this than any other subject (as we before observed), brought but very superficial arguments to prove a truth of so great importance to society: we instanced one; viz., that of the different duration of the different parts of the body, and thought this the most plausible argument he makes use of. Mr. H. is of a different opinion; but unfortunately does not give any reasons, nor any quotations from Plato, to prove his sentiments, but says any school-boy may do it. Almost all Plato's reasoning upon this subject depends upon two *data*, that of the soul's pre-existing before the body, and that of abstract existences, which he calls ideas; which commentators have pretended to explain a hundred different ways: if we grant him either of these, it is certain his proofs are sufficiently cogent; but it is hoped no Christian divine will grant him the first; and the latter, what is it but begging the question?

But Mr. H. thinks it not only apparent from reason, but as demonstrable as the immortality of God himself; and yet brings no proof of the immortality of God, but that of spirit not being subject to corruption. Whether spirit is subject to corruption or no, is the whole question in debate; and surely it cannot be called an argument, roundly to assert that it is or it is not; and yet such an argument is all that Mr. H. has thought proper to use. We offered a better; viz. the omnipotence of the God-

head; and if he does not think proper to make use of it, that is his fault, not ours.

Our self-reviewer goes on to praise himself where we thought him only tolerable; to quote from himself where he thinks it will redound to his reputation. A man is, indeed, hard put to it for praise, and must have but indifferent neighbours, who is thus obliged to commend himself.

After much railing he proceeds to reproach us for having translated him wrong, and for having substituted bad Latin for good. We must confess the errors of the press are what, in a periodical publication of this nature, it is impossible to remedy. We must own that the line of Horace should have been written *Jurare in verba magistri*, not *verbi*, as it is erroneously printed, and that *vulgis* should have been printed *vulgo;* but who is there that can be mistaken in either? who is there that has not the hackney'd quotation here mentioned by heart? and yet such errors as these does this gentleman insist upon! It is true we undertook no easy task when we attempted to make a man speak sense against his will. Mr. H. it seems wanted to show that the druids never delivered their mysteries but in an allegorical manner, and to this effect translated a French writer to support his assertion. *Eorum mos erat vulgus mysteria sua celare, neque per allegorias quid volebant significare*, which literally translated runs thus—It was their custom to conceal from the vulgar their mysteries, and not signify by allegories their meaning. Is this what Mr. H. designed to say? If it be, he talks in opposition to what he intended to prove, and contradicts matter of fact into the bargain. If he meant any thing, he must surely have designed to say, *Eorum mos erat a vulgo mysteria sua celare* (celo often governing an ablative with a preposition) *neque* NISI *per allegorias quid volebant significare.* This gives an entirely different sense to the passage before us, and we dare still aver, is the sense which was originally intended. But if he is still determined to have it nonsense; if he is still resolved to stick to his old *mumpsimus*, we are content that it is his fault, not ours.

But why has Mr. H. taken so much pains to accuse us

of envy and malevolence? Was it his fame as a writer that we wanted to remove, in order to make way for our own? That could hardly have been the case with respect to the author of tragedies, that were all either damned or refused, or poems that were entirely forgotten! We might have pitied him indeed, but we surely could not envy. Perhaps our motive to malevolence might have been, that Mr. H. stood between us and a good living: we can solemnly assure him we are quite contented with our present situation in the church, are quite happy in a wife and forty pounds a year,[1] nor have the least ambition for pluralities. The truth is, Mr. H. like every disappointed author, was angry, and knew none but us to wreak his vengeance upon: he somewhat resembles the serjeant in the comedy, who, whenever insulted by his superior officers, went home to beat his wife.

Dunkin's Epistle to Lord Chesterfield.

[From the *Critical Review*, March, 1760.]

An Epistle to the Right Hon. Philip, *Earl of Chesterfield. To which is added, An Eclogue. By* William Dunkin, *D.D. 8vo. Pr.* 1*s. Griffiths.*[2]

In this publication Dr. Dunkin appears at once excessively merry, and extremely sorrowful. His epistle to the earl of Chesterfield is most *familiarly* good-humoured; his

[1] Here Goldsmith is romancing in the dual character of his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith (*vide* Dedication to 'The Traveller'), and the pastor of 'The Deserted Village' (ll. 141-2).—Ed.

[2] Swift thought highly of Dunkin's early poems. In a letter to Alderman Barber, 1737-8, he speaks of Dunkin as "a gentleman of much wit, and the best English, as well as Latin, poet in this kingdom" [Ireland]. At that time the Dean greatly exerted himself to get Dr. Dunkin appointed to a living in Colrane. Later, Lord Chesterfield gave him the rectory of Enniskilling. He died in 1765. His works were collected into 2 vols. 4to, 1774. See Swift's Letters, and the Dedication to the 1774 edition of Dunkin's works. A quotation from Dunkin appears in the Belles Lettres essay 'On Metaphor,' vol. i., p. 375.—Ed.

eclogue, or Lawson's obsequies,[1] is mournful to the last degree. The epistle may be considered as a smart prologue to a deep tragedy, or a jig before an Adagio, or (to run into his own manner) a plate of pickles before a shoulder of mutton. The death of his friend seems no way to have abated his festivity; and though he weeps for Lawson in poetry, he laughs with his lordship in prose: in short, were we to judge of the writer by this production, we would give him the same appellation which Chapelain gave to Ménage, "the poet with the double face."

His epistle to the earl of Chesterfield begins thus: "My lord,—Your fast friend, trusty correspondent, and faithful ally, the Prince of Printers, Archibibliopolist, Intelligencer-general, and General Advertiser of the kingdom of Ireland, having lately discovered, that I had not for many months addressed your lordship by letter, or otherwise, with a very grave face and composed countenance, but a fervour and tartness of style, unwont to flow from the dispassionate tongue of his most *serene highness*, called me roundly to task, and expressed his august indignation and royal resentment. 'What,' said he, 'was it for this, that *we* brought thy labours from the darkness of thy closet, into the light of *our* shop, and clothed thy naked and neglected name with legible respect, and titular dignity? What apartment from the base to the summit of our Palladian palace hath not been open for thy reception, and furnished for thy residence? When was *our* oval table unspread for thy repast; and when was our big-bellied bottle withheld from thy lips? Hast thou not sat down in *our* presence, even on our right hand, while poets have stood in waiting? And have *we* not in familiar-wise conversed with thee, while *we* have only nodded unto critics?"

This *serene highness*, this *we*, is Mr. Faulkener, the printer,[2] who, if he speaks in this manner, must be no doubt an excessively facetious, humorous companion, and

[1] Seemingly Dr. J. Lawson, author of the 'Lectures concerning Oratory, delivered in Trinity College, Dublin,' reviewed in the *Critical Review* for Nov., 1758, *perhaps* by Goldsmith. See *ante*, p. 348.—Ed.

[2] George Faulkner, Swift's printer and publisher, and the first collector of his works. Swift dubbed him "the prince of Dublin printers." He was originally a journeyman under Bowyer. He died in 1775. See Nichols, 'Lit. Anec.', vol. iii., pp. 208, 209.—Ed.

well worthy not only the acquaintance of the poet and his lordship, but also of the public. A great part of the epistle is taken up with this speech; which, whenever the writer takes up the conversation himself, is every whit as humorous as the other. Hear him:

* * * * * *[1]

Who could have thought, to speak seriously, that such indifferent prose should come from the man who is author of many pretty poetical pieces, among which, this of Lawson's Obsequies is not the worst. The following lines, for instance, are not despicable:

"But should he fall? And shall the mighty muse
The tuneful tribute of her grief refuse?
Refuse to him her memorable tears,
With whom she sported in his tender years?
While, yet unconscious of himself he stray'd,
Unsought, unnotic'd, through the pensive shade;
With wealth unfavour'd, to no lordly line
Ally'd, but Pallas, and the sacred Nine,
I cull'd him out from all the sable crowd
Of Alma's tribes, indignant of the proud,
The pert, the vain, preferr'd his humble name,
And woo'd his friendship with a pious flame.
"We laugh'd at fops, fantastically gay,
The pomp of pride, and impotence of sway;
At scribblers vile, who blurr'd the blacken'd page
With fustian phrensy, for poetic rage;
We laugh'd with Johnson, of ingenuous[2] heart,
Who well could act the candid critic's part;
From fruitful fancy start the happy hint,
Surprising, quick as flashes from a flint;
Maturely plan the regular design,
Mix wit with ease, and point the glowing line."

There runs, however, through the poem an affectation which it is not easy to excuse, as when the poet has "manful eloquence" for manly eloquence, the "museful powers," for the muses: such errors, though trifling, give an air of vanity to the whole. The man who is bred at a distance from the centre of learning and politeness, must have a

[1] A page is here quoted from Dunkin's 'Epistle.'—Ed.

[2] Prior and Cunningham print "of ungenerous heart." This stanza, by the way, is omitted altogether in the collected edition of Dunkin's works.—Ed.

great deal of modesty or understanding, who does not give a loose to some vanities which are apt to render him ridiculous every where but at home. Bred among men of talents inferior to himself, he is too apt to assume the lead, as well from the press as in conversation, and to over-rate his own abilities. His oddities among his friends are only regarded as the excrescences of a superior genius; among those who live beyond the sphere of his importance, they are considered as instances of folly or ignorance. There is scarcely a trifling city or university in Europe which has not its great men; characters, who are taught by adulation to fancy themselves figuring in the republic of letters, and leaving monuments of their merit to remote posterity. If there should happen to be two of this character in the same city, the compliments they mutually bestow on each other are pleasant enough: they attempt to raise each other's reputation by mutual flattery, and establish their little dominion within the circle of all their acquaintance.[1]

A traveller passing through the city of Burgos in Spain, was desirous of knowing who were their most learned men, and applied to one of the inhabitants for information. "What!" replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, "have you never heard of the admirable Brandellius, or the ingenious Mogusius? one the eye and the other the heart of our university, known all over the world?" "Never," cries the traveller, "but pray inform me what Brandellius is particularly remarkable for?" "You must be very little acquainted in the Republic of Letters," says the other, "to ask such a question. Brandellius has written a most sublime panegyric on Mogusius." "And, prithee, what has Mogusius done to deserve so great a favour?" "He has written an excellent poem in praise of Brandellius." "Well! and what does the public, I mean those who are out of the university, say of those mutual compliments?" "The public are a parcel of blockheads, and all blockheads are critics, and all critics are spiders, and spiders are a set of reptiles that all the world despises."

[1] Compare 'Citizen of the World,' Letter LXXIV. (vol. iii., p. 281), originally published in the year of this criticism.—Ed.

APPENDIX

TO THIS COLLECTION OF THE CRITICISMS.

I. Goldsmith's Articles in the *Monthly Review*.

Prior gives the following account of Griffiths' marked copy of the *Monthly Review*, which discloses the secret of Goldsmith's contributions to that work ('Life of Goldsmith,' 1837, vol. i., pp. 225-7):—

"The articles which came from his pen in that work, and the precise period when they were furnished, have been hitherto unknown; neither he nor Griffiths being very communicative on the subject in conversation. But the latter has left this information on record behind him; his own copy of the work, now in the possession of a gentleman with the largest and rarest private collection in the kingdom, contains the necessary references; and by the intervention of a friend,[1] to whom literature and antiquities are under various obligations, the writer is indebted for the opportunity of making known what is a fair object of literary curiosity.

"To each article in the *Review* its proprietor, in the copy kept for private use, affixed the initial letter of the name of the contributor; and where two began with the same, one or more other letters, so as to guide those acquainted with the literary history of the day to a pretty accurate conclusion. Thus, R—— was Dr. Rose, of Chiswick (connected with Griffiths by their marrying sisters), who chiefly took

[1] Sir James Prior here added in a note:—"Thomas Amyot, Esq., Treasurer of the Antiquarian Society, F.R.S. The possessor of the work was the late Mr. Heber, whose liberality in opening all his literary stores to such as were in want of them must be remembered with honour." The marked *Monthly Review* is now in the Bodleian Library.

the theological department; R——d, Owen Ruffhead, that on law and constitutional history; Ra——, Ralph, the well-known political writer; Sh——, Dr. Gregory Sharpe; La——, probably Langhorne, the poet; K——s, K—pp—s, and perhaps K. (for Griffiths is not regular in the letters used), Dr. Kippis; Cl——d, probably Cleland; Ok——, probably Okey; G——r, Grainger, the poet; besides others with the letters L.; W.; B.; B——t; G.; D.; less certainly ascertained. Kenrick immediately succeeded to Goldsmith's place upon the *Review*. His articles, noted K—n—k, are very numerous.

"There are three writers whose names begin with the letter G. Where standing singly it is believed to designate the contributions of Griffiths himself, consisting chiefly of extracts from books of general knowledge, with little attempt at original remark, to which even, if not young in the business of reviewing, his business necessarily precluded much attention. These articles are long, the subjects easy; and at a time when the *Review* was not very profitable, we may believe he was not disposed to pay another for doing what filled up so much space with so little labour to himself, or, as we are told, to his wife.[1] The contributions of Grainger are marked G——r, or Gr——r. Those of Goldsmith vary more in the letters employed, from being written at different times, as the hurry or whim of the moment dictated, without uniformly referring to the previous marks affixed to each. Thus we have Gold—, Golds—h, G—s—th, G—sm—, G—ds—, G——th, Go——th, Go——h; and the correctness of these notations are sufficiently verified by internal evidence."

Prior then gives a list of the contributions marked as by Goldsmith, including the following, in addition to articles reprinted in the foregoing pages, viz.: 'The Rival Politicians,' a very short notice in the 'Monthly Catalogue' of the April, 1757, *Review*, p. 363;[2] 'A First Specimen of

[1] As a specimen, see the notice of Smith's 'History of the County of Kerry,' December, 1757.—PRIOR.

[2] In a note at p. 233 (to the article on Mallet's Mythology, &c.), we have shown that there is some reason for identifying Goldsmith with the writer of the foreign articles in the *Monthly Review* who signed "D," and therefore reason for dating our author's contributions to this review a little earlier than the date of the first *marked* article. It should be

such Plants as are most curious in Piedmont, by Charles Allioni,' May, 1757, p. 449; 'Literary News,' dated from Padua, May, 1757, p. 450; and "no less than twenty-three notices of minor works in the 'Monthly Catalogue'" of the same month. In the number for June, 1757, the uncollected marked articles are on 'Smith's History of New York,' p. 517; 'The Military Operations in North America,' p. 524; and 'Keysler's Travels' (Appendix), p. 585, with nine short notices in the 'Monthly Catalogue.' In the July number for the same year the marked but uncollected articles are 'Layard on the Contagion among the Cattle,' p. 36, and 'Buchanan's New English Dictionary,' p. 82. In August the only uncollected marked article is one on 'The Contest in America between Great Britain and France,' p. 172.[1] Goldsmith's engagement with Griffiths having broken down (as mentioned at p. 17 of the 'Life'), the contributions ceased for a time, after the publication of the *Review* for September, 1757. Some of, or perhaps all, the after-contributed articles are those of December, 1758, which were contemporary with the quarrel which finally separated Goldsmith and Griffiths (as described in the 'Life,' p. 17, and in the notes at pp. 446, 447, vol. i., and p. 322 of the present vol.), and drove our author into an engagement with the rival review.—Ed.

II. Goldsmith's Contributions to the *Critical Review*.

Prior's account of Goldsmith's connexion with the *Critical Review* opens thus: "Among the persons connected

mentioned, however, that, according to Prior, the series of foreign articles signed "D," previous to that on Mallet are marked in the Bodleian copy of the *Review*.—"G——r, meaning Grainger." To reconcile this with Griffiths' own note given at p. 233, we must suppose, as Prior did, that "the gentleman who signs D," in that note should have been printed "the gentleman who signs G."

[1] The following, from the opening remarks to this article, is, perhaps, worth reprinting:—"The author who engages in the transitory politics of the day may be compared to a sportsman shooting flying; while he is taking aim, the object in view often gains too great a distance, and escapes the meditated blow. Such writers are generally obliged to sacrifice ornament to opportunity, and, in order to catch the present hour, give up all hopes with regard to posterity."

with literature to whom he became known some time in the year 1758 was Mr. Archibald Hamilton, printer of the *Critical Review*, who saw so much in him to esteem as a man and to admire as a writer that he became one of his firmest friends. He invited him to his house in the vicinity of Chelsea, where the daughter of this gentleman remembered to have seen him frequently, relieved him subsequently from occasional pecuniary difficulties, and, willing to gain all the talent he could for the journal with which he was connected, is said to have been the first to introduce him to Dr. Smollett, then his principal editor. There was likewise some policy in the measure; he was known as an ally of Griffiths, and a violent hostility existing between the rival reviews, it was a means of weakening the enemy. The precise period at which he commenced contributor to this work is uncertain: not later, certainly, than January, 1759, for in that month appear two of the articles traced to him—reviews of Marriott's 'Female Conduct,' a poem (p. 322, *ante*), and Barrett's translation of 'Ovid's Epistles' (p. 325, *ante*). These, with several others, and a variety of his unacknowledged essays, were collected by Mr. Thomas Wright, printer, to whom allusion has been made, then pursuing his business with Hamilton, and published under the superintendence of Isaac Reed" ('Life of Goldsmith,' 1837, i., p. 315).

The date of Goldsmith's first article in the *Critical Review* seems to be November, 1757, that being the date of the review of Massey's 'Ovid's Fasti' (see *ante*, p. 300), which Prior himself prints as Goldsmith's, though he dates it incorrectly "1758." It, however, appears that between Nov., 1757, and Jan., 1759, little or nothing else went into Smollett's review from Goldsmith, the latter's work upon the *Literary Magazine*, 1757-8 (see note at the end of the Introduction to the 'History of the Seven Years' War' in our vol. v., &c.), and the following re-engagement with the *Monthly Review* supplying no doubt the sufficient reason. Mr. Forster also somewhat obscures the succession of events at this period of our author's career. He dates the Massey criticism correctly—"Nov., 1757;" but he adds (see edit. 1854, i., 158) that the two next contributions to the *Critical Review*, "apparently in continua-

tion of the first," were published "in the new-year number." This gives the idea that the supposed "continuation" articles, *i.e.*, those on Marriott and Barrett, were published in Jan., 1758, whereas they appeared in Jan., 1759—thirteen months after the "first" review, *i.e.*, that on Massey. It may be noticed, too, that the Massey criticism appeared in the *Critical* two months after Goldsmith's first rupture with the *Monthly*.

Beside the articles from the *Critical Review* reprinted in the foregoing pages, Prior thought there were others in that review which might fairly be attributed to Goldsmith. He adds: "Another of his supposed contributions to the review is not so well ascertained. From a memorandum of Isaac Reed, prefixed to a manuscript of Goldsmith in the possession of the writer, and hereafter to be mentioned,[1] it appears that the latter took part with Smollett in the warfare between him and Grainger, relative to the translation of Tibullus, and wrote a defence of him on that occasion. The following is the note: 'This MS. is one of the productions of, and in the handwriting of, Dr. Goldsmith. It was given to me by Mr. Steevens, who received it from Hamilton, the printer. It had also another MS. by the Doctor, a defence of Dr. Smollett against Dr. Grainger's attack on him relative to the criticism on Tibullus in the *Critical Review*. This last, I think, Mr. Steevens gave to Mr. Beauclerk.' This piece, though probably still in existence, has not been discovered. It was no doubt written for the *Review*, but whether published cannot certainly be known until found and compared with the article in that journal for February, 1759, which forms Smollett's defence, and where Grainger's intemperate and extremely personal reply to the supposed criticism of Smollett on his translation in the previous December is answered in a manner scarcely less vituperative." This "defence" of Smollett, filling as it does sixteen pages of the *Critical Review* for Feb., 1759 (pp. 141-58), and being, as Prior says, "not likely to be wholly, if at all, from the pen of Goldsmith," we have thought unworthy of being reprinted in the present collection.

[1] The MS. of the Preface and Introduction to the, so called, 'History of the Seven Years' War,' which see in our collection of Goldsmith's Prefaces in vol. v.—Ed.

Most of the articles we reprint from the *Critical Review* were viewed by Prior, as well as by the previous collectors, Messrs. Wright and Reed, as being by our author. Prior gave the following among his reasons for the view he took ('Life,' i., p. 317): "As a specimen of the identity of thought and language employed, the following passage is given from the review of Van Egmont's and Heyman's travels. It relates to a favourite project of the critic himself, that of penetrating into parts of Asia, and bringing back the knowledge of such useful arts as are familiar to its natives, though unknown in Europe. This design, as we well know, occupied his mind for several years, looking forward to some favourable period for its accomplishment, which never occurred, or offered only when it was inexpedient to be pursued. Towards the end of 1761, or commencement of the following year, as will be noticed, he drew up a memorial on the subject to government; a paper likewise containing the substance, and even the words, of the following passage was printed by him about the same time in the *Public Ledger;* he afterwards shaped it into the 108th letter of the 'Citizen of the World,' and, still retaining the same favourite idea, again republished it in the volume of 'Essays' in 1765."[1] Prior then quotes for comparison the passage in the Van Egmont and Heyman review (see *ante*, p. 361) commencing "One who sits down to read the accounts of modern travellers into Asia," &c. —Ed.

III. Note on Hanway's Attack upon Tea-drinking, *ante*, p. 269-274.

Hanway's account of excessive tea-drinking by the populace can hardly be reconciled with the contemporary accounts of beer-drinking and the like. Hogarth, for instance, has drawn "Beer-street" and "Gin-lane," but he has not drawn *Tea-alley*, after the manner Hanway would, apparently, have had him draw it (perhaps Hanway's "certain lane near Richmond," *ante*, p. 271, might have

[1] See our vol. i., pp. 25, 26, and vol. iii., pp. 397, &c.

been so immortalized), nor, indeed, has he drawn it in any manner. However prevalent tea-drinking may have been in Hanway's time with the upper classes, no doubt the popular drink with the lower class was beer. Porter was more especially the drink of the London populace at this time. This kind of beer had but lately been invented, and it became the staple product of most, and the sole product of many, of the largest of the London brewers, being named porter, as most people know, from its original popularity among the London porters.[1] A return of the beer brewed by the chief London brewers for the year 1759-60 yields the following facts. Calvert and Seward head the list with a product of 74,734 barrels. "Calvert's butt" Goldsmith has celebrated in his 'Author's Bed-chamber' ('Poems,' vol. ii., p. 82), and also in his Stroller's Story in the 'Essays' (vol. i., p. 292). Whitbread comes next, with a product of 63,408 barrels; Trueman is a name or two lower, with 60,104 barrels; and another Calvert, "Sir William," follows, with 52,785 barrels. "Lady Parsons," whose "black champagne" was, according to Goldsmith's poem above cited, so popular in Drury-lane, ranges seventh in the list, with a tale of 34,098 barrels, which is pretty fair, considering that Dr. Johnson once said, "what can misses [the Misses Thrale] do with a brew-house?" And then comes Thrail (Dr. Johnson's Thrale), with 32,740 barrels.[2] Hucks, with 28,615 barrels, follows; and then come forty-seven other firms, which, with the exception of Meux and Cross, are now, we think,

[1] Porter, or "entire butt," was introduced about 1722. The Blue Last, at the corner of New Inn Yard, Curtain Road, Shoreditch, used to have inscribed over its doors—"Here Porter was first sold." One Harwood, is said to have invented "entire butt." Mr. Edwards ('Words, Facts, and Phrases,' 1882) cites a passage in Nicholas Amhurst's 'Terræ Filius,' of May 22, 1721, as perhaps furnishing the earliest mention of porter.

[2] Thrale's was the precursor of the existing firm of Barclay and Perkins. Dr. Johnson, who was Mr. Thrale's executor, said that brewer paid duty to the Government amounting to £20,000 a year, and that the business was sold to Barclay and Perkins for £135,000. Mr. Wright, one of the editors of Boswell, said that Barclay, Perkins, and Co. brewed 389,180 barrels of beer in 1826, and paid as duty upon that quantity £180,090. See Boswell's Johnson, Standard Library edit. 1884, vol. iv., pp. 44, 82.

no more known as brewers. The total product of the fifty-two houses said to be "the principal brewers" of London for the year was 975,217 barrels, a great quantity, considering that nearly the whole was for consumption in London alone.—Ed.

LATER COLLECTED ESSAYS, &c.

[The following Essays, &c., are mostly of Prior's collection, made previous to 1837. They are from the *British Magazine*, *Public Ledger*, *Busy Body*, and other periodicals Goldsmith is known to have contributed to, and they have been re-read with the originals in those sources for the present edition. As regards most of the pieces, no doubt Goldsmith's authorship is sufficiently apparent. Mr. Peter Cunningham, however, in 1852, expressed doubts as to the genuineness of some of the essays collected by Prior, as well as of some of those previously collected for the Percy edition of Goldsmith's Works, 1801, though he (Mr. Cunningham) published all of both collections in his own edition of the 'Works.' According to Mr. Cunningham, the authority chiefly responsible for the selection of both groups of the posthumously collected essays was Mr. Thomas Wright, the printer engaged with Mr. Archibald Hamilton upon some of the periodicals Goldsmith contributed to. Mr. Wright, it is said, was in the habit of determining and noting the authorship of the "copy" passing through his hands—apparently from the handwriting chiefly—and hence the selection of most of these posthumous essays of Goldsmith. One of Prior's collection (which Mr. Cunningham also reprinted) has been quite recently shown to have been in print in 1737, being then possibly the production of Lord Chesterfield. See our Note of Omissions at the end of vol. v. This essay, 'Female Characters,' we have excluded from the present edition. As Mr. Wright was mistaken in this instance, he, of course, it is just possible, may have been mistaken in here or there another instance. In this edition appear for the first time with the works of Goldsmith, 'A Poetical Scale,' 'The History of Our Own Language,' 'Phanor,' a tale, all from the *Literary Magazine*, together with one or two other pieces. The reasons for believing these to be by our author are appended to the several pieces, and are further set forth in our Appendix.

LATER COLLECTED ESSAYS, &c.

A Poetical Scale.

[From the *Literary Magazine*, Jan., 1758.]

This scale is supposed to consist of twenty degrees for each column, of which nineteen may be attained in any one qualification, but the twentieth was never yet attained to.

	Genius.	Judgment.	Learning.	Versification.
Chaucer	16	12	10	14
Spencer	18	12	14	18
Drayton	10	11	16	13
Shakespear . . .	19	14	14	19
Johnson[1] . . .	16	18	17	8
Cowley	17	17	15	17

[1] Ben Jonson is probably meant. In this case, however, Samuel Johnson, though his chief poems, 'London,' 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' and 'Irene,' were all published at the time, is omitted from the list. Ben Jonson's name is spelt "Johnson" in the 'Our Own Language' articles (p. 455), and it was often so spelt at the time. Moreover, the high rank for learning and the low rank for versification accorded to "Johnson" agrees with the estimate of Ben Jonson in the 'Our Own Language' articles. Samuel Johnson's omission from the scale probably indicates both that Goldsmith was at this time unacquainted with the author of 'London' personally, and but partially acquainted with his works. Some eighteen months later things were different, for then, in the 'Bee' (see the 'Fame Machine,' vol. ii., p. 392), Goldsmith accords Johnson a seat in the coach bound for the "Temple of Fame;" though even then, it will be observed, place is given to the "very grave personage" upon the strength of his 'Rambler' rather than upon that of his poems, or even of his 'Dictionary.'—Ed.

	Genius.	Judgment.	Learning.	Versification.
Waller	12	12	10	16
Fairfax	12	12	14	13
Otway	17	10	10	17
Milton	18	16	17	18
Lee	16	10	10	15
Dryden	18	16	17	18
Congreve . . .	15	16	14	14
Vanburgh . . .	14	15	14	10
Steel	10	15	13	10
Addison	16	18	17	17
Prior	16	16	15	17
Swift	18	16	16	16
Pope	18	18	15	19
Thomson . . .	16	16	14	17
Gay	14	16	14	16
Butler	17	16	14	16
Beaumont and Fletcher .	14	16	16	12
Hill (Aaron) . . .	16	12	13	17
Rowe	14	16	15	16
Farquhar . . .	15	16	10	10
Garth	16	16	12	16
Southern . . .	15	15	11	14
Hughes	15	16	13	16[1]

By *Genius* is meant those excellencies that no study or art can communicate—such as elevation, expression, description, wit, humour, passion, &c.

Judgment implies a preserving that probability in conducting or disposing a composition that reconciles it to credibility and the appearance of truth, and such as is best suited to effect the purpose aimed at.

By *learning* is not meant learning in an academical or scholastic sense, but that species of it which can best qualify a poet to excel in the subject he attempts.

Versification[2] is not only that harmony of numbers which renders a composition, whether in rhyme or blank

[1] Goldsmith alludes to a similar scale in the opening of his "Editor's Preface" to the 'Citizen of the World;' see vol. iii. p 9.—Ed.

[2] Compare with the Belles Lettres essay on the subject, at p. 381, vol. i., and with Goldsmith elsewhere.—Ed.

verse, agreeable to the ear, but a just connection between the expression and the sentiment, resulting entirely from the energy of the latter, and so happily adapted that they seem created for that very purpose, and not to be altered but for the worse.

I have in the above list omitted many who are considered as English poets, because I think that no greater judgment can be formed from short compositions, and that one may write a very pretty copy of verses, yet have no title to the appellation of a poet.

The reader, likewise, is not to be surprised if I have omitted some more voluminous writers, in which several bright passages appear; for when a man writes a great deal it is next to impossible but he must, even against his will, stumble upon somewhat that is excellent.

Some I know have been celebrated by the greatest wits of the age, as very fine poets, and are omitted here; but I have had long experience of the *partiality*, and sometimes *weakness*, of excellent poets and critics, with regard to their *friends* and even *acquaintances;* nay, sometimes vulgar prejudices get the better of common sense. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, for instance, was celebrated by his contemporaries as a wit and a poet. He might have had some title to the former amongst his companions, but I think he has very little to the latter amongst his readers. His imitations from Boileau and Meursius [1] (if they are his) are extremely insipid; and the best of the few other compositions he has left can be called no better than pretty. His imitation from Horace, which does most honour to his wit and judgment, is, in fact, a mere rhapsody of false criticism and mistaken characters. The dramatic writers he there praises the most have very little title to his encomiums. No man can find out in Sedley's work that melting property he assigns him. Etheridge can please no reader of

[1] The allusion seems to be to John Meursius, the learned friend of the famous John Barnevelt, and of whom Chalmers has the following:—"It seems almost needless to observe, that the shamefully obscene Latin work entitled 'Meursius de elegantiis Latinæ linguæ,' was not written either by this author or his son; but was, as the French biographers assure us, the production of Nicholas Chorier, an attorney at Grenoble. It probably had the name of John Meursius prefixed by way of throwing ridicule upon the grave and learned professor."—Ed.

taste. The best comedy of Wycherley's, his 'Plain Dealer,' not to mention the improbability of the plot, and the immodesty of the conduct, loses its greatest merit by having in it very little originality, and, indeed, is no other than a cento of French plays. The truth is, every line of Wycherley contradicts that character which the noble peer gives him for judgment and application. Mr. Wycherley was, indeed, a fine gentleman, and a very worthy man. But he was far from deserving the compliments paid to him by his cotemporaries.[1] The copy of verses under his name prefixed to Mr. Pope's 'Poems,' were revised, altered, and improved by the poet to whom they were addressed. The rest of his works give us but a poor idea of his abilities as a poet. As to Shadwell, the other favourite of the noble lord, he is below all criticism.

The first-rate wits of England have been subject to partialities of this kind. Mr. Prior, Sir Samuel Garth, Mr. Addison, and most of the fine writers their cotemporaries, for very obvious reasons of interest celebrated Montague, Earl of Halifax, as a capital genius, though I don't remember above six lines he ever wrote that entitle him to the character of a tolerable poet. Mr. Pope has celebrated Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was the author of two volumes of miscellanies in prose and verse that deserve neither the name of true poetry nor good writing.[2] The great poet went even so far as to suffer a commendatory copy of verses from his Grace to be prefixed to his poems, where they now stand, and which would disgrace even Grub Street itself. Mr. Walsh is another instance of that poet's partiality; and he not only published, but corrected, improved, and dedicated the poems of Dean Parnell, though the two finest in them are stolen; his 'Hermit' is no more than a story from old Howel versified, and his feast of Comus[3] is a translation from a Latin poem of

[1] We print "cotemporaries," as in our text of these essays. It often occurs in the earlier works of Goldsmith.—Ed.

[2] Our text has "Duke of Buckingham," but John Sheffield was Duke of Buckinghamshire. The distinction is necessary, because we have another "noble author" (George Villiers) who was Duke of Buckingham.—Ed.

[3] The 'Anacreontic' commencing "Gay Bacchus," &c. This judgment upon Parnell comes very close to that in Goldsmith's 'Life of

Augureli, an Italian poet of the fifteenth century. I could give many other instances of high encomiums paid by our first-rate wits to very indifferent writers, both in prose and verse; and nothing is more dangerous in literary matters than to follow the testimony given by one living author to another. With what respect was the name of Boyle celebrated all over England. During the time of his controversy with Dr. Bentley about the Epistles of Phalaris, what compliments were paid to his genius, his wit, his address, and learning, in almost every poem of note that was published! And what contempt has the name of Bentley been in ever since! But with what injustice! Let an impartial reader, now that the frenzy of adulation is cooled, take into his hand the performances of both on that occasion, and he will acknowledge Bentley to be superior to Boyle in wit and spirit, as much as he is in learning and argument, and, what I am sorry to say, in facts and candour.[1]

I am sensible that in the calculations I have here exhibited, I have in many instances strong prejudices against me. The friends of Milton will not yield to Shakespear the superiority of genius, which I think lies on the side of Shakespear. Both of them have faults: but the faults of Shakespear were those of GENIUS; those of Milton of the MAN OF GENIUS.[2] The former arises from *imagination* getting the better of *judgment;* the latter from *habit* getting the better of *imagination*. Shakespear's faults were those of a *great poet;* those of Milton of a *little pedant*. When Shakespear is *execrable*, he is so exquisitely so that he is as inimitable in his blemishes as in his beauties. The puns of Milton betray a *narrowness of education* and a *degeneracy*

Parnell,' published more than ten years later; see *ante*, pp. 174-176. —ED.

[1] See Prior upon this opinion relative to Bentley and Boyle, in the Appendix to the present collection of essays.—ED.

[2] This agrees substantially with the view taken in 'Our Own Language' (p. 460), though it differs from the views appearing in the 'Belles Lettres' essays. Prior points out (in our Appendix at the end) that this severe judgment on Milton is something like Dr. Johnson's, and that the present "scale" and its accompanying essay were in consequence attributed to Johnson, who, however, denied all knowledge of them. In one of the rejected portions of the 'Enquiry into Polite Learning' Goldsmith

of habit. His theological quibbles and perplexed speculations are daily equalled and excelled by the most abject enthusiasts; and if we consider him as a prose writer, he has neither the learning of a scholar nor the manners of a gentleman. There is no force in his reasoning, no elegance in his style, and no taste in his composition. We are, therefore, to consider him in one fixed point of light—that of a great poet, with a laudable envy of rivalling, eclipsing, and excelling all who attempted sublimity of sentiment and description. But he has not that amiable variety that Shakespear possessed; and Shakespear could have wrote like Milton, but Milton could never have wrote like Shakespear.

Some may think that I have undervalued the character of Waller,[1] but in my own judgment I have rather overrated it. It is true we find in him two or three pretty turned, short copies of verses, and about a dozen good couplets; but in the rest of his works he rises very little above the herd of his cotemporaries, who rather wrote rhyme than poetry. For the same reason I have omitted Sir John Denham, Suckling, and several other favourite writers, who give us here and there a sparkle that is exquisitely fine, amidst a heap of dross and rubbish.

Even Mr. Pope's celebrated Granville, Lord Lansdown, has found no admission in this calculation, because, had he not been a lord, he could have had very little pretensions to be a poet.[2] I have excluded the author of 'Phædra and Hippolitus,' because that tragedy is, in fact, translated from the French of Racine,[3] who with Corneille, I think, does not rise above the genius of Rowe. For the same

said that the Italian poet Maffei was superior in his Merope to Milton in his Samson; see vol. iii., p. 481.—Ed.

[1] For the various opinions upon the poets, compare with Goldsmith elsewhere, as in his 'Criticisms,' pp. 233 *et seq.*, *ante*, the Preface, &c., to the 'Beauties of English Poesy,' and 'History of England in A Nobleman's Letters to his Son' (Letter XVI. of vol. ii.: see our vol. v.), and the 'Belles Lettres' essays in vol. i.—Ed.

[2] Lord Lansdown introduced Pope to Bolingbroke as "this swan of Windsor;" and Pope dedicated his first successful work, 'Windsor Forest,' to him.—Ed.

[3] This was a tragedy from Racine's 'Phædra' and 'Bajazet,' by Edmund Smith. It was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, April 21, 1707 (Genest, ii. 368: Baker says, "1709"), and, as Dr. Johnson tells us,

reason I have omitted Ambrose Philips; and though his namesake, the author of 'Cyder,'[1] undoubtedly had poetical genius, yet I cannot admit him, because he was a professed imitator of Milton. Dr. Donne was a man of wit, but he seems to have been at pains not to pass for a poet.[2]

SEQUEL TO THE POETICAL BALANCE, BEING MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ON ENGLISH POETS.[3]

In order to form a true estimate of a poet's merit, it is often necessary that we reflect upon his situation in life. The court of Queen Elizabeth was composed of greater men than perhaps any Court (the present always excepted) has been since; and her Majesty was far from being an enemy either to gallantry or pleasure. But it was gallantry that suited her own maiden loftiness, ever stretched upon the tenters of punctilio, and a species of pleasure that was ever under the direction of policy; and if she exceeded in either, it never was in public. The wits and poets of her court were a species of beings very different from those of a humbler rank. They wrote up to the ideas of their sovereign, as far as they could judge of them from her practice. Every thing was performed by mode and figure; and simplicity of address, description, or sentiment would have been, perhaps, as ill received at court as obscenity itself.

Nothing can be a stronger proof of this observation than the difference between Sidney and Spencer. There is a remarkable similarity of genius between them—the same plaintive turn, a like beauty of description, luxuriance of fancy, and exuberance of language. Yet, in fact, what can

"pleased the critics only." Addison said its want of popularity was disgraceful to the nation.—ED.

[1] John Philips, more famous as the author of the 'Splendid Shilling.' —ED.

[2] This essay is unsigned in the magazine, though the 'Sequel' to it, which appeared in the next number, and is undoubtedly by the same hand, is signed "Crito;" see p. 428.—ED.

[3] From the *Literary Magazine*, Feb., 1758. The words at p. 424, referring to the preceding 'Poetical Scale,' "Sir Philip Sidney, with all his merit, has no place in our poetical scale," seem to show conclusively that this 'Sequel' is by the writer of the 'Scale;' see Appendix, &c.—ED.

be more dissimilar than their writings? But Sidney was the poet of the court, and Spencer of the country. The genius of the former, though of the finest and firmest fabric, was frittered, as Juliet wishes Romeo to be, into little stars, and tortured into all the fantastic shapes that squeamish affectation and inverted nature can demand. But how flowing, how full, and how free does Spencer sweep o'er the face of nature, in a robe of the same texture, but of a different fashion![1]

Shakespear has very sly flings at this unnatural manner of thinking and writing, and in some parts of his works has characterized its patrons; though sometimes we see that inexorable custom has forced his own muse to stoop her own neck to the same galling yoke. But she soon throws it off; and when she submits to it, she wears it more gracefully, and with a more becoming reluctance, than is to be seen amongst the other sisters of Parnassus.

After what I have said, the reader will not be surprised that Sir Philip Sidney, with all his merit, has no place in our poetical scale. He speaks the most natural things in the world so unnaturally that (to write in his own style) nature disowns them, though they are her own genuine offspring. He was, however, the darling of Queen Elizabeth's court and times; and his 'Arcadia,' which was wrote in order to justify the putting of Mary Queen of Scots to death, notwithstanding all the pains he has taken to disfigure it, is one of the finest excursions that, perhaps, fancy can boast of. The other noble poets of Queen Elizabeth and King James, such as Fulk, Lord Brook, Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling,[2] and many others, with all Sidney's execrabilities, had not the least spark of beauty. Notwithstanding this they would not have wrote so very ill as they did had not they thought their station in life restrained them from writing like other men. Their quality and situation fixed their ideas upon the most insipid of all originals, their brother courtiers; and hence every thing that comes from them is flat, inanimated, and languid.

[1] Two years later Goldsmith reviewed Church's edition of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' in the *Critical Review*. See this article at p. 333, of the present volume.—Ed.

[2] Sir William Alexander, created Earl of Stirling in 1633.—Ed.

By this I do not mean that a courtier was then a being *essentially* different from all other beings of human nature, but he was *apparently* so. This appearance was the very secret of his trade, which was then (I don't know if it be so now) reducible to mechanical rules of look, lip, loftiness, smile, and simper. In short, no profession under the sun required more regular apprentices or more diligent application than that of a courtier did during all the life time of the father of the English stage.

Satirical and dramatical writers may talk what they will of their having no original in view when they draw a character. But I will venture to say that no writer ever yet did draw a good character, that is, a *striking* one, but from some original or other that had taken possession of his idea, though perhaps unconscious to himself. Great writers, as well as great painters, have their favourite portraits, otherwise they could not be *characteristical;* and those portraits they generally catch through their situation in life.

Our greatest dramatic genius, next to Shakespear, Otway, and Dryden, are unobserved instances of the truth of this remark.[1] They lived at a time when monarchy was restored, and, with monarchy, a set of brave men who had been proscribed by the prevailing faction, and had long starved upon their principles. Some of them had spent great estates, and most of them had undergone great dangers for the royal service. Upon their return to England they found themselves most ungratefully neglected, and no change in their circumstances but in the scene of their misery being brought nearer home. They could not help repining at this barbarous usage; and while some of them expressed great reverence for the royal person, all of them vented the strongest detestation of the court.

[1] Otway is also ranked next to Shakspere in 'Our Own Language' (the part afterwards given as 'The Augustan Age of England,' to be found at p. 443, vol. ii., of the present edition), and in Letter XVI. (vol. ii.) of the 'History of England in Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,' where English literature is passed in review (see our vol. v.), also in 'The Vicar of Wakefield' (vol. i., pp. 146-7), and elsewhere. In the 'Augustan Age' essay Dryden comes third, similarly as here. Otway's 'Orphan' is also praised highly in the essay on the 'Enjoyment of Life' further on.—Ed.

Such were the originals of Acasto, the Chamont, the Pierre, and the Jaffier of Otway, and the Dorax and Ventidius of Dryden, which, I think, are all the characters they ever drew from the life in tragedy.[1] The other characters of the plays in which these appear belong to the novels and histories from which they are taken.

The want of a favourite idea drawn from living manners was the great defect Mr. Addison laboured under in his tragedy. His Cato, like the pictures of Poussin, is faultless in the drawing, because copied after whatever is most graceful in the antique. But though the figures have *motion*, they are destitute of *life*; they have *beauty*, but are void of *nature*.[2] Mr. Addison is the only character that speaks through the whole play, excepting in the simile put in the mouth of Syphax, which is characteristical; but Mr. Addison spoils it by introducing two lines of his own, for his circling eddies swallow up the allusion in *mere poetry*, the most contemptible ingredient that can enter into a tragedy, unless it is supposed with propriety, and, I had almost said, warranted by necessity.

He falls into a like absurdity in another admired simile in the same play, which, though academical enough, is certainly just. It is where Portius says—

> "Thus, o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
> Hangs quiv'ring by a point."

Had he stopped here, the simile had been very fine; but he spoils it by making it pretty, and it degenerates from passion into poetry, for it leaps and falls so long that we lose Portius in the poet.

By poetry in a tragedy I mean every thing that is not proper for a character to say, be it said ever so finely, or sung ever so sweetly. Where a character speaks properly, poetry is but the second consideration, for it will be always attached to propriety. Even in the lowest life the expres-

[1] Acasto and Chamont are characters in Otway's 'Orphan;' Pierre and Jaffier are characters in his 'Venice Preserved.' Ventidius and Dorax figure respectively in Dryden's 'All for Love' and 'Don Sebastian.'—Ed.

[2] Compare our author on poetry in the 'Life of Parnell,' pp. 172-3, *ante*.—Ed.

sions of passion, distress, and agony are poetical, spontaneously and irresistibly so.[1]

Notwithstanding all I have said, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Addison's 'Cato,' if we except the tragedies of Shakespear and Otway, is the best tragedy that has appeared in any language for these two thousand years.

If there is a comic writer extant that can contend with Shakespear in what I take to be the *vis comica* it is Aristophanes; but his allusions are so quick, so delicate, and so local, that he must make as bad a figure in English as Shakespear does in French. There is likewise a great deal of the same comic power in Plautus; but, though I have hunted after all the fragments of Menander, I own I am stupid enough not to have discovered it in any of them. Yet I can discern something of it in those of Cæcilius, though quoted by Aulus Gellius, to show how much inferior he is to Menander upon the same subject. Had 'Don Quixot' been a dramatic poem, the character of the squire would have been an original of this kind; but, upon the whole, there is more of the *vis comica* in the English comedies than is to be found in all other writers, though I am far from thinking that even the French are destitute of it.

In England the comic genius is not, like the tragic, confined to two writers, for it is diffused through many. Of all our modern comedy writers Congreve sustains a dialogue the best; but he draws a great deal more from *life* than from *nature*, a distinction of the utmost importance, though little attended to. To read his comedies one is a little surprised that he should write so very indifferently upon all other subjects, though he is celebrated by Dryden, Pope, and almost every man of wit in the age, as an universal genius. But he had connections with the great, as well as credit with the public, and it became a fashion to court his patronage and friendship. He had great powers in *high*, but few in *genteel*, comedy.

The latter is a term of which the English of late are grown extremely fond. But, asking pardon of the public,

[1] Compare with the remarks upon the passionate speech of Macduff in the first of the 'Belles Lettres' essays, p. 328, vol. i.; also in the opening passages of 'Phanor,' the tale following the present essay.—Ed.

two of the principal and their favourite scenes of that kind are void of all merit but what the force of action and uninterrupted applause, even when good action is wanting, have given them.

The first I shall mention is the parting scene between Lord and Lady Townly, in the 'Provoked Husband.'[1] The poet there had great room for a fine play of sentiment, and has made so artful a preparation for the catastrophe that the meanness of it is overlooked.[2] For Lady Townly's reformation is effected by the most abject and mercenary of all principles—the fear of future want and the hopes of returning fortune, a motive that must have influenced the most abandoned of either sex.

The scene of the duel in the 'Conscious Lovers'[3] is the next instance I shall bring of unreasonable prepossession for a favourite play. For the poet, instead of effecting the prevention of the duel by the force of reason and the superiority of character, which would have rendered it universal and meritorious, makes Bevil lose himself at one time, and at last brings it about by a mere accident, that is peculiar to the circumstances of the play, and must have had the same effect upon the merest brute that it had upon Myrtle. Thus a fine moral is lost to the conduct of life, though he had a leading character before his eyes in the Brutus of Shakespear.

Farquhar had a much truer comic genius than any of his cotemporaries, but it was confined by his situation in life.[4] With the same advantages that Vanburgh, Congreve, and Steel had, he could have written better than any of them; and there is an originality in his Sir Harry Wildair that none of his cotemporaries have come up to in comedy.

CRITO.[5]

[1] Vanbrugh's unfinished comedy, completed by Colley Cibber, and produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1728.—ED.

[2] Compare with Goldsmith's fifteen years later remarks on 'Sentimental Comedy,' &c., essay at p. 398, vol. i.—ED.

[3] By Sir R. Steele; first played at Drury Lane Theatre, Nov. 7, 1722, according to Genest.—ED.

[4] Compare the criticism on Farquhar and Congreve in Chap. xviii. of the 'Vicar' (vol. i., p. 147). See also 'Citizen,' Letter XCIII.—ED.

[5] For some speculation upon this and some other supposed signatures of Goldsmith in the *Literary Magazine*, see the Appendix to this collec-

PHANOR; OR, THE BUTTERFLY PURSUIT: A POLITICAL ALLEGORY.[1]

The man who doubts whether Shakespear had learning can have none of his own. But to Shakespear learning was not what it is to other poets. He disdained the fribleism of the French, in adopting the blemishes with equal passion as the beauties of the ancients. For in him classical sentiments appear like patches upon a fine face; they are placed there instead of somewhat that is more beautiful, that is, somewhat that *is his own*, and therefore conceal a superior charm of nature. To talk thus of any writer but Shakespear would be *worse* than *hyperbole*, but with regard to him it is *less than truth*.

But, however just this observation may be when applied to Shakespear's colouring, we cannot say the same of his drawing, for all his characters and incidents, with regard to size, dimensions, and circumstances, are exhibited just as they came to his hands. The fine conversation in 'Macbeth,' between Macduff and Malcolm, though the invention of it would have done honour to the finest genius, or the most accomplished politician, is to be actually found in the historians who lived nearest that time. Nor does the incident lose any of its beauty by being a matter of fact. The real intention of Malcolm appears plainly to have been to find out the true character of Macduff, and to take his measures accordingly.[2]

The discernment of characters is the master-key of human policy, and has been variously adumbrated by the ancients under fables and allegories. One of the few Greek authors that have been recovered out of the ruins of

tion of essays; also the Appendix to the 'Citizen of the World,' in vol. iii., pp. 458-9, and elsewhere.—ED.

[1] From the *Literary Magazine*, of Jan., 1758.—ED.

[2] Compare the first 'Belles Lettres' essay, vol. i., p. 328; also *ante*, p. 427. The dialogue between Malcolm and Macduff is quite lengthily given, and to the same effect as in Shakspere, in Holinshed's 'Hist. Scot.' (Hooker's, otherwise Vowel's, ed., 1587, p. 175), as Mr. W. H. Garrett lately pointed out in an interesting paper on 'Macbeth,' read before the Royal Society of Literature (1884).—ED.

Herculaneum, and rendered legible, tells the story of Atalanta very differently from what we find it in other writers; and in his interpretation of it he makes her golden balls no other than the trials that ought to be made use of by a wise prince or governor to enable him to form a true judgment of the characters of men.

Cyneus, the father of Atalanta, says my authority, reigned over the island of Scyrus, renowned for generous wine and snowy herds. He was high priest as well as monarch of the island, and early initiated his daughter in the mysteries of the gods. Her tender mind was grateful to his cares, the rising and the setting sun never failed to receive her orisons; and the children of Latona, to reward the piety of the father, endowed him with the gift of prescience in as great a degree as is consistent with the happiness of mortals. He saw with pleasure his daughter's growing virtues; the groves resounded with the lyres of youthful poets in the praise of her beauty. But her life being dedicated to the service of Diana, she seemed insensible to all the powers of numbers, but those that celebrated the power and chastity of her favourite goddess.

Upon the death of her aged sire, the children of Latona bestowed on her a portion of his spirit in gratitude to his services, as well as in reward of her own virtues; and princes from all the neighbouring islands courted her love. Atalanta, notwithstanding her vows of chastity, by the express command of her goddess listened to their addresses, and in a full assembly of her admirers in the temple of Apollo, whither she had called them to receive her final answer, she declared that she would give her hand to none but the man who should excel her in swiftness in three courses round the spacious Hippodrome that lay before the temple; and that the unsuccessful suitor should depart the island never to return, under pain of direful resentment from the children of Latona.

When she finished this speech, the awful shrine of the temple shook, and the raptures of the Pythian priestess confirmed her declaration. "Daughter of Cyneus" (said Adrastus, the most intrepid, the most robust, and the best practised in the chase of all the Grecian princes), "though the gods could not inflict on me so severe a fate, were they

to doom me to the punishment of Philoctetes, as never to behold thy face, I accept thy terms." The assembly trembled for the fate of the princess, but none durst oppose the formidable Adrastus. The nymph resigned her silver bow and golden quiver to the altar of Apollo; a snowy fillet bound back her golden locks, and a zone begirt her robes, that were gathered up with an adamantine buckle, so that the depending folds impeded not her swiftness. The trembling crowd attend the royal pair to the marble porch of the temple, which was hung with garlands and decorated with the attributes of the god of light and poetry. The royal pair eyed one another—he with secret, and she with scornful emulation. The signal given—they start—and Atalanta, swifter than one of Diana's shaft's aimed at a flying deer, leaves him in the race; because the youth kept back his swiftness the better to enjoy the pleasure of gazing upon her snowy limbs and admiring her graceful speed. Sometimes he beheld her face turned back to see the progress he made, and they had now twice encircled the Hippodrome, when he, recollecting that he might lose his prize for the pleasure of gazing on it, began to put forth all his swiftness. And now the nymph feft his sultry breath warming her neck through her waving ringlets, when addressing a short prayer to Diana, she threw from her bosom one of the golden apples plucked in the garden of the Hesperides. The prince, thinking himself now secure of the race, catched up the tempting prize, and had almost recovered the few steps he had lost, when another apple discharged from the same fair hand again impeded his course. Yet still he had been victor, had not Apollo, at the earnest request of his sister, invisibly slipped himself, in the shape of a third apple, into the hand of Atalanta, and she no sooner discharged it, than the lovely fruit, instinct with spirit, gave the youth so much trouble in catching it, that Atalanta reached the goal before him.

Adrastus too late perceived with shame the artifice of Atalanta, but he was obliged to submit to the award of the virgin. Alcanor the Theban, who yielded to none excepting Achilles in swiftness of foot, was the next who challenged the race, and though he had just seen the disgrace of Adrastus, whom he was the most forward to deride,

yet his fate was the same; nor could he resist the temptation of the golden fruit. Melampus the Lacedemonian, Polydorus the Cretan, and Crator the Athenian were no more fortunate; for all of them yielded to the baits of Atalanta. Some others essayed the race, and were conquered by her swiftness alone; in short, she was felicitating herself with the hopes of remaining the perpetual votary of Diana, when Phanor of Crotana appeared and challenged her to the race,

He was the most formidable of all the antagonists who had yet entered the lists against Atalanta. Bred up under the sage Pythagoras on the mountains of Apuleia, he had imbibed all the wisdom of the gods, and a perfect contempt for the metal that had been the disgrace of Atalanta's other lovers. His form was beautiful as that of Apollo itself. He was punctual in his devotions to all the powers of heaven, but the Graces thought that he did not sacrifice with such ardour to them as they deserved. His chief study was that of Nature, who had been so profuse of all her gifts upon his person and mind. He excelled in the knowledge of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral world; the motions of the heavens were familiar to his knowledge, and harmony itself had impressed his soul with all its most exquisite sensations.

Such was the lover of Atalanta; who now trembled, with the apprehensions of unloosing her virgin zone. They advanced to the barriers of the Hippodrome; and so great was the public expectation, that the usual acclamations were sunk in gentle murmurs of admiration at so lovely a pair.

Atalanta now exerted her utmost speed, and shot from the barriers like lightning from the bolts of Jove. She had, as usual, the advantage at first; but Phanor's more persevering vigour was ready to pass her, when she emitted one of the fatal apples, which Phanor left behind without regard. Having passed her, she threw another before him. But what was her confusion when she saw him kick it aside as a shining trifle to the scrambling vulgar. And now the victorious Phanor was within a few furlongs of the goal, and had left Atalanta as many behind him, when Diana, commiserating the vexation of her votary, threw

herself around her brother's neck and intreated him to save her. The god was instantaneously dressed by the hand of Iris in the brightest colours of his own rays, which she formed into the figure of a butterfly. The lustre of the tail of the peacock which draws the chariot of Juno, and the neck of the dove which forms the equipage of Venus, were but faint to that which clothed the wings and body of this beautiful insect; and both of them were extended to a size larger than nature generally allows of.

The god, thus transformed, was wantoning in his own beams, when he was spyed by Phanor. His heart bounded with joy at the discovery. Secure, as he thought, of the glory of the race, he sprung across the barrier; then run round the Hippodrome, and, snatching at the lovely prize, the wily god eluded his grasp, and flying carelessly away invited his pursuit, till after several stops, and as many disappointments, his earnestness was interrupted by the shouts of the people upon Atalanta's reaching the goal.

Thus ends the Herculane manuscript, after observing that Phanor was more justly derided than any of the others who had failed in the contest, because they had sacrificed their pretensions to something that was thought of value, but Phanor his to the very lowest of all passions, useless, though craving curiosity.

Remote as this allegory seems from any application to civil life, yet I am not mistaken if its primary sense does not lie that way.[1] If there is a people under the sun that is endowed with courage, learning, wit, spirit, and sense, nay, naturally with virtue, and if that people is, by butterfly pursuits, to be diverted from its most serious purpose, that people is the Phanor of the allegory. A certain friend of mine, who is about forty years of age, has drawn up a kind of an almanack of all the butterfly pursuits of the people of England for these twenty years past, and they appear as thick in it as saints in a Popish kalendar.[2] If I rightly remember, he begins with Mrs. Map,[3] the bone-

[1] No doubt we should read, "I am *much* mistaken if," &c.—Ed.

[2] Compare with Goldsmith on the character of the English elsewhere, by means of the index in our vol. v.—Ed.

[3] This wonder of her time is thus announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1736, p. 422 :—"The attention of the publick has been a

setter, and under her name, in the nature of our modern almanack's observations upon the weather, he observes that while she was in vogue, his honour the Speaker in vain sent round to all the coffee-houses in the Court of Requests, before he could make a house, so deeply were our senators engaged in their attendance and debates upon this famous bone-setter, though the order of the day related to some petitions concerning Spain, who was at that time ready to break the neck of our trade. The affair of the Gypsy and Miss Canning[1] makes another shining figure in this Ephemeris; and he observes, that a question of very great importance was lost, in an illustrious assembly, by the absence of three great men, who had considerable bets depending upon the decision of a wager whether a certain person could hop to the top of the Monument upon one foot, and to the bottom upon the other. Mr. Maclane, Admiral Byng, Miss Blandy, and Miss Jeffries,[2] the Ranelagh scuffle, and the man in the bottle,[3] have had all their several portions of attention and duration; and if any one reflects upon the eagerness which these important incidents little taken off from the wonder-working Mr. Ward to a strolling woman, now at Epsom, who calls herself Crazy Sally, and had performed cures in bone-setting to admiration, and occasioned so great a resort that the town offered her 100 guineas to continue there a year." Her wonderful cures, including one of a Wardour Street man who had suffered from a broken back for six years; her visit to the theatre with Dr. Taylor, the oculist, and the above wonderful Mr. Ward; her "speech to the mob," &c., are further recounted in the same volume, pp. 486, 617, 747, &c. —Ed.

[1] A long story, which excited the town during the years 1752-4. Elizabeth Canning gave it out that she had been carried off by gipsies, and held prisoner at Enfield. After several trials and convictions, and much sympathy and subscription-gathering for the alleged victim, together with a deal of pamphleteering, &c., the affair was found to be an imposture, and Canning herself was transported.—Ed.

[2] Miss Blandy and Miss Jeffries were two other interesting criminals, who, nevertheless, were hanged—the one for poisoning her father, an attorney, of Henley, April, 1752; and the other for murdering her uncle, a retired butcher, of Walthamstow, March, 1752.—Ed.

[3] Probably an allusion to what was known as the "Bottle Bubble," an episode in the history of the Haymarket Theatre. A man announced he would do sundry feats, including that of creeping into a bottle, at this theatre, on Jan. 16, 1749. The fellow did not appear; and the crowd assembled tore down the theatre fittings, &c., and burnt them in the street.—*Vide Gentleman's Magazine* '*Chronicle.*'—Ed.

filled the minds of all ranks of people amongst us, he will have some difficulty to believe that any part of the public attention was reserved for the most important concerns of this nation.

It cannot so properly be said that in England the *fashion alters*, as that the *whim ceases*. Fashion seldom gets the better of a sensible man, but whim does very often; and he pursues it the more pertinaciously if it falls in with his interest. I remember, some years both before and after my friend begun his 'Ephemeris,' it was a very fashionable whim with certain patriots to give an annual opposition to the continuance of a standing army; and this they did upon principles which they pretended were interwoven in the very essence of our constitution, and, which, if true, no time nor conjuncture can alter.[1] The *whim*, however, gradually wore off, with almost everybody but old Shippen; who seems never to have got rid of it to his dying day. For almost the last time I saw him in the House of Commons, when the Mutiny Bill was brought in, "Mr. Speaker," said he, standing up, "I rise to make my anniversary protest against a standing army. I perceive I am single in my opinion, and therefore will save myself the mortification of seeing myself not seconded." Upon saying this the veteran took his hat from a peg which was behind him, and most majestically walked out of the assembly.[2]

The reader is not to be surprised if I treat a subject so very serious in itself as a *whim;* but I am humbly of opinion that every object, however great, important, and specious in itself, if unattainable and impossible, is a *butterfly pursuit*, and serves only to divert us from what is more *material*, if it is more *practicable*. To think of eradicating

[1] In the Preface to the 'History of the Seven Years' War' (in our vol. v.) Goldsmith seems to argue against standing armies.—Ed.

[2] No doubt "William Shippen, Esq.," an ultra-independent M.P., who used to amuse the House with his honest and outspoken, if rather eccentric, utterances, which Guthrie (or Cave) seems to have taken pleasure in giving rather fully in the early reports (1732-4, &c.) of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. After Johnson became reporter of the debates for Cave's magazine, there appears to have been only two of Shippen's speeches given there—one on supporting the Queen of Hungary, April 16, 1741; and one on an address to the King, Dec. 8, 1741.—Ed.

unreasonable profits in employments under the Crown, in the revenue, in the law, in the army, or the Church, is *impracticable;* but to abridge them is *attainable.* When I read addresses for annual parliaments, I consider them as the effect of whim, or somewhat worse, because I consider them *irretrievable;* but I can listen with attention to a serious argument in favour of reducing the present duration of parliaments upon sober principles accommodated to the nature of our country. All the methods hitherto proposed for raising a brave and useful militia seem to me mere whims if they are found impracticable and inconsistent with the genius of the people, but if a great plan, reducible to the first principles of the Constitution, can be proposed, I think a better and more important service could not in our present situation be attempted.

But while the attention of the people of England, and their most respectable bodies are daily diverted from *principles* to *persons;* while the golden fruit, or the painted butterfly, and not the goal, is the object of pursuit; while it is in the power of every mercenary scribbler to throw out the lure that engages the very lowest of all our passions (if a passion), our curiosity, what are we to expect but to prove haggards and settle upon carrion, even while we aim our flight at public justice and civil reformation.

CRITO.[1]

[1] For some speculation upon this and other supposed signatures of Goldsmith, see *ante*, p. 428, note 5, and its references.—ED.

THE HISTORY OF OUR OWN LANGUAGE.

LETTER I.[1]

OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

To the AUTHOR *of the 'Literary and Anti-Gallican Magazine.'*

SIR,—While you, Sir, are so usefully employed in writing a history of our own times,[2] give me leave to make some attempt towards a history of our own tongue, a work which, if I mistake not, is new, and certainly may be useful, as we shall therein have an opportunity of pointing out the different causes that have tended to improve or to injure the English language. As similar causes are daily multiplying, even in our own days, and are attended with consequences by no means to the advantage of our language, the historical deduction I propose may, at least, have the good effect of pointing out the mistakes and inconveniences incident to former practice, and of improving upon the amendments which the true refiners of the English introduced before it was rendered what it is—the most manly, perspicuous, expressive, and pathetic of any of the living languages.

It is certain that at the time of Cæsar's invasion of Great Britain, the Britons and the Gauls on the Continent made use of the same language, which was a species of old Celtic, debauched by provincial articulation. The Britons whom Cæsar fought with in England were Belgic Gauls, or

[1] This series of four letters we reprint from the *Literary Magazine*, Feb. to May, 1758. The greater part of the fourth letter Goldsmith afterwards gave in the 'Bee,' entitling it, 'The Augustan Age of England.' The remainder has never been given in any edition of Goldsmith's works till now. See our note to the 'Bee' essay just mentioned, the Appendix to the 'Bee,' vol. ii., p. 456, and the Appendix to the present collection of essays.—ED.

[2] This is an allusion to 'The History of Our Own Times,' then appearing in the *Literary Magazine*, which we have found was really by Goldsmith. See the notes to the Introduction to the 'History of the Seven Years' War' in vol. v.—ED.

their descendants, who had been settled here about four-score years before the invasion, and who pushed the native Britons *northward*, pretty much in the same manner as the Romans afterwards pushed them. Those native Britons who mingled with the Caledonians (and who were not Picts) were the ancestors of the Scots, who inhabit the Western Islands and the adjacent countries of Scotland, and to this day (or very lately) they speak a purer Celtic than either the Welsh or the Irish.

I am obliged to mark those circumstances, because, though the Anglo-Saxon is undoubtedly our mother language as we now speak it, yet we have amongst us in daily use a vast variety of words, the roots of which lie much deeper than the Anglo-Saxon, or even the Latin or Greek, and are to be found in the Celtic only, which is the radical language of all those I have mentioned.

Our Northern critics have treated the descendants of the Belgic Gauls with a superciliousness that equally betrays their ignorance and their pride. Dr. Hicks, and most English antiquaries, have formed a kind of a confederacy in imposing upon the world notions which are contrary to the evidence of history and common sense, that the Welsh borrowed their characters from the Saxons. This, I say, is contrary to the evidence of history, because there is scarcely a schoolboy who does not know from Tacitus that the Britons, or the ancestors of the present Welsh, were well acquainted with liberal arts and sciences; and, if so, how can we possibly imagine them to be without characters? Besides this presumptive proof, innumerable monuments are yet remaining bearing the characters of the ancient Britons, and those prior in point of date to the Saxon invasion.

As to the Saxons, they were, when they invaded England, without any manner of character for writing, and by all accounts totally ignorant of the use of letters. It is, therefore, most reasonable to suppose that the peculiar Anglo-Saxon characters were actually borrowed from the Welsh; and this arises to more than a supposition when they are compared to the monuments of Welsh antiquity.

Though the Welsh and the Saxons differed greatly in manners and inclinations, yet, as we have already hinted,

many names and terms were in common to both nations. This will appear from a careful inspection into the most early parts of the *Saxon Chronicle* (for it was continued for some hundreds of years after it was begun), which is the first monument I know of genuine English, or rather Anglo-Saxon, literature. This monument, old and venerable as it is, were it printed in modern characters, would not be at all unintelligible to a North-countryman possessed of a moderate share of learning; and many of the Anglo-Saxon laws and proverbs are this day understood by our common people. Their plural terminations mingle strongly with our language; and *cowen* and *horsen* (for cows and horses), with the like expressions, are common even within thirty miles of the capital.

The long residence of the Romans in England could not introduce their language into common use here; but that of the Saxons elbowed out the British, and maintained its ground even against the Norman invasion. There is somewhat pretty extraordinary in this circumstance, and it can be accounted for only by the prevalence of that spirit of liberty so peculiar to the Saxon constitutions, and which the Normans availed themselves of against the encroachments of their princes. The second generation brought the Normans settled in England to be as true Anglo-Saxons as those they found here, and, excepting the alterations introduced in the modes of their tenures, they insisted upon being governed by the Anglo-Saxon laws. A very few years more brought them to hold not only the government and the nation of France, but its language, in the utmost abhorrence, though the proceedings of the exchequer, parliament, and law-courts ran always either in Latin or French.

But it was in the Northern countries chiefly where the English tongue was cultivated. There the kings of Scotland had opened a kind of *asylum* for those who refused to submit to the Norman power; nay, for many centuries they were strangers to the law proceedings of the Norman courts, and the English was there spoken and wrote in its utmost purity. The successive reigns of the three first Edwards were by no means favourable to the progress of the English language; nor, indeed, was it spoken at Court,

so great were their connections with, and attachments to, their French dominions and interests.

In the reign of Richard II. matters took a very different turn. Under him the people of England became more sensible than ever of their own importance, and were secretly encouraged by the Duke of Lancaster, and several great men of those days, who seriously applied themselves to the cultivation of the interests, the manners, and language of England. It is evident that the preaching of Wickliff in English, about this time, was of infinite service to the language. The common people ran into it even to enthusiasm; and so exasperated were they at seeing the encouragement the Flemish and French tongues met with, that a general massacre took place of all who had the shibboleth of those languages upon them.

It is incredible with what ardour the English tongue was propagated in this and the following reigns. The very summonses that brought the rebels against Richard II.'s government together run in a kind of rhyme, which is at this time far from being either unintelligible or disagreeable; nay, several of them discover inimitable strains of humour. Our rolls of parliament contain an English letter wrote by the old Earl of Northumberland (father of "Hotspur" Percy) to Henry IV., which, to a modern reader of any discernment, is neither uncouth nor barbarous.

Though Chaucer is generally looked upon as the father of English poetry, yet several writers in the North, where, as we have already hinted, the Anglo-Saxon tongue prevailed in its greatest purity, preceded him in point of time and, in some respects, of excellence. Barbour, who was a domestic chaplain to Robert I. of Scotland, and, if I mistake not, a native of the North of England, wrote his master's life in the Anglo-Saxon language long before Chaucer's days. Having mentioned this very ancient poet, who wrote about the beginning of Edward III.'s reign, and who I dare to say is a stranger to most of my readers, I should not act by them very fairly did I not give them an opportunity of forming some judgment of his merit, by a short specimen or two of his poetry.

When he introduces his prince meeting with some of his chief noblemen, after he had lost a great battle, in which

they thought he had been killed, the noblemen fell a weeping, or, to speak in our poet's terms, *greeting*, for joy and pity. The reader shall judge from a very few lines how beautifully he describes it. He says:—

> "That meekle joy and great pity
> May gar men so amoved be,
> That water frae their heart will rise,
> And weet their Eyen in sick awise,
> That it is like to greeting.
> Tho' it be not like in all thing—
> But for pitie, I trow greeting
> Be nothing but an opening
> Of heart, that shaws the tenderness
> Of rewth that in it closed is."

We may venture that this is a true descriptive sentiment, and as delicately touched as ever poet penned; and the reader of any taste or knowledge of his mother tongue, undebauched by Gallicisms, must be sensible of the justness and the energy of the expression; nor do I think that the two last lines can be mended at this day.

The following lines do him honour as a divine and a philosopher as well as a poet. For, speaking of astrology, and the aspect of the heavenly bodies, he says:—

> "Yet may they faile, the truth to say,
> In things that them happen may.
> For whether that man inclined bee
> To virtue or iniquitie,
> He may right well refraine his will,
> Either through virtue or through skill,
> And to the contrare turn it all
> As hath been many times seen fall,
> That men kindlie (*i.e.* by nature), to ill given,
> Through their great wit, away have driven
> Their ill, and worthen of renowne
> Magre their constellatioune."

The reader may perhaps have some pleasure in here seeing the English language in what we may call *puris naturalibus*, and without the mixture of any auxiliary tongue. To *greet* for *weep*, to *worthen* for *to render one's self worthy*, *kindly* for *naturally*, and *rewth* for the *softer passions*, are all of them words of a genuine English growth; and I know not how so very expressive a word as the latter is comes to be left out of our language, as some of our best

writers make use of the word *ruthless*, to signify a person without the tender passions.[1]

The princes of the House of Lancaster were all of them men of learning; and the first of them, John of Gaunt, was, what has seldom been the case of great men in England, a patron of it. His son (afterwards Henry IV.), when he assumed the crown, made a speech in the English language in full parliament, which I believe was the first ever made there. It cannot, however, be denied that the writers about [the] court abounded in Gallicisms, so much, that in many places Chaucer, Gower, and Lidgate wrote English with a French idiom.

Henry VI., at the instigation of Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, had the merit of introducing printing into England. But the terrible wars that followed between the Houses of York and Lancaster left no man of quality or learning, excepting the Earl of Worcester, who soon lost his head, at leisure to improve the advantages of the press to the purposes of learning. That inestimable blessing was left in the hands, and to the management, of Caxton, a tradesman who had lived so long abroad that he actually had forgot his English, and, after returning to England, was obliged to study English that he might secure the profits of his press to himself by commencing author. It is incredible what prejudice this circumstance did to the English language, and I am not certain whether the effects of it are not felt to this day.

Having brought this review to the first period I proposed to myself, I shall here close this letter, to resume the subject when you have room to continue it. I am,

Your Constant Reader and Servant,

BRITO.[2]

[1] Barbour served under David II., Robert Bruce's successor, and Robert II. Robert I., the hero of Barbour's poem, 'Bruce,' died in 1329, when the poet was thirteen years old. Barbour, too, was rather a contemporary of Chaucer than one writing "long before" that "father of English poetry," as our author has it. Barbour lived 1316-95, and Chaucer 1328 (about) to 1400.—ED.

[2] The first letter is so signed in the *Literary Magazine*. The signature did not appear with the following letters. See p. 452.—ED.

Letter II.

ANECDOTES OF THE ENCOURAGERS AND DISCOURAGERS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

To the Author.

Sir;—Sir John Falstolph (who might have been the same knight who served under Henry the Fifth and Sixth in France) was at the time of Caxton commencing printer in England about the age of eighty-four, and had the public spirit to employ him in translating and printing an English translation of Cicero upon old age. Other noblemen and gentlemen, after the great national disputes were over, followed the generous example, and English books were then treasured up as so many family jewels; for generally they were bequeathed by will to the heir, or the best scholar of the family; and their very titles were commonly expressed in the deed.

But Caxton, as we have already hinted, was very ill-fitted to support or cherish this growing spirit of literature. He was by profession a mercer, or some such trade, but had spent so much time abroad, that, on his return to England, he was actually (as he himself confesses), obliged to study the English language, in order to qualify himself for a translator, which was the province in authorship he chiefly dealt in.

The triple capacity of author, printer, and bookseller was then exercised by other printers; the most eminent of whom were foreigners, and strangers to our language, as well as Caxton was, to the great prejudice of the English tongue. The first great work that appeared independent of them was a translation of Froissart's History or Memoirs of his own times, by the Lord Berners, who was governor of Calais under Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, and was undertaken at the desire of one or both of those monarchs. This is one of the most entertaining books that ever appeared in any language, and gives us a kind of a dawn (and no faint one neither) of the lustre to which our tongue is capable of arriving.

The reformation of religion that soon succeeded, retarded, for about a score of years, the progress of our language amongst the learned, though it was all that time making a swift though silent progress. The common people of England, before Henry broke through the bondage of Rome were extremely well disposed for a reformation, and consequently very keen in cultivating every mean of enlightening their understanding by judging for themselves. This they could not do but by the medium of books in their own language, which were most industriously discouraged not only by the clergy, but by the court, or rather by the king himself. It was penal, nay, sometimes capital, to publish any thing in English that did not exactly suit with the king's whimsical notions both in religion and politics. The few English books at that time which had the royal imprimatur are in point of language, extremely jejune, harsh, and unentertaining; and, indeed, through the whole long reign of Henry the Eighth the press was a greater detriment than advantage to the English tongue, for reasons which any one can easily comprehend when he reads the history of those times.

Notwithstanding this, it is amazing to see with what ease, purity, and flow of expression Wolsey and several other ministers of Henry express themselves in their state papers, which have since come to light, but were not meant by them to be published.

The truth is, the English language owes very little of its polish or perfection to professed scholars, or men of deep learning. Wolsey was neither the one nor the other, but he had a true relish for classical literature, as appears from the excellent rules he lays down for the school he founded in Ipswich. He was indeed of low extraction, if we consider the height to which he was raised, but he was a great genius, and had been long enough conversant with the greatest men of his time and nation to polish himself from the rust of his education. On the other hand, Cromwell (afterwards Earl of Essex), having no genius, but laborious perseverance in office business, retains in the style of his despatches, papers, and speeches, all the meanness of his birth and education, both which were inferior to those of Wolsey.

But a phenomenon in the English language happened at this time that destroys all the principles of criticism upon style drawn from the age in which an author is supposed to have lived. Every one who is conversant in literary matters knows of what use this art has been in ascertaining the era of some pieces, and detecting the forgery of others; and were we to examine by the same rules the letter which Anne Bullen wrote, just before her execution, to Henry VIII. we must absolutely look upon it as spurious, and the product of a great pen 150 years, at least, after the death of that lady. Facts, however, are stubborn things, and will destroy the force of the most plausible criticism. Nothing is more certain than that the letter in question was written at the precise time of its date, and the copy from which Lord Cherbury transcribed it was found in Cromwell's pocket at the time he was arrested. This circumstance does not indeed prove that Anne Bullen was the author of it (though I think its spirit is proof enough of that), but it infallibly proves it to be of the date I have mentioned, and what is still more amazing is, that the orthography of it is as uncommon and correct as the language.[1]

Clearness of ideas and an earnest desire to persuade are the two parents of style. Our first great reformers had much greater parts than they had learning, and more virtuous zeal than either. Cranmer in all his public func-

[1] Goldsmith, in his 'History of England,' 1771, vol. ii. p. 381, gave this letter of Anne Boleyn, with these remarks:—"It is too remarkable to be omitted here, as its manner serves at once to mark the situation of her mind, and shows to what a pitch of refinement she had carried the language." The fact seems an additional proof of the authenticity as Goldsmith's work of the present series of articles. The queen's letter is by no means generally accepted by the historians. It was first printed in the 'History of Henry VIII.' (1672), by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who says of it (p. 446):—"After which another letter in her name, but no original, coming to my hand, from more than one good part, I thought fit to transcribe here, without other credit yet then that it is said to be found among the papers of Cromwell, then Secretary, and for the rest seems antient and consonant to the matter in question." He adds:—"But whether this letter were elegantly written by her, or any else heretofore, I know as little, as what answer may be made thereunto." Hume neither printed nor mentioned the letter. Miss Strickland printed it, and thought it genuine. So also did Mr. Froude. The Roman Catholic historian, Dr. Lingard, however, and some other writers deny its genuineness.—Ed.

tions adapted his style to the measures he was obliged to hold with his stern, slippery master; but in his private correspondence it is manly, perspicuous, and easy. Some of our reformers' sermons may, to this day, be preached to the most polite audience; and the language of Latimer has the very same character now as it had in the court of Edward the Sixth, that of being keen, spirited, and penetrating, though plain and familiar.

Such were the instruments that reformed the people of England by the proper application of the English tongue, while their adversaries, even while in power, wrapt themselves up in the cobwebs of metaphysics and scholastic jargon. It is true one part of their business was to discourage the progress of the English tongue, and therefore they durst not speak out, had they been willing and able, as some of them certainly were. It must, however, be admitted that the English tongue was very little indebted for its progress to the patrons and favourers of popery. I find nothing that Sir Thomas More, though an excellent scholar as well as a man of wit and polite learning, did for its advancement; and Gardner, though a man of parts, and a great statesman, as an ecclesiastic and an author, seems to be at pains to disguise the style he uses as a politician. The Earl of Surrey has been celebrated for his poetry: and our language is so far indebted to him, that he rendered it susceptible of more tenderness, and a more stated measure, than ever it knew before; and every improvement of language soon slides from verse into prose.

This now brings me to another observation upon this subject; which is, that our language owes its greatest refinements to the practice of poetry; and I am not sure whether the same observation does not hold good with regard to other languages besides the English. The current texture of English poetry is no other than prose fabricated in a more elaborate manner, and by untwisting it a very little it becomes fit for the uses of life, with the superior advantages of being more durable as well as more beautiful. Somewhat, indeed, may be lost in the exchange, as when sterling plate is converted into current coin; but when the taste of the plate is bad, and the fashion antiquated, I think there is an evident profit the other way.

The good opinion which every man is apt to entertain of his own abilities is extremely apt, if not balanced by a strong judgment, to spoil an excellent turn for prose by running into poetry; but I scarcely remember any instance, but Milton (who, by his situation in life and his blindness was particularly circumstanced), where a great poet did not make an excellent prose writer, if he attempted prose.[1]

Edward the Sixth had a great turn for improving the English tongue; and one Mr. Thomas, who was a favourite with him, and a man of excellent sense, gave him, in the private instructions which by the orders of that prince he imparted to him, excellent lessons for the improvement of his style.[2] Edward accordingly was very assiduous; and, considering the short time he lived, his private letters and other compositions that have come to our hands are far better than the style of any of the other masters he had about him. His relations, however, and the ministers by whom he was directed, were void of all taste for learning of any kind, excepting some smattering of polemical divinity, and the commonplace arguments that were then bandy'd about between the reformed and the Romish church. Notwithstanding this, Edward showed great dispositions for the fine arts, and, had he lived, might have been brought to a vast degree of perfection.

Barbarism of language returned with Mary and popery. Her priests, who governed every thing, for very obvious reasons discouraged the cultivation of the English tongue, and the style of the court and church in her time was worse than it was at the beginning of her father's reign. Cardinal Pole was a narrow-minded, ignorant churchman, and the inundation of the Spanish language and manners that happened in England upon the Queen's marriage had almost extinguished the English tongue. It happened, fortunately, however, that so far as appears from history, the Queen, though she understood a little Spanish, could speak no other language but English, which kept it in

[1] Compare *ante*, p. 421, and p. 460.—Ed.

[2] William Thomas. Edward VI. gave him a prebend of St. Paul's and a living in Wales. These Mary deprived him of; and, being accused of complicity in Wyatt's and other risings, he, in 1553, came to be hanged at Tyburn.—Ed.

countenance about the court; and the King was gallant enough to study, or pretend to study, the English.

The persecution under Mary was likewise of great prejudice to the English tongue, as it drove the disciples of Cranmer, Ridley, and our other reformers, into foreign countries, where many of them contracted a disgust not only to the language, but to the discipline, of their native country. This misfortune was long felt in England: it introduced a method of preaching which was a patchwork of all the languages the preacher understood; and, upon the whole, England, in point of all kinds of literature, was in a worse than Gothic state when Elizabeth mounted the throne.

The capricious reign of her father, who at the time of her succession had not been dead above eleven years, had rendered it unsafe for any layman of any quality or parts to appear at court, and therefore they took all opportunities of living, as much as possible, in the country. The reign of his son, who was himself in state affairs governed by an ignorant faction, was too short, and himself too young, to allure literature to make the court its residence; and Pole, who acted as first minister for Mary, and was the sole director of her counsels and measures, would, had it been in his power, have exterminated both the language and the spirit of Englishmen.

Elizabeth, who had a true English heart, revived the one and cherished the other; but she met with great difficulties. The clergy and both the universities, and indeed the parliament itself at the beginning of her reign, did not choose to go all the lengths to which she intended to carry the reformation, and though they all agreed in disowning the supremacy of the Pope, and most of them in the capital doctrines of protestantism, yet a great leaven of popery was still left in the discipline and service of the church. The excellent liturgy which, to this day, does honour to the language of England, and which was composed under Edward the Sixth by our first reformers, had been disused, and was with some difficulty replaced in the public service of the church. Latin sermons came again into fashion, and no great man at the court had the courage to declare himself either the patron of language or of learning.

Elizabeth, however, who was an excellent judge of characters, had the good fortune to pitch upon Parker for Archbishop of Canterbury, and he set himself, with great spirit, to restore the use of the English tongue in churches. For this purpose he reviewed and corrected the English translation of the Bible, and printed it with a princely munificence. His own style was plain, manly, and concise, and he encouraged the same in others. When I mention this I am far from saying that Parker was a fine, or an elegant writer of the English language, but he certainly did it infinite service in discouraging, through his example, the moley, creeping style, which, at that time, infected all the ranks both of the laity and clergy.

Puritanism about this time began to gather head; but the reader who imagines that it consisted then, as since, in a low, spiritless cant of diction and preciseness of behaviour, is greatly mistaken. The great difference, at first, between churchmen and puritans lay in the latter using more freedom in their style and manner of preaching and worship than the former thought was consistent with the established fashion of the universities. The infancy, therefore, of puritanism was formed of the men of the greatest wit and parts in the kingdom, who having seen the evils of popery and a confined education, wanted to get rid of those forms and fetters of diction and practice that, in the end, sour the disposition and contract the mind, rendering it fit for the purposes of persecution. This apprehension, perhaps, affected them too strongly; but they smarted for it in proportion; and the men of sense and property amongst them were forced to disguise their sentiments, while the remainder, having more zeal than abilities of any kind, fell into the despicable character that afterwards distinguished them.

The original, however, of what we now call journal writing was owing to the puritans, and the wit, spirit, and language of many of the periodical papers of that time are equal to anything that has since appeared. The great Earl of Essex, general, and favourite to Queen Elizabeth, is an eminent instance of the truth of what I have observed.

This nobleman was secretly bred a puritan; was always one in his heart; and avowed himself one on the scaffold.

His education set him free from the technical terms and perplexed periods that infect the works of the best prose writers of that age and his style is as great a phœnomenon of this time as that of the letter from Anne Bullen I have already taken notice of. He scarcely makes use of an expression that he could now alter for the better; his periods are clear, perspicuous, and well turned; the cadences of his composition are harmonious, and such freedom, variety, and strength of language reigns in all he wrote (though I believe he never designed any thing for the press), that I should scarcely fear to pronounce his style to be, even at present, the standard of the English tongue. It is true the few things he wrote are confined to the epistolary and ethic manner, and are to be considered in that light only; and in that light only I mention him as a writer.

The great personal merit and sufferings of Sir Walter Raleigh have exalted his character, as an English writer, far above what he deserves; and which nothing but the unbounded prepossession the English have for names could have given him. The style of his History has generally all the perplexity and confusion so common in the writers of his age. Mr. Addison and some of our popular writers have quoted some passages from it with a degree of enthusiasm that does very little honour to their judgment, as they contain nothing masterly or striking, either in the matter or diction. Some of his familiar productions are wrote with much greater perspicuity of style.

Hooker, the author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' was the first Englishman who composed a great work in the theological way, in a style that does honour to his memory as a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of sense. His work is an excellent model of the calm, reasoning style, with very little in it of the didactic; his expression is never overstrained, and has as much elevation in it as his subject, or rather the points he has to prove, require.

It may seem surprising that the English language should, in a manner, without culture (for all the grammatical rules that had at this time been laid down for its improvement were extremely imperfect and very despicable), acquire such a degree of perfection. I answer that the effusions of the heart and the ideas of a clear, sincere

mind are never at a loss for proper expression.[1] It was the pride of learning (not learning itself) that so long kept our language wrapt up in bombast and perplexity. The study of the Spanish and the Italian, which was then as common in England as that of the French is now, likewise infected our language with many idioms that were foreign to its nature. The most popular writers often studied to misapply particles; parentheses were inclosed one within another, through whole pages; and the abilities of the author were admired in proportion to the difficulty the reader had in finding out his meaning.

Even the style of the great Sir Francis Bacon is far from being faultless in this and many other respects. It is plain that he never is at a loss for matter, but that he is often at a loss for *improper* words. His periods are sometimes strained, and often twisted out of all natural order; and half the pains he took to be an admired, would have rendered him a faultless writer. Sir Philip Sidney made the same wrong use of his excellent genius;[2] and, in his fine defence of poetry, he commits faults against the very rules he is laying down.

I should now proceed to the poets of this illustrious reign, but, as I am afraid I have already exceeded the bounds of a correspondent's letter, I must defer them till my next.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader, and humble Servant.

[1] Compare Goldsmith in other places, especially in the essay, 'Of Eloquence,' the 'Bee,' No. VII., p. 420, vol. ii.—Ed.

[2] See some similar remarks upon Sidney in the 'Sequel' to the 'Poetical Scale,' *ante*, p. 423.—Ed.

[LETTER III.][1]

THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE AND LITURGY.—SHAKSPEAR, ETC.

BEFORE we proceed to illustrate the great merit which the poets who lived under Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., had in the improvement of our language, it is proper to mention the common translation of the scriptures which was undertaken and completed by the command of James I. As it was the work of different divines, so there is a great diversity in the style of the composition. It is plain, however, that they owed a great deal to the former translations, and in many places they are almost literally the same. Notwithstanding this, if we consider its importance, its difficulty, and above all, the vast variety of opinions and contradictory authorities concerning the meaning of the original, the translation is, upon the whole, perhaps the best executed and most unexceptionable work of the kind that ever appeared in the world.

It has, in fact, for about 150 years past been the standard by which the ideas affixt to words have been determined, and it will be found, upon an accurate review, that in a country of such licentiousness, both in writing and thinking, the consistency of the English tongue could have been preserved by no other means than by appealing to a work where the fluctuation incident to a living language is restrained by having recourse to a dead language, where

[1] This section is not headed as a "Letter" in the Magazine, as were the two preceding sections. Instead, it has the heading, "The History of Our Own Language, continued from p. 105." Similarly, the formal signatures do not appear with the later letters (see p. 442, *ante*), and the circumstance may indicate, perhaps, the advance of the writer from the position (in February) of an unknown contributor to that (in April and May) of a regular contributor. The *Literary Magazine* belonged to Newbery; and Prior was inclined to think that Goldsmith's first work for Newbery was an article which appeared in this magazine in Jan., 1758 (*vide* Prior's 'Life of Goldsmith,' vol. i., p. 235). Our investigations show that Goldsmith's contributions date at least three months earlier. See the notes to the 'Introduction' to the 'History of the Seven Years' War' in our vol. v.—ED.

that fluctuation no longer exists, and, which, at least, ought to fix the meaning of the words into which it is translated.

I admit that a more elegant, or rather a more smart, translation may now be formed, but neither elegance nor smartness are the reigning characteristics of holy writ. Plainness always is, but it is a plainness that often admits the sublime and the pathetic, and where these are required our translators have sometimes succeeded to a degree that I had almost said does no discredit to the original.

A review of this translation, by authority, has been often thought of, and sometimes proposed. Such a review, with regard to the meaning of the original, may, in a few, and but a very few, passages, be proper; but a review of it only with an intention to ornament the style, if executed, would, I apprehend, go far towards unhinging our language. The bounds of this paper does not admit my giving my reasons for this opinion with regard to our translation of the Bible, but I cannot help thinking that such a review may be very proper with regard to the Book of Common Prayer.

The latter was compiled gradually, and by men who, many of them, either secretly favoured popery, or had great doubts concerning some controverted points. The greatest part of the Liturgy being no other than a translation from popish books of worship, the compilers of which had tinged their Latin with a strong cast of superstition and enthusiasm; the same expressions were faithfully conveyed in the translation, and this is the true cause of the many exceptionable passages that, in some late writings, have been objected to in our Liturgy, and have even stumbled some rational well-wishers to the worship of our Church.

The papists themselves were so sensible of what I have observed, that in the famous controversies immediately before the Revolution, between them and the divines of the Church of England, which did so much honour to the latter, the expressions in our Liturgy which seemed to favour popery were strongly urged in its defence. I recollect one in particular, which I shall mention, because I don't remember it being made use of since that time, and

which evidently turns upon a perhaps studied incorrectness of language. For the papists urged that transubstantiation was believed in by our first reformers, and the strong argument they urged for it was, that our church catechism says, the *body and blood of Christ, is* VERILY AND INDEED *received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.*

Next to the translation of the Bible and the Common Prayer Book, the works of Shakspear are undoubtedly the leading criterion of our language. He enriched it with phrases, and sometimes with words, that are now classical in England, and have been adopted by all succeeding writers. If he failed in anything, it was his introducing some provincial expressions that, not being understood in or near the capital, have occasioned most of, or all, the scarifications which his editors have committed. A Middlesex or Oxfordshire man, for instance, does not conceive that in Staffordshire a *wretch* was a common expression for a *young girl* or *woman;* that a *card* in our Northern parts signifies a *brawling vagabond;* and to *hery* means to *spoil,* or to *take by might,*—with a thousand provincialisms of that kind, the true explanation of which would render the very first edition of Shakspear the most complete, by far, that has yet appeared.

Shakspear is so much an original that it is in vain to attempt to explain his meaning by other printed authorities, and it is dangerous sometimes to do it even by his own. He is the only dramatic writer that gives not only different sentiments, but a different language to different characters. The very idiom in which his English kings and heroes speak differs from those of Greece and Rome. The style of Othello has not the least resemblance to that of Macbeth, nor the language of Hamlet to that of Lear. Was this diversity of style to be examined by an ordinary critic, who knows nothing of Shakspear, he would pronounce his several plays to be wrote by several authors; but a more discerning one would say of his speeches,—*Facies non omnibus una,—nec diversa tamen;* though the resemblance can be found out by no other characteristic but that of EXCELLENCY.

Shakspear had but few predecessors in the dramatic art to whom he could be beholden; and we find even few of

his cotemporaries who can be called even second to him. Massinger is, if any deserve that rank, but he is *longo proximus intervallo*. Ben Johnson, in his tragedies, has not the least spark of a great writer; Massinger must have been esteemed a very great writer had it not been for Shakspear.[1]

Some parts of Shakspear's comedies are as fine models for prose writing as his tragedies are for poetry. Several of his comic characters speak with a freedom and ease to which no modern writer has attained, and I am convinced that had any of his epistolary or literary compositions descended to posterity, we should have found him to be as great a prose writer as he is a poet.

Some may think it amazing that our language was far from owing any improvement to the abilities of Ben Johnson, who was a man of learning and great critical knowledge. But we are to reflect that his learning was attended by pride, and his knowledge by whim. Conscious of having studied the ancients, and, in some of his plays, having equalled, if not outdone, their most correct characters of conduct, and imagining that the public paid less homage to his learning than they did to Shakspear's genius, he wrapt himself up into a sullen kind of oddity, and was in fact the very Morose he describes:[2] disdaining either to speak or to write in the common way, he studied phrases that never can be brought into common use, and, departing entirely from the character of the English language, he pressed it into the service of the ancients. Though Plautus seems to have been his favourite, and his model, he even took the whimsical turn of versifying Cicero, Sallust, and other authors of antiquity, and bringing them on the stage with great pomp and gravity; witness his tragedy of Catiline. But though the sense of those authors is minutely preserved, the whole is a piece of buskined burlesque,

[1] In a criticism of Massinger's plays in the *Critical Review* of July, 1759, and classed by Prior with Goldsmith's contributions to that publication (see Appendix to Criticisms, *ante*), a less favourable view of this dramatist is taken; and it will be seen that he is altogether omitted from the 'Poetical Scale' (*ante*, p. 417). The *Critical's* review of Massinger, however, has some incidental remarks upon Shakspere which coincide with our author's most general opinions concerning that poet.—Ed.

[2] Morose is a character in Jonson's 'Silent Woman.'—Ed.

and the audience would have been equally entertained had the speeches been in Latin. Notwithstanding this, Johnson, till within these fifty years, was a more venerable name in English poetry than Shakspear; for, being himself both a man of wit and learning, with a keen turn for satire, he received great incense from the writers of those days, partly through esteem, and partly through fear. Hence it is that we know a great many more particulars of him than of Shakspear. Notwithstanding this, the latter was always the favourite of the public, for this plain reason, because they understood his language.

The plays that go under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher are of a very different character from those of Johnson, and though not comparable to some of his in true merit, greatly exceed them in point of language. They imitated Shakspear, as far as he was imitable, in the turn and ease of his prose dialogue, and by endeavouring to suit themselves to the genteel part of the audience, their style thereby hit the taste both of the great and the vulgar. It does not indeed create such exquisite sensation as that of Shakspear, but it has great freedom and pliability, and enters very readily into the current service of life. It is surprising, therefore, we know so little as we do of this pair of authors, who must have been men of fashion and knowledge in business.[1]

The truth is, towards the end of James the First's reign, many persons of rank who were men of sense began to be secretly disgusted with the pedantry and affectation which then distorted our language, and in their private correspondences cultivated a freedom, and, indeed, a gracefulness, of style, which, had it been made public, would have done them little service in their preferment, either in church or state. This vitiated taste was not entirely owing to James. Elizabeth herself, in her more advanced years, had a failing that is often incident to a great genius, that of affecting a character in which she was greatly flattered, but did not in reality possess, I mean that of learning, though, it must be owned, she possessed as much, if not more, than was

[1] Compare the positions occupied by Shakspere, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher in the 'Poetical Scale.' In the present essay, it will be seen, Jonson's name is spelt with an h as it is in the 'Scale.'—Ed.

necessary for a queen. This affectation, however, so much infected her style, after she was forty years of age, that it is intersected with latinisms, græcisms, and foreign idioms, and in some places becomes almost oracular, and like Shakspear's justice, *full of wise, and beard of formal cut.*[1]

I do not here presume to throw out this observation upon so great a name by way of censure. Her writing in that manner, considering the parties she had to deal with, gave her an air of importance, and was often of vast service to her affairs and personal reputation, as learning and wisdom in that age were always held to go together. But I am obliged to take notice of it for the consequences it had. For the manner that in her had an air of majesty and prudence, when adopted (as all her manners were) by her divines and courtiers, and from them by others, became perplext and pedantic.[2] I cannot, however, help introducing here an anecdote of her reign, which is by no means foreign to the subject I now treat on.

One Mr. Wilson, after receiving a university education, coming up to London to push his fortune, attached himself to Lord Treasurer Burleigh, whom he persecuted with letters (some of which are in Strype's collection), in the most abject strain that venality could dictate. And Burleigh, who had a professed insensibility either of wit or want, took no notice of his supplicant for a long time; but the Queen happening to be then in the very height of war with Philip of Spain, and wanting to animate her subjects in her quarrel, one day asked Burleigh, whether he could recommend to her any one who was capable of translating the Philippics of Demosthenes. Burleigh, requiring a day or two to consider, sent for Wilson, whom he found to be a shrewd sensible man, and well qualified for the undertaking the Queen required. In short, he was employed; the translation (which is now very scarce) was

[1] So in the *Literary Magazine*, italics and all. It is, of course, meant for a quotation from the famous "All the world's a stage" speech in 'As You Like It.' The printer may have been at fault here; but, on the other hand, Goldsmith misquotes Shakspere elsewhere, as at vol. i., p. 328.—Ed.

[2] Compare the opening paragraphs in the 'Sequel' to the 'Poetical Scale' (*ante*, p. 423).—Ed.

published, and proved so spirited a one that it more than answered the Queen's ends, which were to infuse into her own subjects the same aversion to Philip of Spain that Demosthenes wanted to infuse into the Athenians, against Philip of Macedon. Elizabeth, who understood Greek so well as to be able to translate some part of Xenophon (a part of which I have seen in her own handwriting), was so well pleased with this, and the translator's abilities, that soon after she made Doctor Wilson one of her principal secretaries of state.[1]

Having mentioned translators, I cannot help mentioning Philemon Holland, who lived at this time, and was the most voluminous translator that ever existed. It is true he understood no language but English and French, and his style is excessively poor, as well as his performance unfaithful;[2] but it is inconceivable of what service his performances were to the English language. They gave his readers the sense and sentiments of the ancients; and though I am far from thinking Shakespear was destitute of a competent knowledge of the learned languages,[3] yet it is impossible he could have acquired the amazing knowledge he discovers of the history and manners of antiquity without the medium of translation.

But besides Philemon Holland, great numbers of other translators from all languages appeared under Elizabeth and James; and nothing can furnish us with a stronger proof of the excellency of the ancients, than by reflecting that despicable (and nothing could be more so) as most of those translations were, they were bought up and read by the public with the greatest avidity. They began to perceive that simplicity of narrative or reasoning was the character of the ancients, and this led them to dislike the

[1] This story of Sir Thomas Wilson, author of the 'Art of Rhetoric,' &c., like, perhaps, here and there other of the statements in this 'History,' is somewhat apochryphal, though no doubt the author found his matter in the pages of some previous writer. The fact reminds one of Goldsmith's similar reproduction of out-of-the-way and picturesque, though not too well authenticated, stories, in his Natural History writings, &c.—Ed.

[2] Chalmers, however (*Biog. Dict.*), says Holland was an M.A. of Oxford.—Ed.

[3] See the opening passages of 'Phanor' (*ante*, p. 429).—Ed.

style and manner of their own learned men, who aspired to preferment by deviating from nature.

James I., who in the church, the universities, and the law, was the rewarder, patron, and protector of all quibbling, punning, and absurdity of language, and who seems to have made them his criterions of judging of all kinds of literary merit, in his parliamentary speeches, and some of his theological treatises, discovered great proficiency in the same arts. Notwithstanding this, when James had a mind to lay aside that pedantry which he thought was inseparable to the character of a wise king, no man in his dominions had a more free, nervous, or even pathetic, manner of writing, and for this I can appeal to any person who, without prejudice, reads his *Basilicon Doron*, or *advice to his son*.[1]

But it happened, fortunately for the English language, that the want of learning was one of the qualities that James required in his favourites at court; and the reign of Charles I., with regard to the subject I am now treating of, was like one of those Norwegian summers where the verdure immediately succeeds the snow. The public despatches, the private correspondences of statesmen of all kinds, and the debates in parliament, passed in a language that far surpasses any thing of the kind we have since seen, and exceed any thing of antiquity.[2] For the proof of this assertion I need but appeal to the printed transactions of that time, and to the authentic speeches of Deering, Hampden, Wentworth, Hyde, Digbye, Falkland, and a hundred others, who by being not named are injured by particularizing any.[3]

It is, however, observable, that those great men who thus shone out, the champions of liberty, and the ornaments of learning, were gentlemen who before had very little or no connections with the court, and had been formed in the shade of that retirement which the arbitrary

[1] 'Basilicon Doron: Advice to my son Prince Henrie,' published at Edinburgh in 1603, before James ascended the English throne.—Ed.

[2] In his 'Polite Learning in Europe,' p. 525 of our vol. iii., Goldsmith has:—"The best orations that ever were spoken were pronounced in the Parliaments of King Charles the First," &c.—Ed.

[3] For a similar form of words to the last, see vol. iii., p. 452.—Ed.

measures of government at that time had rendered the post of honour. Most of them by their speeches and writings dignified the cause of freedom; but no sooner did the opposition become unconstitutional, and degenerated into downright rebellion, than they joined, fought for, and died in the king's service. On the other hand, when men of darker designs got the upper hand, public speaking of every kind fell into the most contemptible character it ever had in England. I cannot here help doing justice to Charles, that the papers which he drew up with his own hand in prison, when not so much as a menial servant was suffered to attend, far less to assist him, are, in point of diction, infinitely superior to the compositions of both houses of parliament, upon the same heads.

The like poverty infected all the writings of the party. The pulpits resounded with the most abject stuff, from all the ruling sects; and even the great Milton, in the character of a prose writer, is as despicable as he is divine in that of a poet.[1] Nothing can be more perplexed, mean, and unintelligible than the speeches and papers delivered and published by Cromwell, St. John, Vane, and the regicides in general, and it was held as a state crime in those days for any man to express himself in the language of common sense.

Had it not been for this fatal interruption of the constitution, and had the troubles of Charles ended with legal opposition made to his arbitrary measures, it is more than probable that the English language under him would have been brought to a much higher perfection than it has at present.[2] But, as I have now completed the bounds of a letter, I shall reserve what I have further to say on this head till my next. I am,

Your constant reader
and humble Servant.[3]

[1] Compare with the remarks upon Milton in the 'Poetical Scale' (*ante*, pp. 421, 447) and elsewhere.—Ed.

[2] A similar view of "the troubles of Charles" will be found in Goldsmith's 'History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,' Letters I. and II. of vol. 2, first edition.—Ed.

[3] This letter, like its predecessor, is without further signature in the *Literary Magazine*. Instead, there is the notification "(To be continued and concluded in our next)."—Ed.

[Letter IV.]

CHARACTERS OF EMINENT ENGLISH WRITERS.

We must not leave the times preceding the restoration of Charles II. without mentioning one Lilly, who was author of some pieces which he called plays, one of which is printed in Mr. Dodsley's collection. His style is a kind of prodigy for neatness, clearness, and precision. But those were not recommendations to the times in which he lived. The learned of those days thought they indicated levity and slightness. He is, it is true, full of antitheses, and he carries the neatness of his language sometimes to a ridiculous affectation; yet a judicious head may receive great improvement by reading his works, which are now scarcely ever mentioned.

Chillingworth was one among the very few writers of that period who had great strength, and great perspicuity of diction, both which flowed from a deep judgment, and an honest heart. But the very beauty of his style depreciated it with the learned men of his times, as proceeding from superficial learning, and his cotemporaries scarcely mention him as a writer; though after times have done him more justice.

But the great and brightest luminary of English diction, for the purposes of business and history, was the Earl of Clarendon. He was bred a lawyer, but seems to have made no great proficiency in the thorny paths of that, or any other, science. He betook himself to court, and his long habit of business, both at home and abroad, gave him a perfect insight into the characters of men, which he knew how to describe with great justness and beauty of style. His narrative is more natural and intelligible than that of any author, and there is an original manner in his composition that never yet has been caught. His history has the merit of being destitute of all the rules [1] that have

[1] See Goldsmith's remarks upon history writing in the opening Letter of his Nobleman's 'History of England' (vol. v.).—Ed.

been laid down for history-writing; and yet, to show the inanity of those rules, it is indisputably the best that ever was wrote, whether we consider his style, his veracity, or his manner. But as a writer his merit is confined to that of an historian, for his style as a philosopher or a divine is poor and perplext.

We are now arrived at the age of Charles II., which our countrymen term the age of wit and immorality.

* * * * *

[Here follows the portion that was afterwards printed in the 'Bee' as 'The Augustan Age of England' (see vol. ii. pp. 443-452, 456). 'The Bee' article, however, having had four concluding paragraphs added (those from "Since that period," &c., at p. 450, vol. ii., to the end) the *Literary Magazine's* conclusion, as follows, was omitted.

"The writings since the period I have mentioned are too recent, and too many of their authors are now alive, for me to pretend to characterize them here. It is sufficient to observe, that it was owing to the authors which the reign of Queen Ann produced, that the public, when left to itself, has now a much better judgment in poetry than it formerly had. Many excellent poems in blank verse have enriched our language with a variety of compound words and epithets, which in time may give it graces superior even to those of Greece and Rome."—Ed.]

[ON PUBLIC REJOICINGS FOR VICTORY.][1]

While our fleets and armies are earning laurels abroad; while victory[2] courts us from every quarter; while our soldiers and sailors not only retrieve the fame of English valour, but raise our reputation above whatever history can show, and mark the reign of George II. as the great

[1] This paper had no heading in No. VI. of the *Busy Body* (Oct. 20, 1759), where it first appeared. The *Busy Body* was one of the numerous imitations of the *Spectator*. It is said to have been edited by Goldsmith's friend, Purdon, whose Epitaph the poet wrote ('Poems,' p. 91). See also *ante*, p. 2.—Ed.

[2] The particular rejoicings which gave rise to this essay were for the victories over the French in the war afterwards named the "Seven Years'"—the capture of Ticonderoga, battle of Minden (Aug. 1st, 1759), the conquest of Quebec, &c. In the next number of the *Busy Body*, Goldsmith further celebrated the latter victory and the death of Wolfe by the publication of his 'Stanzas,' &c. See 'Poems,' p. 78.—Ed.

period of British glory, our citizens and mechanics at home are by no means idle, but deal blow for blow, and once more slay the slain.

If triumphs are gained abroad, we shout for the victory at home; if they illuminate a city that soon must fall, with infernal fire of bombs and hand-grenades, we illuminate our streets not less with faggots and candles; if their artillery thunders destruction in the ears of the enemy, we echo them with squibs and crackers at home, no less terrifying to a female ear; if some, bravely fighting for their country, lose their lives and fall dead on the field of battle in its defence, we have our bouts as well as they, and can produce our hundreds whe have upon this occasion bravely become votaries for their country, and with true patriotism not disdained to fall dead—drunk in every house:—*O fortunata mors, quæ naturæ debita pro patria potissimum reddita est!*

Though my own circumstances are so disposed as neither to be augmented by a victory nor influenced by a defeat, yet I cannot behold the universal joy of my countrymen without a secret exultation, and am induced to forget the ravages of war and human calamity in national satisfaction. I could not, therefore, help, upon our recent conquest, to pursue the triumph from face to face, to see its different effects upon the different ranks of people, and increase my own satisfaction, as if by reflection from theirs.

Resolved, therefore, to seek adventures from Ludgate to Charing Cross, I left my lodgings[1] on the night of the illumination; with all the intrinsic nothingness of a busy man, yet with the seeming importance of a man of business, determined to justle in every crowd, to mix in every company, and peep in at every frequented place of resort.

The first scene curiosity led me to was Ashley's Punch-house,[2] where the whole company seemed deeply attentive

[1] Goldsmith lodged at this time in Green Arbour Court, between the Old Bailey and Fleet Market. See 'Life,' p. 18.—ED.

[2] A famous punch-house, "third door from Fleet Bridge," established in or before 1735, by James Ashley, who claimed the merit of being the first person who retailed punch in small quantities.—CUNNINGHAM. [Fleet Bridge spanned the City wall ditch, connecting Ludgate Hill with

to the old waiter, who usually serves his customers with politics and punch. He was on this occasion giving the audience a geographical description of the city of Paris. "Paris may be about two hundred miles off; it is half as big as London; there they make your lace and such sort of stuff; it is a very pretty place, to be sure, and would afford our battalions of guards very pretty picking. The walls cannot stand a siege of four-and-twenty hours; it is nothing but sweeping up through the kingdom and taking *Lewis the Small* by the beard. Lord, Sir, they could never stand it; for how can French fellows fight when they are drunk with punch? If I were Secretary of State, may this be my poison, but I would show them a trick. Only sail up forty men of war to their very gates, and where would they be then?" The whole company, who were every bit as sanguine as he, acquiesced in the justice and vigour of his measures: the French monarch was deposed, the English standard was erected upon the Bastille, and every person present seemed to enjoy the plunder by anticipation.

Upon leaving this, my attention was next attracted by a poor tradesman and his wife who were at variance in the streets. The woman, whose patriotism was by no means so strong as that of her husband, was assuring the mob, who had officiously gathered round, not to prevent but to promote a quarrel, that he had sent his waistcoat to the pawnbroker's, in order to buy candles for the illumination. The husband, who was, it seems, a journeyman shoemaker, damned her for being a Jacobite in her heart; that she had not a spice of loyalty in her whole body; that she was as fond of getting drunk one day as another. "If the French had got the better," continues he, "what would have become of our property?" "If Monsieurs in wooden shoes came among us, what would become of the *gentle craft*, what would become of the nation, when perhaps Madame Pompadour herself might have shoes scooped out of an old pear-tree; and" (raising his voice) "you ungrateful slut, tell me, if the French papishes had come

Fleet Street. The "third door from Fleet Bridge" would, therefore, be about equivalent to, as we should now say, the third door from Farringdon Street, or New Bridge Street. Fleet Bridge was taken down in 1765.—Ed.]

over, d——n my blood, what would have become of our religion?"[1]

Going up Fleet Street, I could not avoid admiring the artificial day that was formed by lights placed in every window: every face dressed in smiles, the mob shouting, rockets flying, women persecuted by squibs and crackers, and yet seeming pleased with their distress, served to enliven the scene, and might have relaxed the brow even of rigid philosophy.

In all this confusion, I could not avoid that pleasing serenity which, from the appearance of such pageants as these, often steals upon the mind, and insensibly operates upon the spirits of the wise as well as the vulgar. How blest am I, said I to myself, to make one in this glorious political society, which thus preserves liberty to mankind and to itself; who rejoice only in their conquest over slavery, and bring mankind from bondage into freedom. Thus, solitary as I am, am I not greater than a host of slaves? I, who in my little sphere contribute to the happiness of mankind, am I not greater than the greatest monarch, whose only boast is unbounded power? Let him dictate to his slaves, and ride upon the neck of submission. My king, my country, and I, are friends together, and by a mutual intercourse of kindness and duty, give and receive social happiness.

In the midst of these pleasing reflections, as I was proceeding with a stately pace, and with all the solemnity of a newly-acquired and conscious dignity, I heard a hissing noise in one of the tails of my wig, and looking about, soon perceived a stream of fire dashing from my right ear. I fled; it followed; I shook my head; it was pinned too close to be shook off, and just as I arrived at George's,[2] it went off in a bounce.

[1] A similar expression occurs in Letter IV. of the 'Citizen of the World,' p. 22, vol. iii. It and the above, "may this be my poison" —which Goldsmith also uses in the 'Citizen' letter just cited, and in the 'Haunch of Venison,' l. 91—are viewed as helping to fix the authorship of this essay.—Ed.

[2] See 'The Bee,' No. III., p. 344, vol. ii., and elsewhere. On the coffee-houses of this time as news-centres, &c., see the 'Citizen of the World,' Letter LVII., p. 214, vol. iii., and the following imprint of the *Public Ledger* of April 23, 1760:—"London: Printed

I was too much discomposed to pursue my meditations after so unlucky an accident, therefore took refuge in the coffee-room, where I found a merry group gathered round a gentleman whom I at first imagined to be reading the *Gazette*, but coming closer, found it to be an heroic poem upon the conquest of Minorca.[1] Never was there a more severe satire than this upon the very nation which it had endeavoured to celebrate! Every exaggerated compliment now bore the appearance of the keenest irony. The children of Mars, the thunderbolts of war, the conquest of the world, were now construed as burlesque, and served at intervals to make the company burst into loud fits of laughter. When the whiskered French soldier was compared to a lion, the company immediately conceived the idea of a cat; and while the poet described his countrymen as clad in terrors, they were now universally allowed to want part of the equipage, as they had no spirits.

From hence I travelled to Slaughter's,[2] where one of the company was haranguing the rest, and assuring them that he believed not one syllable of the matter. "Do you think," said he, "that the French are such fools as to let us deprive them of one of their greatest and most useful possessions? Ridiculous! I'll hold any one twenty pounds" —"Done, Sir," says one of the company, "I'll take it up." —"I mean, Sir," replied the orator, "I'll hold twenty

for W. Bristow, Publisher, at the Register-Office next the Great *Toy-shop* in St. *Paul's Church-yard:* Where Advertisements and Letters to the Authors (Post paid) are taken in. Advertisements are also taken in by Mr. Becket, Bookseller, at *Tully's Head*, near *Surrey-Street* in the Strand; at Mr. Taylor's Pamphlet shop, opposite the *Opera House* in the *Haymarket;* and at Mr. Dell's, Bookseller, in *Tower-Street;* at all which places this paper may be had early every morning. Advertisements are also taken in by Mr. Lever, at the *New England*, *New York*, and *Quebec* Coffee-House in *Threadneedle-Street;* and at Mr. Doran's, at the *Edinburgh* Coffee-House in *Sweeting's Alley*, near the *Royal Exchange.*"—ED.

[1] The surrender of Port St. Philip to the French, June 29, 1756. —ED.

[2] A coffee-house in that portion of St. Martin's Lane removed for the formation of Trafalgar Square. Cunningham says the house actually existed in 1843, and Mr. Ashton ('Social Life of the Reign of Queen Anne,' 1882) shows the coffee-house with this name so located in 1712. Goldsmith also mentions the house in his essay on clubs (vol. i., p. 249). —ED.

pounds that by next post they sing *Te Deum*, or contradict our *Gazette*." To this the other had nothing to reply, and our orator remained master of the field.

The Smyrna[1] was the last place I visited on this occasion. The company here were prescribing terms of peace to the enemy, whom they looked upon as utterly undone; they first insisted upon our keeping all North America; they were next for circumscribing the number of the French fleet; for getting back Minorca; for insisting on a carte blanche. With them, our victory seemed only gained to defer the happiness of peace; they would have everything settled in such a manner as that we could annoy our enemies at pleasure without their having any power to hurt us. In short, with an exaggerated, yet perhaps pardonable triumph, they were for dictating terms of peace that none but a conquered nation could submit to. As I perceived that I now spoke to men who could hearken to and understand reason, I addressed one of them as follows:

"The only use of victory is peace. Proposals for a reconciliation are never made with so good a grace as from a victorious army. It is very possible for a country to be very victorious and very wretched. The victories of Sweden have oppressed that people so much as to render them quite insignificant in the political scale of Europe ever since. It is but prolonging the wished-for peace, to prescribe such terms as is consistent neither with the interest nor the honour of our enemies to accept. It is but rendering us ridiculous, to expect such terms as we can never compel them to.

"A country at war resembles a flambeaux; the brighter it burns, the sooner it is often wasted. The exercise of war for a short time may be useful to society, which grows putrid by a long stagnation. Vices spring up in a long-continued peace, from too great an admiration of commerce and too great a contempt for arms; war corrects these abuses, if of but a short continuance. But when prolonged beyond that useful period, it is apt to involve society in

[1] The Smyrna in Pall Mall, no doubt, though there was another coffee-house so named in Peter's Alley, Cornhill. See 'Bee,' No. III., vol. ii., p. 347. Steele has sketched the Smyrna in No. 78 of the *Tatler*. —Ed.

every distress. The property of a country, by its continuance, is transferred from the industrious to the enterprising; from men of abilities, to men of no other qualification but bravery. Every man who is enriched by the trade of war, is only rewarded from the spoils of some unhappy member of society, who could no longer live by the trade of peace. Now; now, then, is the time to offer terms of accommodation: and as we conquer our enemies in war, so let us excel them in generosity. Let us sheath the sword that has already reeked with too much blood. Let victory be attended by peace; for peace is the only triumph of victory."

[ON ABUSE OF OUR ENEMIES.]

To the Authors of the *Public Ledger*.[1]

Gentlemen;—As one of Alexander's soldiers was railing against the Persians, condemning the whole nation as a pack of cowardly, effeminate, and perfidious scoundrels, "My friend," cries the hero, overhearing him, "I have employed you to fight the Persians, not to scold them." The English have learned to fight like Alexander; they have done more; have relieved those enemies in distress which their valour subdued; they have surpassed the old Macedonian in bravery and generosity; could they learn to *scold* their enemies less, all the world must own their superiority in politeness, as well as in arms and humanity.

I must own, nothing gives me more uneasiness in conversation than to hear men talk of the French with detestation; to hear them condemned as guilty of every vice, and scarce allowed any national virtue. I am the more displeased at such ignorant assertions because they are

[1] This letter was published in No. V. (Jan. 17, 1760) of John Newbery's daily journal, the *Public Ledger*, and was, perhaps, the first of Goldsmith's contributions to the paper in which a few days later (Jan. 24) he commenced his famous series, afterwards entitled the 'Citizen of the World.'—Ed.

false, and because I don't much care to contradict them. To speak well of France in some companies is almost as bad as if one acknowledged himself to be a spy; I am obliged, therefore, to sit silent, while I hear unlettered men talk of a people they do not know, and condemn them in the gross they know not why,

The French have been long acknowledged to have much bravery: a great part of Europe has owned their superiority in this respect; and I know scarce any country, but that which has beaten them, that dares deny the contrary. In short, I consider them in the same light with the subordinate characters in an epic poem, who are generally described as very terrible, only to heighten our idea of the hero who conquers them.

To beat the French, and to *scold* them too, is out-herod-ing Herod; if we were not able to knock them o' the head, I should not be displeased if we showed our resentment by addressing their ears with reproach; but as it is, we only resemble a country justice, who not content with putting a culprit in the stocks, stands by to reproach him for getting there.

Jack Reptile is a professed Antigallican; he gets drunk with French wine three times a week. To convince the world of his detestation of Monsieur Soup meagre,[1] he assures the company he has once, when he was young, boxed three Frenchmen, "one down t'other come on," and beat them all; he wonders how French scoundrels can live who eat nothing but salad and frogs the whole year round. Jack hates every thing that is French, except their wine, and has been known to quarrel with some of his countrymen for wearing a bag-wig. His virulence against the enemy has even soured his disposition to his friends, and he seems never happy except when indulging invective.

If the present war or its causes happen to be the subject of conversation, he lays all the blame upon them alone, and can see neither avarice nor injustice in the planters of our side. If peace be the topic, "his counsel is for open war;" nor can he think any terms honourable or advantageous that do not put us in possession, not only of all

[1] So in the original.—Ed.

we have conquered, but almost all the enemy have to lose. Thus, while our soldiers earn victory abroad, Jack enjoys the price of it at home, and, unacquainted with the perils they endure, seems unmindful how long they undergo them. War gives him no uneasiness; he sits and soaks in profound security; the distresses, the calamities of mankind, neither interrupt his tranquillity nor lessen his draught; the miseries of his fellow-creatures, like the pictures of a battle, serve rather to excite pleasure than pain. Ten thousand fallen on one field make a curious article in the *Gazette*. Hundreds sunk to the bottom by one broadside, furnish out the topic of the day, and zest his coffee; the very tempest guides him to his harbour. In short, he fancies he shows his loyalty by reproaches, and his courage by continuing the war.

What I would intend by all this, is to persuade my countrymen by the fire-side to behave with the same degree of merit with those in the field; while they cover us with glory abroad, let us not tarnish it by invectives at home. I scarce read a periodical paper that is not filled with indecencies of this kind; and as many of these papers pass into other countries, what idea will they form, not only of our good sense but humanity, when they see us thus depreciating the enemies we have subdued? This, in fact, is lessening ourselves. An easy conquest is no very honourable one. I remember to have heard Mr. Voltaire observe, in a large company at his house at Monrion,[1] that at the battle of Dettingen, the English exhibited prodigies of valour; but they soon lessened their well-bought conquest, by lessening the merit of those they had conquered. Their despising the French then, he continued to observe, was probably the cause of their defeat at Fontenoy: one army fought with all the security of presumption; the other with all the fury of men willing to rescue their character from undeserved contempt.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.

[1] Monrion, near Lausanne, Switzerland, whence Voltaire dated his letter to M. Tiriot, published by Goldsmith in No. II. of the 'Bee.' In his 'Memoirs of Voltaire,' Goldsmith says he met the French philosopher in Paris. The correctness of the latter statement has been much contested. See p. 25, *ante*.—Ed.

THE GODDESS OF SILENCE,

To the Ladies of London and Westminster, Greeting.[1]

Ladies; Though I am personally acquainted with but few of you; though an utter stranger at all your modern entertainments, routs, drums, or assemblies; yet as I was once well known to your grandmothers, and am still in some esteem with your husbands and lovers, I must be permitted to offer my complaint; I must beg leave to introduce my petition upon the strength of former intimacy, even though I should be heard with as much disgust as the poorest of your poor relations.

It is now many years since I was obliged to give up the amusements of town, and fly to a retreat in the country. I own I retired with reluctance, and fondly imagined you would have felt equal reluctance at my departure; but instead of this I find no single creature regrets my absence; every pretty mouth strives which shall make most noise, and all seem to conspire in thinking that company best where I am totally excluded.

And yet, Ladies, I have some right to expostulate against this ingratitude, for I will appeal to the opposite sex whether you ever had in Great Britain a sincerer friend than I. I have made more matches in my time than a grass widow, and have reconciled more matrimonial disputes than the fears of pin-money, or a separate maintenance. I have taught ladies how to get husbands, and the harder lesson still, how to keep them; and yet for all this I am discarded, rejected from all polite society.

But I am not only deposed; the Goddess of Discord has been set up in my stead; all your pleasures seem dictated by her direction; she is constituted mistress of the ceremonies, if I can call that ceremony which is noise and confusion; it is she alone that prescribes the drum, the

[1] Another contribution to the *Public Ledger*, before the commencement of the Chinese letters. It appeared in No. 9, dated Jan. 22, not in No. 7, for Jan. 19, as both Prior and Forster state.—Ed.

ball, and the tempests; 'tis she increases the hurry of ridottas, whirlwinds, routs, hurricanes——but my head aches; I must discontinue a catalogue of names more grating than a curtain-lecture, or the grenadier's march.

I never think of the power I once enjoyed without regret; in those happy times when the beautiful sex was dressed in ruffs and fardingales; when your grandmothers showed their skill, not in playing piquet, but in making pies; and were equally remarkable for raising passion and paste; in those happy times, I say, Silence made some figure in every assembly; even court-ladies themselves were then contented with silent pleasures, and a lover who resisted all the eloquence of their eyes above-stairs, was after caught in the attractive circle of a custard, or a mince pie, of my lady's own making below in the larder.

Here I had enjoyed a peaceful reign from time immemorial; had flattered myself that modesty and I were to be inseparable companions; but it seems [I] was mistaken; I was first deposed at court by Miss Jenny Up-and-down, and my lady Betty Round-about; they hunted me from drawing-room to drawing-room, pursued me from family to family; for wherever they came, I was never after admitted. Those two ladies had led the fashion for many years; they continued tip-top talkative toasts for almost half-a-century; I wished a thousand times to see them peaceably married out of the way; but they continued their visiting and virginity to the last, and I was undone.

From court I was obliged to retire into the city. Here I sought for some time, though in vain, for refuge; but at last happily took shelter in the family of the Widow Slumber. I had no fears of having my repose disturbed in this family; for though it consisted mostly of women, there was no great noise; the widow herself being lethargic, and Mrs. Abigail dumb from her cradle. Yet, who would have thought it? a captain of grenadiers attacked the widow with success, and discharged both me and the dumb waiting-maid in the flash of a pistol!

We both travelled together for some time; and whatever she thought of me, I found her excellent company; so borrowing wings from poverty, we flew up together to a garret in Drury Lane. Here all was perfect tranquillity;

even carts and hackney coaches from below could scarce be heard; the very woman that cried sprats was unable to interrupt our repose; and yet, after all, our repose was interrupted. Scandal in the shape of our landlady, began to intrude upon our retirement; she did not care, she said, to lodge single women; she lived in a very honest neighbourhood, and would not have her house get a bad character for our scurvy two shillings a week. So giving us warning, we were obliged to decamp; Abigail to the workhouse, and I to the place of my nativity near Penmanmaur.

From this retreat then it is, Ladies, that I address you; though I hate noise, yet am I equally averse to solitude. Permit me once more to return to be admitted at your entertainments; permit a banished goddess once more to show her friendship to the sex, and add lustre to your beauty. I don't know that I ever disgusted one of your lovers, though I have attracted thousands. I never knew a husband complain that I kept his wife too much company, and even on the most critical occasions my presence has been regarded as an omen of victory; for Silence gives consent.

I am, Ladies, etc.[1]

THE DESCRIPTION OF A WOW-WOW IN THE COUNTRY,

In a Letter to the Author [of the *Public Ledger*].[2]

Sir, I am one of those unhappy mortals who are retired from the fatigues of business in town, to be tired and fatigued for want of business in the country. While I was in trade, I always languished for retirement; now that is

[1] A reply letter in praise of the "Goddess of Discord," as the real friend of the ladies, appeared in the *Ledger* a few days later. This letter was signed "Martha Mutable."—Ed.

[2] Published in the number of the *Public Ledger* dated Feb. 16, 1760, and evidently intended as a species of "puff" of the 'British Magazine,' which had been started the previous month, with Goldsmith as a leading contributor. See pp. 389 of the 'Essays,' in our vol. i.—Ed.

obtained, I long for business again. The air which I thought conveyed the blessings of health and vigour, the flowers that regaled every sense, and the babbling streams that I doted on with rapture, are all become insipid. I spurn at these, and throw them aside as a boy does his toys; and like him, feel no satisfaction but in the hope of obtaining others that are new. May we not, then, say that all happiness is centred in expectation, and, like a coy mistress, ever flies before us?

Tired of a village life and of myself, I flew for refuge to the country town whence I date this letter, there hoping to share the mean between London and the country, and to variegate life, and partake of the pleasures both of business and retirement; but here I am again disappointed. The only diversion, and indeed almost the only business of this place, is going to the Wow-wow.[1]

When first I arrived here, I called at a gentleman's house to whom I was recommended by a friend in London, when a servant who came to the door told me it was impossible I could speak to his master then, for he was just gone to the Wow-wow. My wife being indisposed, I sent for an eminent apothecary, but he not coming immediately I flew with impatience to his house, where, finding his spouse, and telling her my wife's case, she cried, "Poor lady, I am sorry for her, and wish, Sir, you had happened to have come a little sooner, for Mr. * * * * would certainly have waited on her, but he is just gone to the Wow-wow." A tradesman who has gained money enough in town to retire, and commence gentleman in the country, thinks himself entitled to as much respect, perhaps, as those who make larger claims, and I own I found myself piqued at this behaviour.

Thus disconcerted, I make for my inn, but passing by a tradesman's shop whence I had ordered some goods, I called to pay him. Here I saw only two boys at shuttlecock, to whom I told my business. They were too earnestly

[1] Goldsmith seems to have invented this word. Or he may have formed it upon the *pow-wow* of the Indians, a word naming a feast going before a war, a hunt, or a great council. The Americans have made slang of pow-wow, to express the idea of a meeting or council, where there is more noise than deliberation.—Ed.

engaged to give me any other answer, but that if I wanted to pay any money there I must go to the Wow-wow.

Arriving at the inn, I found my wife a little recovered, and therefore rang for dinner: "Lord, my dear," says she, "it is to no purpose to ring, for you can get no dinner here; the master of the house is cook himself, and not expecting company so late, the drawer says he is just gone to the Wow-wow, which I suppose is the next market-town." At this instant entered my landlord with an affected air of complaisance; but notwithstanding he had set his features to the semblance of a smile, I could perceive that he was out of humour at being sent for. After dinner, curiosity led me to see this wonderful piece of entertainment, this Wow-wow, and I made my enquiry accordingly; but I should have missed the place of rendezvous, if I had not been directed to it by a number of women that were catechising a man, who it seems had made a little mistake, and instead of going for the midwife as he was directed, had strolled into the Wow-wow, which I found, to my surprise, was a confused heap of people of all denominations assembled at a public-house to read the newspapers, and to hear the tittle-tattle of the day.

When I entered, the first object that engaged my attention was a middle-aged man seated above the rest, who, with a pipe in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other, was rectifying the mistakes made by several generals engaged in the present war.

"Finck,"[1] says he, "was a fool to do as he has done; do you think I would have suffered Daun to have cooped me up in this manner? Here lay his army; Daun's was there, and there, and there (still chalking the table). Now here lies a morass as big as ours in the dyke-mead; he should have drawn his men off here, and guarded this pass, and all had been right: but he was either a fool or fee'd to do as he has done. There is bribery in other countries, I find, as well as in ours."

He had scarcely finished, when another, taking up a newspaper, read a paragraph importing that a squadron

[1] Finck, the Prussian general, who with his whole army was surrounded and captured by the force under the Austrian Count Daun, 1759.—Ed.

of Dutch men-of-war were seen with their flag flying in Pondicherry harbour. This brought on the question whether Pondicherry was in Europe or America, which was debated with such warmth by some of the company, that we should certainly have had a war at the Wow-wow, had not an Oxford scholar, led there by curiosity, pulled a new magazine out of his pocket, in which he said there were some pieces extremely curious and that deserved all their attention. He then read the 'Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves,'[1] to the entire satisfaction of the audience, which being finished, he threw the pamphlet on the table. "That piece, gentlemen," says he, "is written in the very spirit and manner of Cervantes; there is great knowledge of human nature, and evident marks of the master in almost every sentence; and from the plan, the humour, and the execution, I can venture to say that it dropt from the pen of the ingenious Dr. ——." Every one was pleased with the performance, and I was particularly gratified in hearing all the sensible part of the company give orders for the 'British Magazine.'

I was surprised, and indeed disgusted, to find in this odd assembly several gentlemen of exceeding good sense, but was somewhat satisfied when they told me that they were drawn thither for want of business and diversions, and that this want had established a *Wow-wow*, or meeting of *News-hunters*, in every town in the kingdom. "This odd mixture of company," says one of them, "may to you, Sir, seem disagreeable; but in the country a man must club his talents thus unequally, or seclude himself from company entirely; and though this meeting may give you no favourable idea of a country life, yet, viewed in a philosophical sense, it will convince you that the human race, as well as other animals, are impatient for society, and that a man of sense would rather converse with his cook-maid than be always alone, and especially if she be handsome."

[1] Smollett's novel, which had then just started in the 'British Magazine.' See note 2, *ante*, p. 473.—Ed.

A DREAM.

[THE FOUNTAIN OF FINE SENSE.][1]

I FANCIED myself placed at the foot of a high mountain, and saw round me several people who were preparing to climb up its steepy side. Desirous of knowing whither they were going, I mixed in the crowd, and attempted to ascend as well as the rest. Near half way to the top I perceived a fountain, of which several drank with the utmost eagerness; and not even the pump-room at Bath could be filled with a greater variety of characters. Lords, bishops, squires, tradesmen, and men without trades, strove each for a draught; and as each drank he seemed intoxicated, though but with water. The drinkers spoke frequently without understanding what they said; they decided magisterially on subjects which they did not comprehend; and judged of works they had never seen. They talked of painting without knowing the elements of the art; and decided upon music without having an ear to distinguish harmony. Nothing, in short, could be more ridiculous than their conversation. They in general aimed at being sayers of "good things," which some uttered with solemn pride, and others with petulant loquacity.

A lady accosted a certain nobleman: "My dear lord," says she, "are we to expect no production of yours this season? I am so fatigued with the works of those mercenary writers for bread, that I protest if I don't see something new of yours, I shall absolutely discontinue my studies, and return to picquet." "Excuse me, Madam," replied his lordship, "I should be very willing to publish my works, if there were many such judges as you; but alas! we have neither taste, sentiment, nor genius amongst us; we are quite fallen; none are capable of distinguishing true delicacy: would you think, Madam, that my volume of philosophical poems would not go off, and yet the very same judges had bought Pope's Works with great eagerness? No, Madam, I shall reserve my future pro-

[1] From the *British Magazine*, May, 1760, p. 129.—ED.

ductions for posterity, who, I flatter myself, will give them a more favourable reception."

In another quarter I perceived a well-dressed poet reading his manuscript to a ragged brother, who seemed in raptures with every line of it; he praised the language, sentiment, and sublimity; shrugged up his shoulders in extasy, and flourished his hands with enthusiasm. As the emperors formerly paid poets for every line they liked, so on the contrary our ragged poet was paid for every line he happened to praise; the writer reading it to him not for the sake of his corrections but his flattery.

My attention was called off from this couple to another, where a young man dressed in shabby finery was asking another, who seemed to be a nobleman by his appearance, for a subscription. "Excuse me, Sir," replied his lordship, "I never subscribe except for prints or drawings; for I am resolved to encourage and revive the fine arts among us, and even vie with Italy for the superiority."

Disgusted with such conversation, I was upon the point of returning back; when one of the crowd, addressing me, said, "Dear Sir, won't you drink before you go? here you are got to the fountain of *fine sense*, and yet are going away without tasting!" "What!" replied I, "is this the fountain of *fine sense?*" "Yes, Sir," said he, "and as soon as you shall have drank of its waters, you will find yourself every whit as amiable and pleasing as the rest of the company." "Excuse me, Sir," says I, "if the waters are to have the same effect upon me that I see them have upon the rest of the company, I disclaim all pretensions to *fine sense*, and am much better pleased with common sense." "Ah my dear [Sir,"] returned he, with a shrug, "keep your common sense for a circle of Hollanders or aldermen. Without taste, virtue, and delicacy, how insipid is every society!"

I was just upon the point of descending the mountain, when I perceived some persons at the summit; and though I knew it must cost me great pains, did what I could to join them. When with incredible labour I had gained it, I there found a second fountain, round which several persons were placed, who drank freely of its waters; and seemed at once to unite gravity, sense, and

humour. Here I perceived people of all the nations of Europe entertaining each other without rancour, wrangling, or envy. There Metastasio and Maffei paid their mutual compliments, and attempted each other's improvement; there Voltaire and the royal Prussian gave and received fame reciprocally; Gresset and Piron read their works to each other with delight; and there I saw Johnson, Gray, and Mason, with some other authors of our own country, conveying strong sense in the wildest sallies of poetical enthusiasm. Pleased with the company, I was just going to take a draught of the delicious fountain, when an old agreeable acquaintance, who had been long posted there, and who shall be nameless, welcomed me with so violent a shake by the hand that I awoke, and received no other benefit from my imaginary journey, than a certain conviction that a shallow understanding generally aspires at the reputation of wit; but true genius ever chooses to wear the appearance of good sense.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN MRS. VINCENT AND MISS BRENT.[1]

[A VISIT TO VAUXHALL.]

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE 'BRITISH MAGAZINE.'

GENTLEMEN: I own it gave me some pleasure to find the entertainment at Vaux-hall, which I regard, under proper regulations, as one of the most harmless and pleasing we have, much improved this season. Improved, if we consider the expense, which is lessened, or the singers who are better than before. Mrs. Vincent and Miss Brent are certainly capable of furnishing out an agreeable evening; and it must be confessed, the conductor of this entertainment has spared no expense in procuring a very elegant band of performers.[2] The satisfaction which I received the first

[1] This appeared in the 'British Magazine' for June, 1760, p. 348.—ED.

[2] For Vauxhall at this time, see also Letter LXXI. of the 'Citizen of the World,' and its note. The letter was written by our author in the

night I went there was greater than my expectations; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard, and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainment, but particularly the singing, diffused that good humour among us which constitutes the true happiness of society; but, I know not how, from praising both the singers, as they deserved, we insensibly fell into a comparison of their respective perfections: one part of the company seemed to favour the old singer, another the new. The ladies, who in such a case always declare their opinions first, seemed to give it in favour of Mrs. Vincent, because she was a married woman: the generality of the gentlemen were of a contrary opinion, and for a contrary reason. We, however, at length agreed to refer the dispute to two gentlemen of the company, who had been for some time in Italy, and were beside, of themselves tolerable performers. Even they, however, seemed of different opinions, and, as well as I remember, this was the substance of what either said on the occasion:

"I own," says he who spoke first, "that Miss Brent, by pleasing the town last season in the Beggar's Opera, has

same year, 1760, as the present essay, and it refers to the same season at Vauxhall. These were the Tyers' days of "the gardens," apparently their most popular time. Jonathan Tyers' long lease as manager of this famous resort extended from 1732 to 1767, the year of his death. Boswell tells us (Napier's Standard Lib. edit., 1884, iii. 312) that in 1792 the admission price was raised from a shilling to two shillings. A little later the price was again changed to four shillings. These attempts at making the place more select, as well as more profitable, failed in both respects, and with them the misfortunes of the place may be said to have begun. The property, however, remained in the hands of the Tyers family as late as 1822, being leased to various managers. In 1822 it was sold for £28,000 to Messrs. Bish, Gye (father of the first Gye, of Covent Garden Theatre), and Hughes. It was sold again in 1841 for £20,200; and other changes of the proprietary followed. In their latest years, the gardens were only open occasionally; and, finally, in 1859, the land was sold and built upon. Tyers Street now pretty well marks the site of the gardens, and at the same time perpetuates the name of their most famous proprietor. Jonathan Tyers, indeed, seems to have been an enthusiast, rather than a mere speculator, in his conduct of the amusements of this suburban resort. He laid out his private grounds at Dorking, we are told, after the fashion of his gardens at Vauxhall, the details, however, being suited to the place as his "Sunday retreat." The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1781, p. 123, gives an amusing account of this "Sunday retreat" of the sometime *arbiter elegantiarum* of Vauxhall.—Ed.

acquired a share of popularity which may alone lead the injudicious; but let us strip her of her theatrical ornaments, and merely as a singer, compare her with her rival Mrs. Vincent; I think it will be allowed me Mrs. Vincent has, rather, the most graceful person of the two; and even that consideration, trifling as it may seem, is of some consequence, when we are considering the perfections of a female singer. In Italy, you know, Sir, scarce a lady dares appear even in a chorus, upon the stage, or as a public performer, without this natural advantage. Upon some of Miss Brent's notes there is also a huskiness, which her rival is entirely free from; for you must confess, that nothing can be clearer than Mrs. Vincent's voice. Miss Brent, sometimes, drives the feeling, theatrical manner into affectation; for, though a little of that manner is proper at all times, and is in fact the only thing in which the voice excels an instrument, yet, in plain singing, where acting is not required, it may sometimes be carried to a ridiculous excess. Mrs. Vincent sings with more ease, fetches her inspirations quicker, more unperceived, and with a better grace than your new favourite. Though I must own, that neither the one nor the other are, by any means, perfect timists; yet, in this respect, Mrs. Vincent has certainly the advantage, and is seldom guilty of blunders, which the other, through haste, want of skill, or of time, sometimes commits. I have but one thing more to say in favour of Mrs. Vincent, which is, that she would certainly appear to greater advantage were the music she sings more nicely adapted to her voice. Every judicious composer sets his music to the voice of the performer; that which this singer chooses seems, in general, taken by herself at a venture, or composed for her, without a perfect knowledge of her excellencies. The lower part of her voice has a much finer body than the upper, which is rather too small, and has somewhat too much of the German-flute tone in it. Though she has great command, yet her transitions are not perfectly graceful; the music therefore adapted to her, and in which she would certainly charm, should be composed of notes not reaching extremely high, and not with difficult transitions. The music composed for Miss Brent, on the contrary, is set with per-

fect taste, and with a thorough knowledge of her fort. That pretty song of Liberty, in particular, both in delicacy and accompaniment, is far beyond the songs of Mrs. Vincent."

Influenced by this, most of the company were going to declare in favour of Mrs. Vincent, when the other gentleman gave his opinion as follows: "I allow the justice of almost all that has been advanced, but I am of opinion Miss Brent is far superior. It is true her voice is by no means so clear as Mrs. Vincent's, nor have I ever heard any singer equal that lady in this particular; yet still Miss Brent has much the best voice of the two; for it is at once capable of a greater swell, and has a greater body of tone. These two perfections are alone sufficient to give her the preference; but there is another in which she excels almost every singer, I mean that of her voice's being perfectly in tune. I cannot tell whether it be in reality so; but it would seem, by the exact tunefulness of her voice, that she had not been entirely taught to sing from the harpsichord; for such as are wholly taught by that instrument, though they may be sufficiently in tune with any instrument, yet by learning only to chime with a chord, which from the nature of this instrument is not quite perfect, they seldom arrive to that tunefulness which reaches the heart; and hence we see natural singers frequently more pleasing than those who are taught. The lady I refer to seems to possess all that native sweetness of voice, at the same time that she has acquired by art the perfect manner of flattening those notes, which upon the voice and every natural instrument, as the trumpet and horn, are naturally too sharp. Her shake, though not perfect (as it is in general too quick) is however much superior to the other's, who is very faulty in this respect. Though she may sometimes feel too much, yet it must be owned that this is preferable to a total vacancy of sensibility, which is the other's case. Let us add to this, that the music we have now heard her sing is preferable to that sung by Mrs. Vincent; and I fancy, upon the whole, we shall find she affords the highest entertainment. I am sensible that both have faults which neither of us have mentioned; and one among the rest is in the execution of those holding notes of which

they both seem so fond. They seem to think that all the art in this respect lies in beginning one of those tedious notes very soft, and then swelling it as loud as possible in the middle, then falling off, and so forth. These should never be continued without that softening which is taken from the tone below; which on the voice is capable of becoming every moment more distinct, till it at last falls naturally into the shake, which should not be of very long continuance neither. But I fear I tire the company: I shall only observe, that the public are greatly obliged to both for one of its most innocent and highest amusements." Just as he had finished we were called away to hear the concluding song, which gave me such pleasure, I could not avoid concluding that she who sung last always sung best.[1]

A TRUE HISTORY FOR THE LADIES.[2]

In the flowery paths of novel and romance, we are taught to consider love as a blessing that will last for life: it is exalted above its merits; and by teaching the young and unexperienced to expect more from it than it can give, by being disappointed of their expectations, they do not receive from it even those advantages it has to bestow.

[1] Mrs. Vincent and Miss Brent were both famous in the part of Polly in the 'Beggars' Opera,' though at the time of this essay Mrs. Vincent (afterwards Mrs. Mills) had not so appeared, or, indeed, appeared at all upon the stage. Her maiden name was Burchell. Her daughter, Mrs. Ferguson, was also an actress. Miss Brent, who was a pupil of Dr. Arne, made her first appearance as Polly at Covent Garden in Oct., 1759; Mrs. Vincent's first appearance was at Drury Lane, Sept. 23, 1760. Prior published two songs which Quick, the comedian, said Goldsmith wrote, about 1766-8, for Miss Brent (then Mrs. Pinto). We add these songs to the present collection, at page 505.—Ed.

[2] This story appeared in the 'British Magazine' for July, 1760, p. 420. It is a fairly close rendering of the story of two brothers who were maternal relatives of Goldsmith's uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, as related by Prior in his 'Life of Goldsmith,' vol. i., p. 56. Percy also mentioned the story (Memoir, p. 18), though he did not reprint the above version of it. Chaloner and Chester are, it seems, the true names of the persons and locality of the family story.—Ed.

Love between the sexes should be regarded as an inlet to friendship, nor should the most beautiful of either hope to continue the passion a month beyond the wedding-day. Marriage strips love of all its finery; and if friendship does not appear to supply its place, there is then an end of matrimonial felicity.

But this love and friendship, by being too violent, often destroy themselves. A wife, by expecting too much of her husband's company, or he, on the other hand, desiring too much tenderness from her, only impair that union of heart which both endeavour to cement. Perhaps they who expect least are often paid with most of the pleasures of a married state; as some accidentally happen to fall upon agreeable parties, but seldom find them so if appointed long beforehand: those bonds which unite the married couple may be tied too closely, which is perhaps a worse inconvenience than if they had not been tied at all.[1]

To illustrate this, let me be permitted to relate a real story that happened near Chester some years ago; which will more clearly display the inconveniences arising from too high a regard on each side, than any remarks of mine upon this occasion.

Thomas and James Chaloner were brothers residing near Chester; they were both possessed of small but independent fortunes, and nearly at the same time intended to improve those fortunes by matrimony. Thomas, the elder, paid his addresses to a young lady of great beauty and family in the neighbourhood, and she received his professions with mutual passion; her father, however, attempted to interrupt the match from mercenary motives, as he was sensible of the inequality of Mr. Thomas Chaloner's fortune to that he intended for his daughter. The young lovers were too much enamoured of each other to attend to the dissuasive voice of avarice upon this occasion; and, contrary to the inclinations of all their friends, were privately married, promising themselves an endless source of felicity in each other's possession.

In the mean time, Mr. James Chaloner also was married; but without any of those circumstances of stolen

[1] The same lesson is taught in Letters XVIII. and LXVI. of the 'Citizen of the World.'—Ed.

happiness or forbidden endearment. His wife was chosen from that rank of life immediately beneath his own; she was a farmer's daughter, had a little money, and a hearty blessing from her father. She was neither very handsome, nor extremely sensible; and their amours would by no means have served as the subject of romance.

Both brothers had not been long married, when a law-suit called them over to Ireland; and, unwilling to leave their wives behind, they all embarked from Parkgate on their passage to Dublin. They had not been at sea an hour when a violent storm arose; the ship was old, and the mariners but few; she was therefore driven at the mercy of the waves, and at length approached a rocky shore, where nothing but instant death was expected, especially to those who could not swim. In this terrible situation the captain desired the passengers to prepare for death, as the ship could not hold it a quarter of an hour longer; but at the same time encouraged those who were skilled in swimming to save themselves as well as they could.

Thomas, who, as we have already observed, had married for love, now showed the whole extent of his passion. Clasping his lovely bride in his arms, he cried out that he disdained to live without her; that as they had lived[1] with the utmost passion, so he was resolved to die with it; and no intreaties could prevail upon him to attempt saving his life, though even his wife joined in the request.

It was very different between the prudent James and his spouse: "My dear," says he, "I would live with you if I could; but my death can give you no satisfaction: and as it is impossible for me to save you, I must endeavour to save myself:" so saying, he plunged into the sea, and had the good fortune to swim on shore.

The danger, however, was not so great as the captain had represented it; the ship held together longer than had been expected, and, a calm immediately succeeding, the whole crew were safely landed, and the joyful couple, who had discovered such tenderness, had now an opportunity of reflecting upon the greatness of each other's love.

[1] The word in the 'British Magazine' is "loved." "Lived" is from Wright and Reed's edition, where this essay is entitled 'Romantic Love.' —Ed.

I wish the story had ended here; but truth demands the rest should be related. For a week or two the enamoured couple enjoyed happiness without allay; but soon, as they expected too much from each other, both began to retrench their mutual liberty. First, slight jealousies, proceeding from too much love, brought on complaints, complaints produced coolness, and this was carried at last into sullen silence. From thence it proceeded to recrimination: soon the quarrel was made up; the same circumstances, however, again were repeated, and again produced the same effects: continual recrimination at last brought on studied constraint, and this settled at last in downright hatred. In short, they parted, heartily tired of each other; while the contented James and his wife rubbed through life with much content, and now and then some sparring; entertained their friends comfortably enough, and provided very prettily for a numerous family, which for many years continued increasing.

A DREAM.[1]

[A VISIT TO ELYSIUM.—THE MANSIONS OF POETRY AND TASTE.]

THE follies of mankind are an unexhausted fund, which can ever supply a writer with materials. They may be said to be even sterile from their fertility; and an embarrassment in the choice has the same effects with an absence of invention.

Possessed with the truth of such a maxim, I retired to rest, in order to dissipate the chagrin which such reflections naturally produce; but a dream brought the whole train of thought more strongly to my imagination, and by a regular succession of images exhibited the dead for the instruction of the living.

I fancied myself in the Elysian Fields, and ran over in a short time a variety of mansions, in which souls, habituated in life to virtue, had prepared themselves thus for a happy immortality. I shall abridge the account of what I saw which

[1] From the 'British Magazine,' July, 1760, p. 421.—ED.

did not deserve particular attention, and shall only remark what particularly struck me in those charming retreats, where kings repose from those labours which in life they endured from a love of their people, and a passion for true glory.

Scarce did I meet there with any of those great men who owe their immortality to flattery, and unjustly imputed merit. Achilles, Theseus, Hercules, Alexander, Cæsar, Anthony, were names entirely unknown in these happy mansions. Minos, the judge, had wisely considered, that men whose whole happiness in life consisted in troubling the repose of others, would be incapable of enjoying eternal repose themselves in those happy retreats, where a great part of the pleasure consisted in tranquillity. The infernal judges therefore granted those regions only to princes, many of whom were entirely unknown to the rest of mankind, who by a life of innocence and peace had prepared themselves for eternal repose below.

Such, instead of endeavouring to extend the bounds of their dominion, only endeavoured to dispel those storms which threatened their country ; being rather better pleased with softening the vanity of conquerors by a few trifling submissions, than of raising their resentment by a resistance, often vain, always pernicious, even though such resistance should happen to be crowned with success.

Not to those, the true fathers of their people, are we indebted for those new systems of government, and those refined laws, which vain-glory has introduced into states with so little necessity ; on the contrary, fond of a rational simplicity. they only cultivated the dictates of truth, observed such laws as experience gave a sanction to, and made their own example the first servant to every institution. In a word, men whose modesty was equal to their other virtues, and who gave up glory to others, content with the pleasing consciousness of having deserved it.

From this most beautiful of all retreats there lies an immense journey to the mansions of Poetry and Taste; yet, by that facility of travelling which is natural to a person who dreams, I soon perceived myself among them. I here found a wide difference between the manner of the poets' treatment below and above. Those who while in

life had no other lodging than a garret, were here fitted with very genteel apartments; and those who once were the servants of the great, were now attended by some of the deceased nobility, who served them as footmen, valets de chambre, and flatterers. Their city was divided into several compartments, adapted to their peculiar tastes or dispositions; while at stated intervals they all met together, in order to settle disputes, and weigh their reputations, as several had been found to receive a large share of fame immediately after their decease, which, in a succession of ages, evaporated quite away.

Orpheus was the first poet who caught my attention, who sat weeping by the side of a stream, that seemed to murmur back his complaints. His lyre was responsive to his sorrow, and drew round him numbers of enchanted hearers. I own that I was not a little surprised at his complaint, as I saw the beautiful Eurydice, for whom he died, sitting beside him. "Alas!" cried I to a ghost that stood near me, "what can now induce him thus to weep, as he has found the lovely object of all his concern?"— "Fool," replied the spirit, who was wiser than I, "he weeps now because he has found her; for it seems in less than a twelvemonth's acquaintance she became a shrew, and he now feels the same desire to part with her that he had once to find her."

Pindar was next attempting to climb all the sign-posts: sometimes he would sit astride, and call the mob from below to look on; at other times, when he had just reached the top, he would fall headlong down; nor yet seemed very much hurt by the fall, but, like the celebrated Anteus, appeared to gain fresh vigour to rise.

Horace stood gazing among the crowd at this literary rope-dancer, and at intervals would burst out into fits of applause; would, with a great degree of good sense, assure his friends that Pindar fell merely through design, and engaged a large party in his favour. From admiration he soon began to strive at imitation, and began to climb; but when he had got half-way up the post, his strength and spirits failed him; there he stuck, and could get neither up nor down. He looked most pitifully round on the crowd that was laughing below, and begged that some one would

lend him a shoulder; when a meagre, tall figure, whom I knew to be Scaliger, appearing, took the little man in his arms, and brought him off unhurt before the faces of all the spectators.

As I was pleasing myself with this escape, and following the critic, who was carrying him to a place of safety, I happened to meet Anacreon, who was now turned politician, and settling the balance of hell. I was surprised to find him so very much altered from what he had been on earth. "Where," cries I, "O Teian, are those agreeable sallies of the heart, where the soul, without any aid from the imagination, spoke its most inward feelings, ever tender, ever new?"—"Friend," replied the bard, with a frown, "what can I do in a place where I am refused both women and wine? When I came hither I found myself quite at a loss for employment; and as I knew nothing, I became a politician, for that is a trade that every body knows."

He had scarce finished, when I heard before me a loud uproar of applause and invective; and turning round, I perceived an old man supported on his stick, and yet seemingly held up by two commentators on each side, who served to direct him along; and at the same time continued to assure the populace who were gathered round, that he was by no means so blind as he seemed, but that he frequently saw with the utmost perspicuity. As he walked along, however, at every four paces he seemed te have an inclination to sleep, and his attitude in this respect was so natural, that the spectators seemed almost to sympathize; but, drowsy as they were, they still continued to cry out, "The divine old man! the incomparable poet! the marvellous genius! the admirable philosopher! the sublime orator!" in short, there was scarce a title of praise that was not lavished on the immortal Homer.

It would have excited pity to see how much the old bard, who in the main was a man of good sense, seemed ashamed of so much unmerited praise. In vain he attempted to steal away from the crowd that was gathered round him; the commentators were a set of attendants not easily shook off; they even made him frequently blush with their fulsome adulations. Like Sosia, in the comedy, he frequently felt himself all over, in order to know whether he was

himself or no; and he could scarce be brought to conceive how his journey to hell could make such a prodigious change in his reputation: and, to confess a truth, he was right. While he was alive, his whole fame consisted in being a good ballad-singer, and he considered his poems only as a trade taken up for want of a better, by which he scarce found a subsistence. It was a matter of wonder, that those very men who formerly denied Homer a little corner in some obscure hospital, in order to rest his muse, fatigued with her vagrant life, now offered him divine honours.[1] He, however, behaved with as much modesty as possible for a man in his circumstances. I could not avoid asking him, why there ran such a similarity through all the books of his Iliad, which must certainly fatigue every reader but those who are determined to admire? To which he very candidly replied, "Ask these gentlemen who support me; they will probably give you good reasons for what I have done, for, faith! I am incapable of giving any myself."

Upon applying to the commentators for a solution of my doubts, they heard me with the utmost contempt and indignation, and instead of argument, began to proceed to invective. Happily for me, they were but shades, otherwise I might have expected a much more injurious treatment; and I should certainly have fallen beneath the hands of this company of men, who gloried in the title of Modernicides. Eustathius, however, made up to me with looks of vehement indignation; and lifting up his nervous arm, would have made me feel the force of his resentment, had I not been happily saved from the blow by waking from my dream.

1 "Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread!"
ANON.

[HISTORY OF MISS STANTON.]

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE 'BRITISH MAGAZINE.'[1]

GENTLEMEN: I am apt to fancy you are frequently imposed upon by your correspondents with fictitious stories of distress; such indeed may have real merit in the design, as they promote that tenderness and benevolent love to each other by example which didactic writers vainly attempt by maxim or reproof: but as they happen to want the sanction of truth, so are they frequently unnatural, and often betray that art which it should be every writer's endeavour to conceal.

If the following story is found to have any real merit, it must be wholly ascribed to that sincerity which guides the pen. I am unused to correspond with magazines; nor should now have walked from obscurity, if not convinced that a true though artless tale would be useful, and sensible that I could not give it a better conveyance to the public, than by diffusing it by means of your magazine.

Within ten miles of H., a town in the north of England, Mr. Stanton, a clergyman with a small fortune, had long resided; and, by a continued perseverance in benevolence and his duty, was esteemed by the rich, and beloved by the poor. He entertained the little circle of his friends with the produce of his glebe; the repast was frugal, but amply recompensed by the cheerfulness of the entertainer. He every evening sat by the way-side to welcome the passing stranger,[2] where he was brought in for the night, and welcomed to a cup of cheerful ale and a glimmering fire. The parson enquired the news of the day, was solicitous to know how the world went, and, as the stranger told some new story,

[1] This letter appeared in the same number of the 'British Magazine' which contained the two previous pieces, viz., that for July, 1760. Prior considered the story told in it as being most likely "the first rude germ of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,'" at least as regards the story and characters of Dr. Primrose and his daughter Olivia. See our Appendix to the 'Vicar,' p. 237, vol. i.—ED.

[2] Compare the 'Vicar of Wakefield' at p. 72, vol. i.—ED.

the entertainer would give some parallel instance from antiquity, or some occurrence of his youth. In this manner he had lived for twenty years, bound by every endearment to his parishioners, but particularly attached to one only daughter; the staff of his old age, the pride of the parish, praised by all for her understanding and beauty; and, what is more extraordinary, perfectly deserving all that praise.

As men increase in years, those attachments which are divided on a multiplicity of objects, gradually centre in one: the young have many objects of affection, the aged generally but one. This was the case of Mr. Stanton; every year his love to his dear Fanny increased; in her he saw all her mother's beauty; her appearance every moment reminded him of his former happiness, and in her he expected to protract his now declining life. Thoroughly to feel his tenderness for his child we must be parents ourselves; he undertook to educate her himself, taught his lovely scholar all he knew, and found her sometimes even surpass her master. He expected her every morning to take his lessons in morality, pointed out her studies for the day; and as to music and dancing, those he had her instructed in by the best masters the country could afford. Though such an education generally forms a female pedant, yet Fanny was found to steer between those happy extremes of a thoughtless giggler and a formal reasoner; could heighten the hours of pleasure with gaiety and spirit, and improve every serious interval with good sense of her own, and a happy condescension for those qualities in others.

In this manner she and her father continued to improve each other's happiness; and as she grew up, she took the care of the family under her direction. A life of such tranquillity and undisturbed repose seemed a foretaste of that to come; when a gentleman, whom I may be permitted to call Dawson, happened to travel that way. A travelling rake seldom goes to church, except with a design of seeing the ladies of the country, and this induced the gentleman I refer to, to enter that of Mr. Stanton. Among the various objects that offered, none appeared half so lovely as the poor clergyman's daughter; she seemed, indeed, to surpass any thing he had ever seen before.

Mr. Dawson was thirty-six years of age, tolerably well made, and with such a face as is not much impaired by arriving at the middle period of life: but what he wanted in personal beauty, he made up in a perfect knowledge of the world; he had travelled through Europe, and been improved in sentiment and address. He knew perfectly all the windings of the human heart; and kept the very best company; and consequently appeared no way superior to those whose good opinions he endeavoured to conciliate.

This was only one side of his character: the reverse was marked with dissimulation, a passionate admiration, and yet what only seems an inconsistence, at the same time a perfect contempt for the beautiful sex. He had fortune to second this insidious way of thinking, and perseverance to carry all his schemes into execution. If the passion he felt at church upon seeing the innocent subject of my story can be called love, he loved with the utmost ardour; he had been long unacquainted with any obstacles to his illicit desires, and therefore expected none now.

Dressing himself, therefore, in the habit of a scholar, with a stick in his hand, he, the evening following, walked with seeming fatigue before Mr. Stanton's door, where he expected to find him and his daughter sitting. As he expected, it happened: the old man, perceiving a stranger dressed in black, with a grey wig, passing wearily by his door, was touched at once with pity and curiosity, and instantly invited him in. To this the stranger testified some reluctance; but the daughter joining in her father's intercession, he was soon prevailed upon to come in, and refresh himself with a cup of home-brew'd, which had been made under miss's own inspection. The wily traveller knew how to make the best of this invitation; he complaisantly left his wallet and his staff at the door; the earthen mug went round. Miss touched the cup, the stranger pledged the parson, the reserve of strangeness soon was dissipated; the story was told, and another was given in return. The poor old man found his guest infinitely amusing, desired to hear an account of his travels, of the dangers he had passed, the books he had written, and the countries he had seen. But miss was peculiarly charmed with his conversation: she had hitherto known only squires

and neighbouring parsons, men really ignorant, or without sufficient art to conceal the art they use. But the insidious Mr. Dawson had learned in courts the whole art of pleasing; and with the most apparent simplicity joined the most consummate address.

When night began to fall, he made some modest though reluctant efforts to withdraw; but the old man, whose bed was ever ready for a stranger, invited him once more to stay; and at the same time he read in the daughter's eyes how very agreeable would be a compliance with her father's request.

This was what he ardently wished for. To abridge the tediousness of the narrative; he thus passed several days in their company, until he at last found he had strongly fixed himself in the young lady's affections. He now thought it the most convenient way to add the blaze of fortune to the stroke he had already given; and, after a fortnight's stay, invited the clergyman and his daughter to his house, about forty miles distant from theirs. He soon got over all their objections to their journey; and one of the principal obstructions he immediately obviated, by ordering his equipage to their door. As before they had been astonished at the wisdom, so now were they astonished at the grandeur of their new companion: they accepted his proposal with pleasure, nor did the deluded Fanny even suppress some forebodings of ambition.

His address now at once indicated his effrontery and experience of the sex. Assiduous in all his actions, patient after a repulse, again attempting and again rejected, he at length succeeded in his villainous design, and found that happiness he by no means deserved to possess.

Not able to suppress his triumph at such a dearly earned favour, it was soon discovered as a secret to some of his friends, who soon delivered it as such to others; and the unhappy Miss Stanton's infamy was common before it reached the ears of her father.

Soon, however, the old man became acquainted with her folly, and the disgrace of his unhappy family. Agonizing, despairing, half mad, what could he do? The child of his heart, the only object that stept between him and the horrors of the approaching grave was now contaminated for

ever; he was now declined in the vale of years; he had no relations to comfort or assist him; he was in a sacred employment that forbade revenge; he asked his daughter, with fury in his eye, if the report was true? She at first denied, but soon confessed her shame. "Fanny, my child, my child," said the old man, melting into tears, "why was this, thou dear, lost, deluded excellence? why have you undone yourself and me? had you no pity for this head that has grow grey in thy instruction?—But he shall pay for it—though my God, my country, my conscience forbid revenge, yet he shall pay for it."

The betrayer now thought he had nothing to fear; he went on boldly triumphing in his baseness, and a fortnight passed away, when he was told one evening that a gentleman desired to speak to him. Upon coming to the place appointed, he found the poor old man, with his eyes bathed in tears, who, falling at his feet, intreated him to wipe away the infamy that was fallen upon his family; but Dawson, insensible to his intreaties, desired him to have done. "Well then," cried old Stanton, "if you refuse me satisfaction as a man of justice, I demand it as a man of honour." Thus saying, he drew out two pistols from his bosom, and presented one. They retired at proper distances; and the old man, upon the discharge of the other's pistol, fell forward to the ground. By this time the whole family were alarmed, and came running to the place of action. Fanny was among the number; and was the first to see her guardian, instructor, her only friend, fallen in defence of her honour. In an agony of distress she fell lifeless upon the body stretched before her; but soon recovering into an existence worse than annihilation, she expostulated with the body, and demanded a reason for his thus destroying all her happiness and his own.

Though Mr. Dawson was before untouched with the infamy he had brought upon virtuous innocence, yet he had not a heart of stone; and bursting into anguish, flew to the lovely mourner, and offered that moment to repair his foul offences by matrimony. The old man, who had only pretended to be dead, now rising up, claimed the performance of his promise; and the other had too much honour to refuse. They were immediately conducted to

church, where they were married, and now live exemplary instances of conjugal love and felicity.

ON THE PROPER ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE 'BRITISH MAGAZINE.'[1]

GENTLEMEN,—I was much affected with the philosophical resignation of the honest soldier, who made his appearance in your number for June, and his story[2] made the deeper impression upon my mind, as his disposition forms a striking contrast with my own. I was the second son of a wealthy gentleman, who reserved the bulk of his fortune for my elder brother: so that the only provision I enjoyed was a tolerable education and a lieutenant's commission in the army. During the late war I obtained a company, by dint of service, and at the peace was reduced upon half-pay. But this reduction was no great misfortune to me, who had learned to practise economy in an inferior station, and was so much master of my accounts, that I could live independent even to my wish, and could save something out of the appointments of a reformed captain.

My father having by this time resigned his breath, I had no parental home to which I could retire; therefore I set up my rest in a country town where I had been formerly quartered with the regiment, and made some agreeable acquaintances. There I passed my time according to my heart's desire. I fished, fowled, and hunted with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who entertained me in their houses with the most cordial hospitality. I walked, I chatted, I danced and played at cards with their wives and daughters. Delightful excursions, and amusing parties

[1] From the 'British Magazine,' of August, 1760. Wright first collected it into Goldsmith's works. He entitled it 'Riches and Happiness,' but the above is its page-heading in the 'British Magazine.'—ED.

[2] The 'Distresses of a Common Soldier;' which first appeared in the *British Magazine*, and was afterwards introduced into the 'Citizen of the World,' Letter CXIX.—ED.

of pleasure were planned and executed every day. The time stole away insensibly: I knew no care; I felt no disorder. I inherited from nature a vigorous constitution, a happy serenity of temper, and was distinguished among my friends as the best-humoured fellow in the world.

In the midst of these enjoyments my heart was touched by the amiable qualities of a young lady, who was content to unite her fate with mine, contrary to the inclination and without the consent of her father, who possessed a very large fortune, and resented her marriage with such perseverance of indignation, that he never would admit her into his presence, nor even, at his death, forgive her for the step she had taken. His displeasure, however, affected us the less, as we found happiness in our mutual passion, and knew no wants; for my wife inherited from an aunt a legacy of eighteen hundred pounds, the interest of which, together with my half-pay, was sufficient to answer all our occasions.

We found great satisfaction in contriving plans for living snug upon our income, and enjoyed unspeakable pleasure in executing the scheme to which we had given the preference. Chance presented us with an opportunity to purchase a small, though neat and convenient house, with about twenty acres of land, in an agreeable rural situation: and there our time was parcelled out in a succession of tasks, for improving a large farm that we rented, and cultivating a sweet little garden laid out on a gentle slope, the foot of which was watered by a brawling rivulet of pure, transparent water. Although heaven had not thought proper to indulge us with children, we were favoured with every other substantial blessing; and every circumstance of rural economy proved a source of health and satisfaction.

The labours of the field, the little domestic cares of the barn-yard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy, were productive of such delights as none of your readers will conceive, except those who are enamoured of a country life. I cannot remember those peaceful scenes of innocence and tranquillity without regret; they often haunt my imagination, like the ghosts of departed happiness. Within the bosom of this charming retreat we lived, in a state of un-

interrupted enjoyment, until our felicity was invaded by two unexpected events, at which, I am afraid, we shall always have cause to repine: my nephew, who had succeeded to my father's estate, died of the small-pox, and, a few weeks after this incident, my wife's only brother broke his neck in leaping a five-barred gate: so that we found ourselves, all at once, in possession of a very opulent fortune, and violently transported from that element for which our tempers had been so well adapted.

In the first flutter and agitation of mind, occasioned by this unhoped-for accession, we quitted our romantic solitude, and rushed into all the pageantry of high life. Thus irresistibly sucked within the vortex of dissipation, we grew giddy in a rapid whirl of unnatural diversion: we became enamoured of tinsel liveries, equipage, and all the frippery of fashion. Instead of tranquillity, health, a continual flow of satisfaction, and a succession of rational delights, which we formerly derived from temperance, exercise, the study of nature, and practice of benevolence, we now tasted no pleasure but what consists in the gratification of idle vanity, tossed for ever on a sea of absurd amusements, by such loud storms of riot and tumult as drowned the voice of reason and reflection, and overwhelmed all the best faculties of the soul. We deserted nature, sentiment, and true taste, to lead a weary life of affectation, folly, and intemperance; our senses became so depraved, that our eyes were captivated with glare and glitter, and our ears with noise and clamour; while our fancy dwelt with pleasure on every gewgaw of gothic extravagance. We entertained guests whom we despised, we visited friends whom we did not love, and invited company whom we could not esteem. We drank wines that we could not relish, and ate victuals that we could not digest. We frequented concerts which we did not understand, plays that we did not like, and public diversions which we could not enjoy. Our house might have been termed the temple of uproar; card-tables were the shrines, and the votaries seemed agitated by the demons of envy, spite, rage, vexation, and despair. In a word, all was farce and form; all was a phantasma, and a hideous dream of incoherent absurdities.

These pleasures, like brandy to a dram-drinker, have lost their effect: we have waked from the intoxication to a due sense of our miserable condition; for the vigour both of mind and body is quite impaired. With respect to each other, we find ourselves in a state of mutual disgust; and all the enjoyments of life we either taste with indifference, or reject with loathing. For my own part, I am overwhelmed with what the French call *l'ennui*;—a distemper for which there is no name in the English language; a distemper which may be understood from the following lines of the poet:

> "Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
> Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair;
> And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
> The pains and penalties of idleness." [1]

It is not a common vacancy of thought, or an ordinary languor of the nerves that I labour under, but a confirmed imbecility of mind, and a want of relish, attended with a thousand uneasinesses, which render life almost insupportable. I sleep without refreshment; I am fatigued without labour. I am scarce risen when I wish the day was done, and when night comes I long for morning. I eat without appetite, drink without exhilaration; exercise affords no spirits, conversation no amusement, reading no entertainment, and diversion no pleasure. It is not from affectation, but an acquired insensibility, that I see Falstaff without a smile, and the Orphan,[2] without emotion. I endeavour to kill the time by shifting continually the scene of dissipation; but I am close pursued by disgust: all is disappointment, insipid, nauseous, or shocking. My temper is grown so fretful and peevish, that I quarrel by turns with my servants and myself; even she that was once the delight of my eyes and the joy of my heart, is now become the subject of perpetual disquiet. I harbour wishes which I dare not approve; my heart palpitates with passions which I am ashamed to avow. I am tormented by a thousand

[1] Pope's 'Dunciad,' bk. iv., ll. 341-4.—Ed.

[2] Otway's 'Orphan,' no doubt, which is praised in the 'Sequel' to the 'Poetical Scale,' p. 425, and elsewhere.—Ed.

petty grievances, which rise like angry pimples from the ebullitions of a soured disposition, and incidents that would move the mirth of other men are to me productive of choler and anxiety. Two days ago I ordered my servants to horse-whip a cobbler who refused to leave off whistling in his stall as he sat at work, opposite to my chamber-window; and if I had then met with your maimed soldier, in all probability I should have chastised him for presuming to be more happy than his betters.

Gentlemen, if you have any recipe for the cure of my disorder, it will be charity to publish it for the benefit of many thousands that labour under the same malady which now afflicts your humble servant,

PICHROMACHUS.

[*Note in the original.*]

The distemper of our correspondent is endemial among the great, and may be termed a scurvy of the spirits. Exercise is as necessary to the mind as to the body, and mental exercise consists in study and reflection: this being long disused, the powers of reason lose their tone; and a relaxation of the nerves from idleness and surfeit, co-operating with this languor, the whole machine is, as it were, unstrung; all the faculties being thus untwisted and out of tune, the mind jars on every string, and nothing can be produced but discord and disquiet. If Pichromachus and his lady are really determined, if possible, to obtain a radical cure, and retrieve their good-humour, let them make over to the next heirs the great estates which devolved to them so unexpectedly, and return to the farm with the same necessities which their own industry had before so happily supplied. Should this be an effort of self-denial beyond the pitch of their resolution, we would advise them to renounce their fashionable connections, and endeavour to contract friendships with a few rational creatures; to dismiss their superfluous servants, including the French cook, and every gaudy appurtenance of ostentation; to retire from London, and engage in the avocations of husbandry; to use the cold bath every morning, ride twenty

miles every day before dinner, eat moderately of plain English food, go to bed by eleven, rise before eight, and fast one day in the week, until their appetites are perfectly restored.

ZENIM AND GALHINDA.

An Eastern Tale.[1]

In the early ages of the world, all the inhabitants of earth were subject to Firnaz, the genius of pleasure. He was a good spirit, and favourite of the Most High. The air, the mountains, the woods, the rivers, the seas, and the subterranean abyss obeyed his commands; the nymphs, the sylphs, and groves, acknowledged his jurisdiction. To do services to mankind was his greatest satisfaction; and no sooner was an infant brought into the world, than he appointed proper guardians to incite the rising mortal to virtue, or turn him from vice.

But, of all his favourites, none shared a greater degree of his affections than Zenim and Galhinda, two children descended from the race of kings, one the most sensible youth, the othêr the fairest girl of all Circassia. As they surpassed their companions in merit, the genius was resolved to supply them with an adequate proportion of happiness, and mutually bless them with each other. He inspired Zenim, as yet but a boy, with sentiments of courage, justice, and virtue. He adorned Galhinda with charms that none could behold without the most ardent sensibility.

But, in order to render the education of both still more complete, the genius separated the young prince at the earliest period from the breast of his fond mother, to where he could have no commerce with the bewitching beauty of the opposite sex. A forest, remote from the habitations of

[1] Prior first collected this tale from the *Lady's Magazine*, of April, 1761. Goldsmith, it seems, edited the magazine late in 1760 and in 1761. See p. 514.—Ed.

men, became his retreat. Instructors, the most celebrated, were appointed both for his morals, exercises, and amusements. His mind was formed by the most prudent counsels, and tinctured with every science, without its vain subtleties, that only serve to discourage and perplex.[1] Two sages, whose songs had often engaged the attention even of the genius of the woods, were particularly dear to him: those he heard with pleasure, while in the intervals of more serious study, they sung the actions of heroes, and the distresses of suffering virtue. Thus was his understanding formed by precepts, while the manly exercises gave strength and grace to his limbs, and in all these none could dispute with him the victory.

In every gesture, every look, something noble might be discovered, and all his conversation announced the hero. Sixteen years were expired, and as yet he was ignorant that there was a more beautiful part of the creation hitherto concealed from his view. Firnaz had imposed silence in this respect upon all his attendants; neither the voice of friendship, nor the love-breathing lyre, had yet told him any thing of the happiness of mutual love.

While Zenim, thus unconscious of the power of beauty, grew up in solitude, and advanced in wisdom, Galhinda was formed by Firnaz himself to give perfect happiness. She had, by the orders of the genius, been shut up remote from men in a retired palace, where she passed the first years of innocence among companions almost as fair, and quite as harmless as she. Here she strayed among cool meadows and refreshing streams, attended by twelve nymphs, as beautiful and fresh as the morning; her young heart was not as yet agitated with any desire, and virtue only had a power of giving her any emotions. She would, at proper intervals, descend from her palace of marble to a retired valley, and there with her lute, joined to the sweetness of her voice, celebrate the charms of piety, charity, content, and friendship. These were all the pleasures she

[1] This thrust at the "vain subtleties" of science suggests Goldsmith's old dislike of mathematics, "the cold logic of Burgersdicius," the "dreary subtleties of Smiglesius" ('Life of Parnell,' *ante*, p. 158), &c., and his frequent denunciation of mere "system makers," and the like, as in his writings in natural history (Brookes Prefaces, vol. v.), &c.—Ed.

knew, and even her dreams had never informed her that there were any still greater.

In the mean time, she approached that period when age has expanded every charm. Her desires seemed to increase with her years, and she found in her breast a chasm that friendship alone was not sufficient to supply. She chanced to wander near a glassy fountain: the polished surface reflected back her beauties. Surprised, she stood in silent contemplation of her charms. "Strange!" cried she, "to what purpose are all these charms, or why have I been made thus lovely? The rose is beautiful, to obtain a place in my bosom; the violet sheds perfume for me only,—but why am I thus fair! am I only formed beautiful in vain?" It was thus the beautiful Galhinda reasoned with herself, while Firnaz, the guardian genius, concealed in a cloud, attended the soliloquy.

While Galhinda was thus agitated, Zenim felt not less strong, though equally inconceivable emotions. His brow, once so serene, resembled now the sun hid in clouds. He sought for solitude, and fled from his friends, who offered their company. Here he usually gave way to the torrent of his reflections, while Firnaz his guardian, secretly and unobserved, watched all his uneasinesses, and enjoyed his perturbation. "Now," cried the genius, "now will be the time to gratify their desires, and to make two of the most deserving objects on earth happy. With what rapture shall I not enjoy their mutual astonishment at first meeting each other! How refined a pleasure, that of being able to please!"

Thus saying, he flew upon the zephyr's wing to where Galhinda was enjoying a balmy slumber. A dream which had been produced by the genius, presented to her imagination the image of the prince. She fancied him searching the forest in pursuit of a lost friend with seeming inquietude. She seemed to fly; and, while he appeared to pursue, the illusion was dissolved by her awaking.

She had, in the mean time, been transported while she slept, with a rapidity swifter than thought, to the retreat of the young prince, and upon awaking, she perceived nothing but what was strange around. But, what were her emotions, when she perceived approaching the very image

that had been so lovely in her dream! She seemed quite disordered; and the prince himself suffered not less than she. Expression is unable to paint their circumstances at that juncture; their fears, their transports, can only be conceived by souls formed for tenderness and each other. In the mean time, Galhinda, incapable of resisting her natural timidity, modestly looked down, as if dazzled with his charms. The prince was absorbed in a succession of pleasingly painful ideas, yet found courage to approach the object of all his desires. He attempted to speak, but found his voice as if fled from him. He attempted to grasp her hand, while she gently repressed his temerity.

In this state of fear, desire, and mutual admiration they continued for some time, when Firnaz spread a shining light around them, and appearing before them under a celestial form, thus addressed the happiest lovers that ever added grace to humanity:—"Happy, happy mortals! in me behold the cause of your present felicity. Fate designed you for each other, and I charged myself with executing its decrees. Yet trust not to personal beauty alone for a continuance of your mutual passion; that love that is of long continuance must be founded truly in mutual esteem; that passion, which deserves the name of love, must arise only from an union of those sentiments which form the basis of the soul. Lovers, formed for each other, are attracted to this happy union, even without perceiving the cause of this attraction. Let humanity teach you to turn a part of that regard you have for each other on those around you. Let not that virtue in which you have been early instructed, ever forsake you, and still continue to improve by the brightness of each other's example, till you have attained the perfection of the celestial flame."

Thus saying, Firnaz surrounded them with a cloud, and disappeared. But he left them, as companions, Wisdom, Joy, and Peace. Those tender lovers were still attended by that celestial guard, and the most distant posterity have learned to admire the fidelity and virtue of Zenim and Galhinda.

TWO SONGS ATTRIBUTED TO GOLDSMITH.

[" The following verses rest chiefly on the authority of the late Mr. Quick, the comedian. When applied to a few years ago on the subject of Goldsmith, he mentioned, among other things, the poet having written two or three songs for Mrs. Pinto, formerly Miss Brent, between 1766 and 1768, which he had seen printed in a magazine, and also in a collection of songs published, as he believed, by one of the Newberys. One of these publications has been traced, but it may be doubted whether either of the pieces stand as as he wrote them."—PRIOR.] [1]

SONG.

Love's a fever of the mind,
  Kindling fierce consuming fires,
Sweet its first approach we find,
  Raising new and soft desires.
Soon it fills with hopes and fears,
  Sighs and tremblings break the rest;
Glowing wishes, wasting tears,
  Night and day distract the breast.

SONG.

How softly the zephyrs awaken the grove,
In this season, the Spring both of nature and love;
Yet let no delights on our moments intrude,
But such as are simple and such as are good.

Far hence be the love that's by wantonness bred,
Or pleasures by folly or vanity fed;
But joys which both reason and virtue approve,
We hail as the charm and the pride of the grove.

[1] From Prior's 'Life of Goldsmith,' 1837, vol. ii., p. 214. Quick was the original Tony Lumpkin in 'She Stoops to Conquer.' For an account of him and his relations with Goldsmith, see our vol. ii., pp. 300. See also the accounts of Miss Brent, &c., at *ante*, pp. 479-483, and in the 'Citizen of the World,' Letter LXXXV. Pinto, her husband, was a violinist, and led the band at both Vauxhall Gardens and Drury Lane Theatre.—ED.

THE HISTORY OF CYRILLO PADOVANO, THE NOTED SLEEP-WALKER.[1]

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch in reality feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.[2]

However this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream.

Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua, in Italy, a little brown complexion'd man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and, upon such occasions, was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo, was at the university, where he showed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion, his master set him a very long and very difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expecta-

[1] First given in the *Westminster Magazine* of Feb. 1773. Percy republished three of Goldsmith's contributions to this magazine (those at pp. 394-405 of our vol. i.), but he omitted the above.—Ed.

[2] Perhaps the best proof that the present paper is by Goldsmith is the fact that this paragraph is substantially the same as one to be found in our author's 'Animated Nature.' See 'On Sleep,' in our extracts from the 'Animated Nature,' vol. v.—Ed.

tion of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy; but awaking in the morning, to his great surprise he found his exercise, completely and perfectly finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary! written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who, being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly: but this did not continue long; for, in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole convent, and to show that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and, though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered: One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immoveable for about an hour; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken; then snapping his fingers, to show he did

not value the speaker,[1] he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers as if he wanted snuff: not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and, pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some: he next very carefully put up his box again; and, looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immoveable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations, which so astonished and scandalized his brother friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo had gone no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and, in a little beaufet beneath, to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put one or two more over each other, and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell; there hiding his ill got finery beneath his mattress, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval, were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed; and, going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there: he went among his fellows of the convent, enquired how they came to be placed there, and learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last, and greatest project, was considered of a still more heinous nature. A lady, who had long been a bene-

[1] At the end of his mock wrathful 'Letter in Prose and Verse' to Mrs. Bunbury, Goldsmith says, "I don't value you all!" See the 'Poems,' p. 110, vol. ii.—Ed.

factress to the convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloister, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expenses great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broken open, the body mangled, her fingers, on which were some rings, cut off, and all her finery carried away! Every person in the convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his mattress, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

ON FRIENDSHIP.[1]

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being

[1] From the *Universal Magazine* of April, 1774 (the month of Goldsmith's death), where it is headed: "For the *Universal Magazine*. Essay on Friendship, written by the late Dr. Oliver Goldsmith (never published in his works)." In the note in Mr. Peter Cunningham's edition it is erroneously stated that the last words of this heading are "Now published in his works." The *Annual Register* for 1774 (published 1775) reprinted the essay, likewise heading it "Never published in his works." Neither is Prior quite correct in his note on the subject.

the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists,[1] by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them.

Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind: they persuade us to friendships which we find it impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy.[2] It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself: a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependence gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connections more nearly equal; and where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burthen; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought by riches; and as he was possessed of great

He claims for his reprint that it is "now first collected from the *Universal Magazine*," &c. The essay may rather be said to have been first collected into Goldsmith's works when it appeared in the selection which accompanied the eighth edition of 'Retaliation,' published by Kearsley in 1777.—Ed.

[1] Kearsley's edition has "speculists."—Ed.

[2] Goldsmith speaks similarly of novel writing in his letter to his brother Henry, and in Letter LXXXIII. of the 'Citizen of the World.' See vol. i. p. 449, and vol. iii. p. 311.—Ed.

wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such, indeed, in the common acceptation of the word,[1] it was. Wherever[2] Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity.[3] "Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred a union of hearts. They were remarked throughout

[1] In the *Universal Magazine*, *Annual Register*, and eighth edition of 'Retaliation,' it is "acceptation of the world." Prior reads "word." —Ed.

[2] So the early editions. Prior and Cunningham read "Whenever."—Ed.

[3] The early editions have this story marked with quotation points. Prior dropped them out.—Ed.

the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion, under the famous John, who headed a particular party of Jewish malecontents.

"From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John with all his adherents into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole Temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran, spreading his arms and crying out to his friend to leap down from the top and find safety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed, and casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall." [1]

[1] A similar moral is taught in Letters XVIII. and LXVI. of the 'Citizen of the World.' See vol. iii., pp. 66 and 246.—Ed.

APPENDIX

TO THE LATER COLLECTED ESSAYS, &c.

I. THE 'POETICAL SCALE' AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE 'LITERARY MAGAZINE.'

As supplementing our notes on the known and supposed contributions of Goldsmith to the *Literary Magazine*, at p. 416, *ante*, vol. iii., p. 458, &c.,, we give here an extract on the subject from Sir James Prior's 'Life of Goldsmith,' 1837, vol. i., pp. 233-5. "The spirit of the article [that containing the 'Poetical Scale'], and the severity of the remarks made upon Milton in comparing him with Shakspeare [p. 421] led a writer some years afterwards, who knew of his participation in that work [the *Literary Magazine*[1]], to attribute them to Dr. Johnson. 'Mr. Nichols,' says Mr. Murphy, 'whose attachment to his illustrious friend was unwearied, showed him in 1780 a book called 'Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Life of Milton,' in which the affair of Lauder was renewed with virulence; and a poetical scale in the *Literary Magazine*, 1758 (when Johnson had ceased to write in that collection), was urged as an additional proof of deliberate malice. He read the libellous passage with attention, and instantly wrote on the margin—'In the business of Lauder I was deceived; partly by thinking the man too frantic to be fraudulent. Of the poetical scale quoted from the magazine I am not the author. I fancy it was put in after I had quitted that work; for I not only did not write it, but I do not remember it.'[2]

"As a matter of literary curiosity it may not be uninteresting to state the reasons why this paper is attributed

[1] Dr. Johnson (then Mr. Johnson) contributed to the *Literary Magazine* for fifteen months after its establishment in May, 1756. See Boswell's 'Life,' Napier's edit. (Stand. Lib. 1884), vol. i. p. 240.—Ed.

[2] Murphy's 'Essay on Johnson,' 'Johnsoniana,' Napier's 'Boswell,' (Stand. Lib. edit. 1884), vol. vi. p. 391.—Ed.

to Goldsmith, although no certain evidence of the matter is known to exist, or is likely now to be obtained.

"These are, the use of a scale in reference to the merits of authors on another occasion, as in the preface to the 'Citizen of the World;' similarity of opinion on the merits of our poets with those expressed in his avowed writings; the high standard of poetry assumed in both; the same opinion incidentally introduced of the merits of the disputants in the contest between Bentley and Boyle; the same account here as in his edition of Parnell ['Life of Parnell,' p. 174], of the origin of two of that poet's pieces; similar political opinions with Dr. Johnson, thence influencing his supposed opinion of Milton; the same preference here of Farquhar over Congreve, Vanburgh, and others, as always maintained by him in conversation and in writing. To these may be added the common evidence of style; the use, as in all his essays, of the first person; the fact of his being then unacquainted with Johnson, who, as having had connection with the magazine, though not then engaged in it, might have known the writer through the proprietor; the probability of its being the first introduction of the writer to Newbery, by whom he was afterwards so much employed; the general recollection of Mrs. Lawder that he had early drawn up some such essay;[1] and the belief that he contributed more than one paper to this magazine. Thus in February, 1758, commences a paper with traces of his manner, though not decisive in their nature, on the English Language, which are continued till May; from the latter is taken the article on the 'Augustan Age in England,' printed in the 'Bee;' and in the same month is another paper of his, also printed in the 'Bee,' 'On the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People.' The 'Poetical Scale' and 'Sequel' were afterwards republished in the *Lady's Magazine*, when he was connected with it."

The 'Sequel,' as we have shown at pp. 423, 428, is signed "Crito," while the 'Poetical Scale' (certainly by the same hand) is unsigned. Both "Crito" and "Brito" appear as signatures to various papers in the *Literary Magazine* of

[1] At the request of his uncle Contarine. See Prior's 'Life,' vol. i. p. 130, and again p. 232.—Ed.

1758, and we think there are grounds for taking both to be signatures of Goldsmith. Besides being appended to the 'Sequel,' as just mentioned, "Crito" appears at the end of the tale 'Phanor' (*ante*, p. 436), a piece much in Goldsmith's manner, and it is attached to some other articles. Then, as to the signature "Brito," that, as we have shown at p. 442, appears attached to the first part of the essay on the 'History of Our Own Language,' whose latter part, the 'Augustan Age of England,' is pretty certainly by Goldsmith; see pp. 443, 456, vol. ii. The second part of 'Our Own Language' had no signature, but then an article immediately following it, in the same number of the magazine, was signed "Brito," viz., the article 'On the Character of English Officers,' which we have published at the end of our vol. iii. (p. 450), and given reasons for supposing to be by Goldsmith.—Ed.

II. THE ESSAY ON 'FEMALE CHARACTERS' ATTRIBUTED TO GOLDSMITH.

Since writing upon this subject at p. 416 we have found that Messrs. Wright and Reed's collection of 'Essays and Criticisms by Dr. Goldsmith' (1798) does not contain the 'Female Characters' essay. The blunder, therefore, of including this essay with Goldsmith's works seems to lie with Sir James Prior.—Ed.

END OF VOL. IV.

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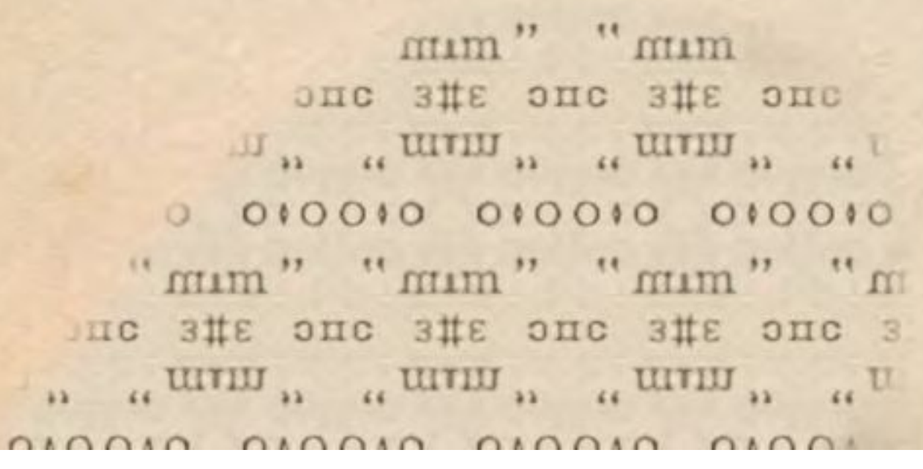

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